



DRUMMER

ISSUE 99

SWEAT AND STRAIN

AT THE
GAY GAMES
AND AT 1986
MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER

MORE THAN JUST HUNKS

STEVE REISWIG AND
RAY WOODS...
DRUMMERMEN!

SADO ISLAND

THE SERIAL BEGINS

HOT FICTION!

by JARED SCOTT
TIM BARRUS and
MASON POWELL

495

A black and white photograph of a person's foot stepping on a thick, coiled rope. The rope is coiled in a large loop on the left side of the frame. The foot is wearing a dark shoe with a light-colored sole. The background is a textured, light-colored surface.

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau

VOLUME 11

DRUMMER 99

DRUMMER

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Cover: Sweat and strain, shown in this issue at Gay Games II and at the 1986 International Mr. Leather contest, also occur at the Mr. Drummer Contest. This beautiful back had just been lovingly oiled by Stan Ray, Mr. Northwest Drummer on the stage of the 1986 Mr. Drummer finals.
Photo by Robert Pruzan.

Back cover: This study of blue suit, pink cheeks and dark shadows, was photographed during the wrestling competition at Gay Games II.
Photo by Rose de Castro.

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DRUMMER, DRUMMER FORUM, DRUMMER DADDIES, DRUMSTICKS, DEAR SIR, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, LEATHER REPORT, MALECALL, GETTING OFF, IN PASSING, TOUGH SHIT, AND DRUMMERMEN are registered trademarks of Desmodus Inc.

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Any similarity between characters appearing in *Drummer* and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in *Drummer* is not to be taken as an indication of his or her sexual preference.

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction

presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only.

In other than fictional pieces we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities, and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus Inc. products.

ANTHONY F. DEBLASE

PUBLISHER

DRUMMER! A unique, special and very important publication. I can remember the thrill I had when I found the first issue on a newsstand in 1975. Finally someone was publishing a magazine especially for me! I eagerly awaited each new number, and dropped my subscription when I couldn't bear to wait weeks for my copy to arrive after seeing the new issue on the newsstand. I loved "Mayhem at the Movies" and "Great Sadsists of History." I followed the growing alliances and patterns of revenge through "Five in the Training Room" and appreciated the ingenuity of the Top and endurance of the bottoms in the all-too-short, three-part "Leather Casting Couch." I laughed at S/M cartoons by Sean, A. Jay and Bud, and admired photos by Robert Opel, Jim Moss and Jim Wigler, and drawings by Rex, Olaf, Bud, Matt and The Hun. I yearned to share the experiences Bill Ward created for Drum. The first drawings from Cavelo left me dripping, and his work is still high on my lust list. The first chapter of *Mr. Benson* left me tingling—as did nearly anything by Jason Klein. Jack Fritscher, John Preston, Aaron Travis and T.R. Witomski are just a few of the names that drew me like a magnet.

After I started publishing *DungeonMaster* in late 1979 many friends urged me to turn it into a magazine to compete with *Drummer*, or to start a new magazine to do that. I constantly rejected both proposals. DM is unique and fills its own special niche. It was created to be, and still is, the "professional" publication for male-to-male S/M. Most people who read DM are also interested in *Drummer*, but the reverse is not true. And I could not start a competing magazine because I had too much respect for the real thing. However, when the chance to own and direct *Drummer* itself became available, I jumped at it. The opening paragraph of this editorial is not just an exercise in nostalgia, it is a list to let you know what I think is important from the past; it is the kind of hard-hitting writing, art, photography, etc. I want to continue.

My objective will be for each and every issue of *Drummer* to include something to make you think and something to make you cum; something to bring a laugh—or at least a chuckle—to your lips, and something to send a shiver down your spine. Through regular columns and special items we will bring you news about clubs and other special events, functions, contests; news from

the health, political, religious and educational fronts, and occasional in-depth review articles trying to put it all together. Other columns will answer your questions about safe/sane S/M, and about sex in general, about the "Drummer lifestyles" (note that this is plural—more on this below) and about whatever you want to know about. We invite readers to send photos for Tough Customers, weird or wacky jokes and news items for Drumsticks and Tough Shit (which will reappear), and stories, art and photos for general use.



PROUD PARENTS: Anthony DeBlase (left), publisher and Andrew Charles (right), president of Desmodus Inc., which now includes *Drummer*, *DungeonMaster*, *Mach* and *FQ*, celebrate a new era of quality in fiction, art and overall exciting panache.

Fiction in *Drummer* will range from not particularly "leatherish," (for example, Tim Barrus's story in this issue) through all kinds of kink. The only common denominator will be quality. These pieces are for the enjoyment of fantasy through fiction. There will be a clear-cut difference between nonfiction and fiction pieces. In articles, how-to's, news items, etc., safe/sane sex will be stressed. But in fiction, anything (well, almost anything) goes. The same is true of art. We will be using more drawings to illustrate stories and will allow rather explicit depictions. Rex recently brought me a stack of work that had been rejected by several publishers as too-hot-to-handle. One of these will be in *Drummer 100* and others will be used later. A few might have to have a "CENSORED" bar or spot applied—but I'm certain your mind will be able to fill in the blanks.

Photography is another matter. We will continue to run hot photos of hotter men. The coverman will usually also be featured in a photo spread inside the magazine. The back cover, beginning with this issue, will also be a hot color photo and we hope eventually to be able to add a color center spread as well. Through the Drummermen feature, beginning in this issue, we also hope to show that the men featured in our photo spreads are whole persons, not just pretty plastic toys; we will talk about their interests and achievements as well as their kink and their endowments. However, while we will use lots of good photos of hot models, there will be less and less bondage and S/M in photos in *Drummer*. This country is currently having a love affair with the '50s. It is extending not just to clothing and music styles, but to religion, politics and "personal values" as well. The Meese Commission's anti-"pornography" campaign is having its effect. Many distributors returned the recent issue of *Mach* because of the bondage photos in it and/or because of the flogged back on the cover. A couple of shops have cut their *Drummer* order, explaining that they do not dare to show it on the racks but will keep it "under the counter," available by request only. The videos *Enema Night/Enema Slave*, *Red on Black*, and the full *Slave and Master* line have been removed from distribution because of harassment by federal authorities.

Times they are a changing—and not, as far as we are concerned, for the better. *Drummer* sales to distributors are a vital part of this company's business; without them (or new subscriptions from several thousands of you) we could not exist. *Drummer* will have to stay within the limits the distributors will tolerate. But, even if we have to go back to the posing-strap days, we pledge to do it better, for our unique audience, than anyone else. If you are too young to remember the posing strap, or need to refresh your memory, I urge you to view a copy of Fred Halsted's video *Eroticus**, which explores the evolution of gay male movie-making from early physique movies through the first frontal nudes, first erections, first male-male contact, etc. Now, unless we all get our asses in gear—and I do mean WE, every one of you will have

**Eroticus* is available from the Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101, or phone (415) 864-3456 to place a credit-card order. This price is \$79.95+\$2 S&H. Indicate Beta or VHS.

to stand up and be counted, or sit down and write letters and make phone calls—we will be seeing *Eroticus* played in reverse. Now no bondage allowed, later no sex, then men will not be allowed to touch each other, then only limp cocks may be shown and finally it will be back to the posing pouch. Join the fight against this new wave of oppression.

While *Drummer* may be forced to bend with the advancing winds of change, *Mach* will not. *Mach* was originated as a place for the harder, more overtly kinky things, and it will continue in this tradition. We realize that fewer and fewer distributors will probably carry it and are planning it primarily for subscribers rather than newsstand sales. The same is true of the new *DungeonMaster*. DM will continue to have the same kinds of articles and illustrations it always has had, but more of them. It will become, officially, a quarterly, and each new issue will have at least twice as many pages as past issues. *FQ* will continue essentially unchanged from the last two issues.

Above I referred to "Drummer lifestyles;" this is difficult to define. What kind of man reads *Drummer*? Leathermen is one obvious answer. And it is true, but it does not go far enough. We recently had a letter from a fan complaining about all the attention leather gets and asking for more on rubber. Not everyone is into leather. The only common denominator among Drummermen is a cock-hardening interest in masculine men, masculine images, masculine fantasy and masculine reality. Whether it is dripping sweat, high boots, rippling abdominals, tattooed arms, a police uniform, rolling in mud, the sound and feel of leather on flesh, a gold ring in a sensitive nipple, or the feeling of being completely under another man's control—or of being in complete control of another man—there is something in the interests of a Drummerman that definitely goes beyond vanilla; and beyond tutti-frutti too—to jamocha almond fudge and even more exotic concoctions.

Drummermen, you are our audience. I look forward to cooking up each new issue of *Drummer* to try to cater to your varied tastes and appetites. With this issue you see some changes in *Drummer*. With the next issue, the milestone issue 100, you will see more. And as time progresses there will be even more. Like its readers, a magazine is a dynamic, living, constantly evolving thing. Let us know what you like and don't like. What do you want from *Drummer* and from us? With respect to censorship, we will bend if we are forced to, as any good Top, or good bottom, must when faced with a stronger power; but we will not break—and with your help and encouragement we will succeed in serving your wishes better than ever.

ANDREW V. CHARLES

PRESIDENT

DRUMMER entered my life at its inception. At that time I was extricating myself from a relationship no longer satisfying and which had grown filled with bitterness. My time was filled with advancing myself professionally and in fully enjoying the freedom from compromise and commitment which a working relationship demands. These were the wonderful days of the mid-'70s when our subculture seemed to have an open horizon of growing strength and hedonism. It was before the current wave of repressive conservatism and the devastation and fear of a new illness. I fully explored the only wise counsel I had derived from interminable years of analysis—"Never be masochistic in lifestyle, but limit and enjoy it in bed." It wasn't limited as I explored the Top role as well. On the eve of 1976 a relationship began with Fledermaus, evolving into something much more stable, durable and satisfying than I in my cynicism could ever have anticipated. Soon *DungeonMaster*, and somewhat later, Sandmutoopia Supply came along. During all this time, *Drummer* was regular reading, eagerly anticipated, often very good, sometimes a bit bland, but with me as with many others, always saved and placed into that very special library.

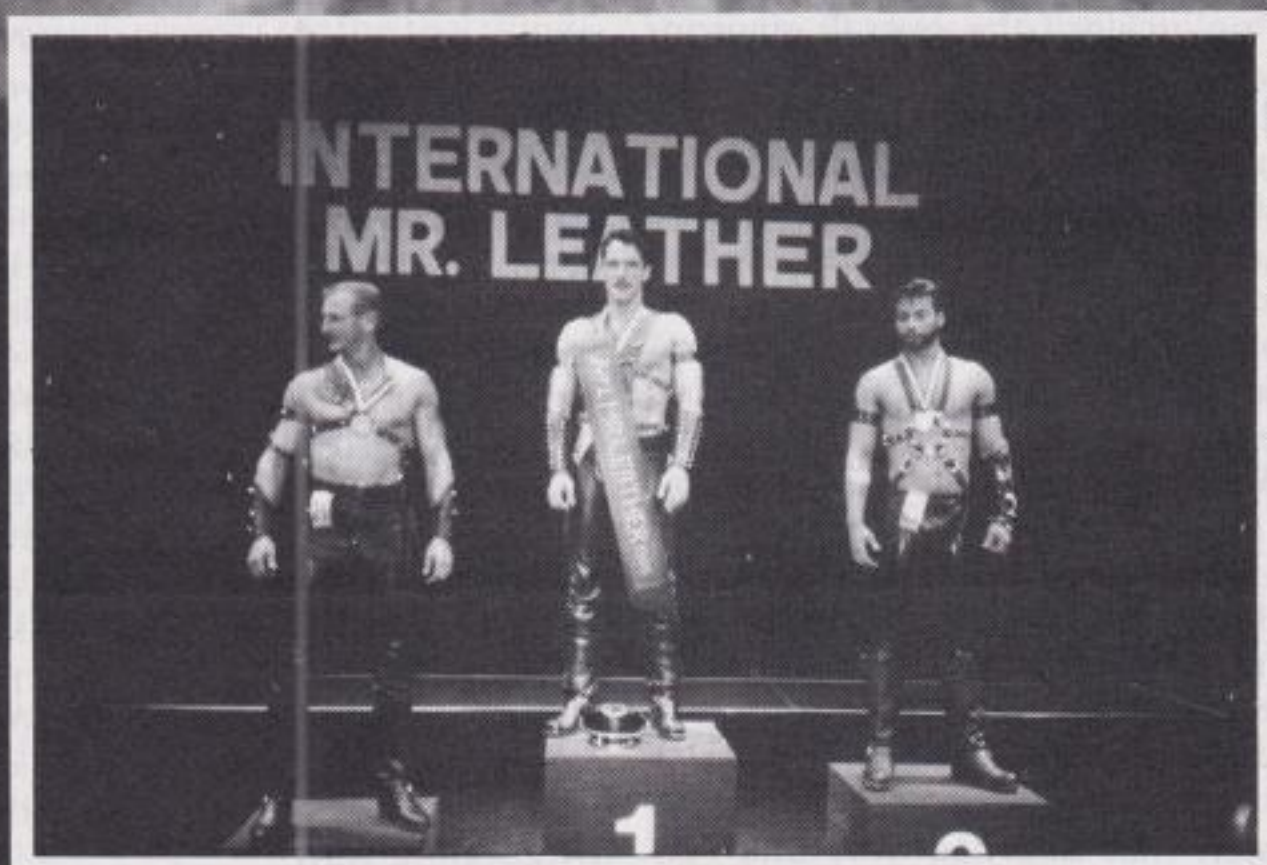
But all things change. My peaceful and organized professional life gradually became less satisfying, affected by increasing governmental controls and various fiscal, especially insurance, groups regulation and interference. As *DungeonMaster* grew, I became increasingly interested, and sometimes to my surprise, involved. Over the last few years as annoyance with my profession grew and forced me to think more and more "politically," the overall environment was also changing as a result of the new illness and beginning to threaten that special aspect of my private life which I so valued and enjoyed. From a totally nonpolitical animal, one used to thinking rather conservatively for reasons of economics and profession, I become increasingly interested and involved in the community of friends which I valued and recognized as a family of choice rather than of happenstance. *Drummer* was perhaps upstaged by a few other publications in voicing a reaction to the changed political mood and response to the illness, but soon joined as a strong voice.

Early on I had arrived at the simple conclusion that one had only one "go

'round" with this life. So quality in all things became of utmost importance to me—surroundings, education, professionally, in relationships and sexually. Certain standards, perhaps at times excessively stringent, were striven for and more often than not actually achieved. Professionally, adherence to these standards often provided a great deal of personal satisfaction but conversely frequently resulted in a sense of alienation and isolation from many peers who entertained other goals. It became increasingly evident that my field, although expressing these standards publicly and for practical marketing reasons, had in reality become just another commodity in this country's marketplace. As this trend began to hit harder and harder and grow increasingly repugnant to my personal outlook, my desire to retire developed. Serendipitously, it was at this time that *Drummer* entered my life much more actively. Knowing me well after all these years, Fledermaus feared my boredom from the decision to retire. Rumors were circulating that *Drummer* might be seeking its own new daddy and so we explored the possibility of developing our "cottage industry" of *DungeonMaster*/Sandmutoopia Supply by acquiring *Drummer* and its brother publications. So the role of being one of the new parents of *Drummer* opens an entire new chapter in my life, one to which I hope to bring the same quest for standards of quality, excellence and integrity.

But equally, if not more importantly during this increasingly troublesome time, it is hoped *Drummer* will become an anchor for this community which we all value and which we hope will remain strong and continue to grow. We hope for a voice which will be firm, yet subtle and effective in bringing us together with a greater strength to overcome a reactionary mentality which misunderstands and thus fears this community and through fear attempts to suppress and perhaps eliminate it. With the strength there must be continued ability to look at ourselves with objectivity and sometimes playfulness and humor. One of the most vital aspects of our lifestyle, perhaps one of our most distinguishing, is an ability to be childlike, with openness, fun, whimsy, and an ability to playfully explore and continually grow and learn. We hope *Drummer* will be an ongoing expression of this in an exciting and invigorating way.

NO ONE WINS ALONE



PHOTOS BY STAN BLACK



1977 FATHER 86 86



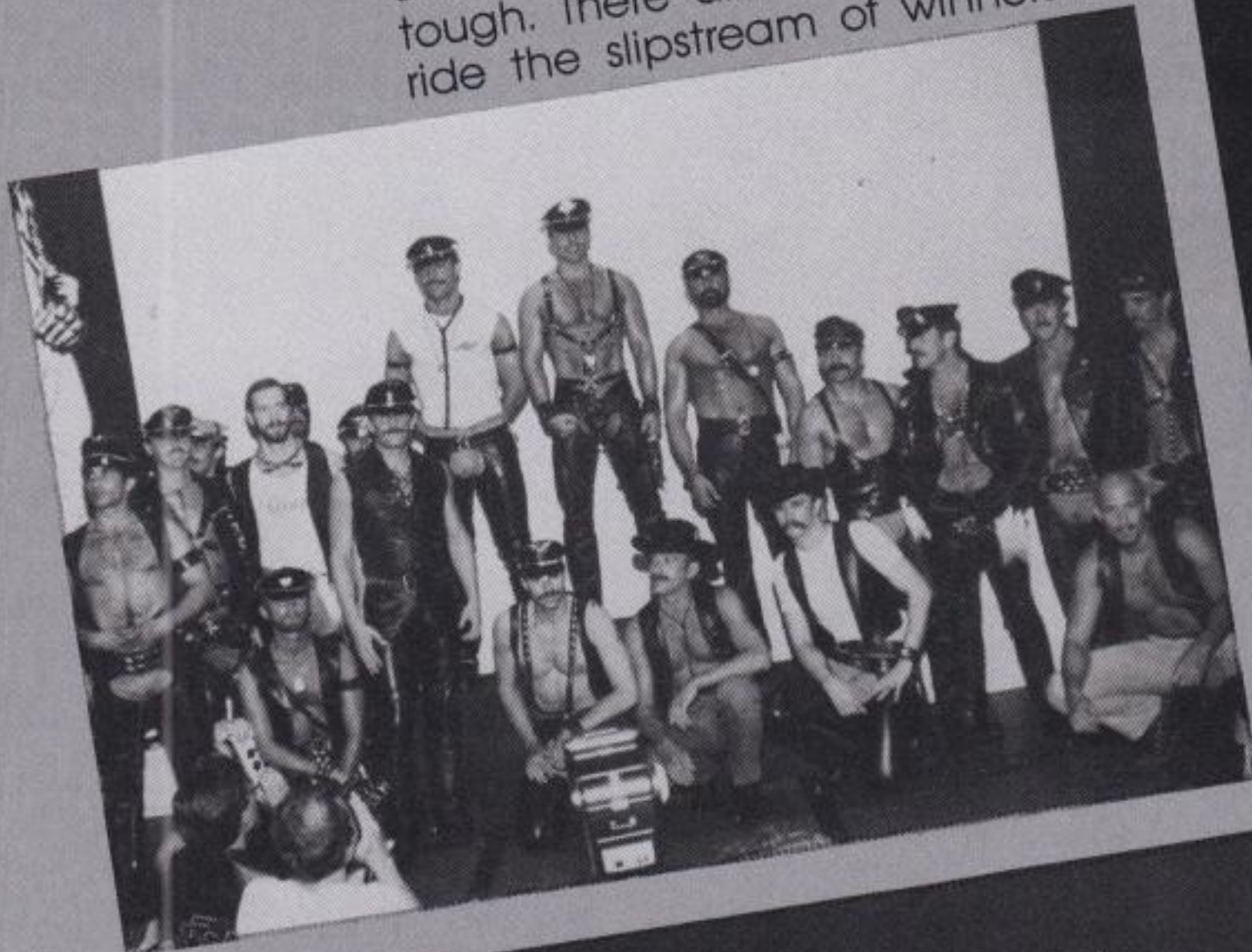
MR. LEATHER



WINNING TAKES GUTS!



Winning takes guts! It also takes time, money, dedication, a support group of friends and sponsors who help, push and lend a shoulder when the going gets tough. There are also those who ride the slipstream of winners to



INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER

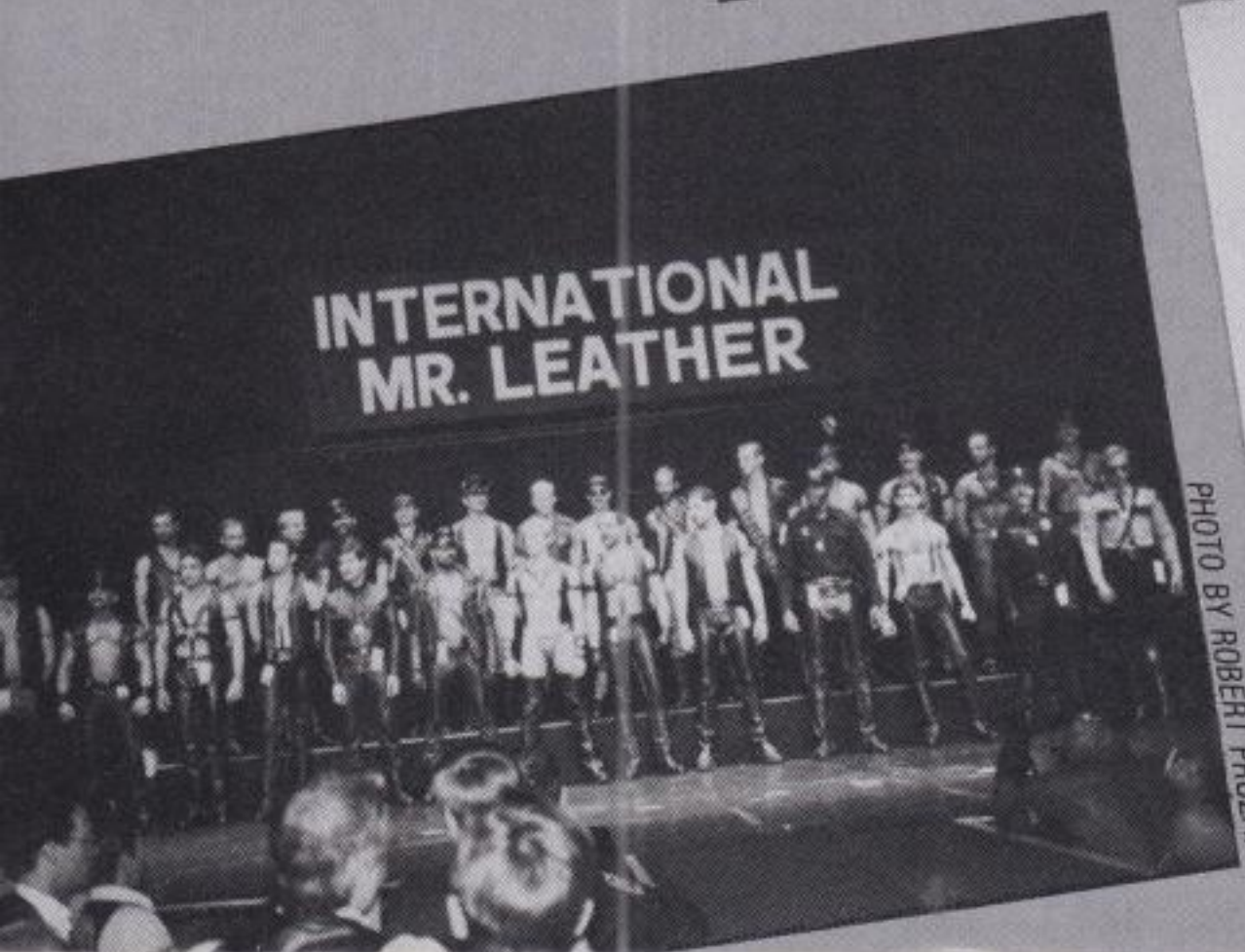
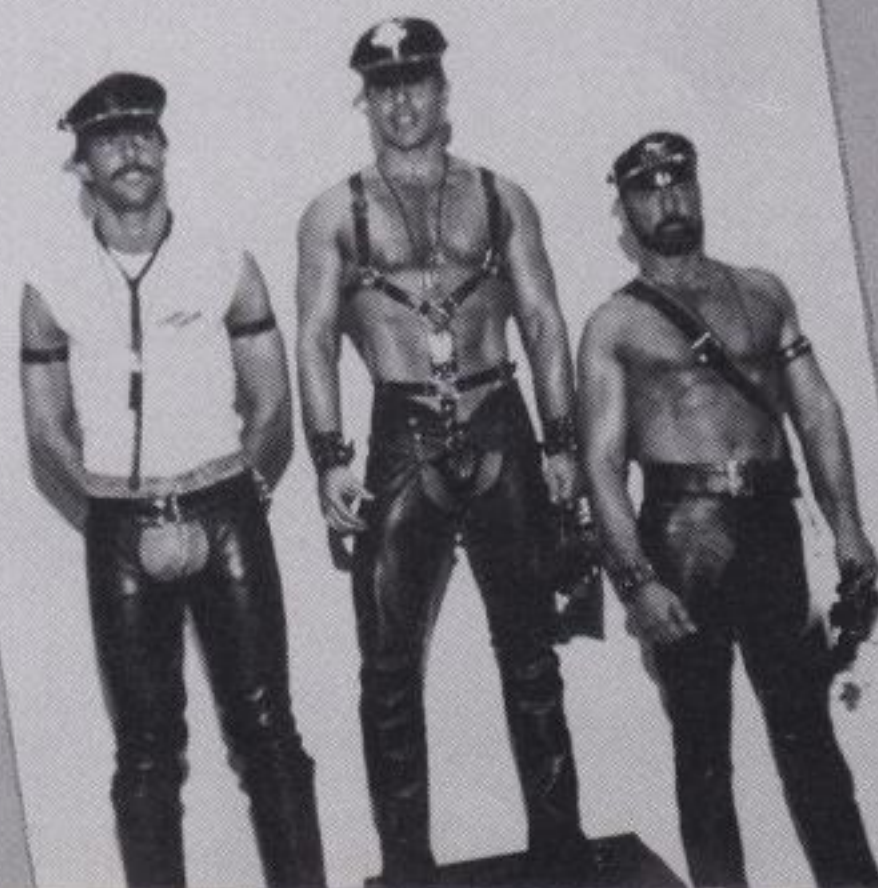


PHOTO BY ROBERT PRUZAN



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PHOTO BY ROBERT PRUZAN

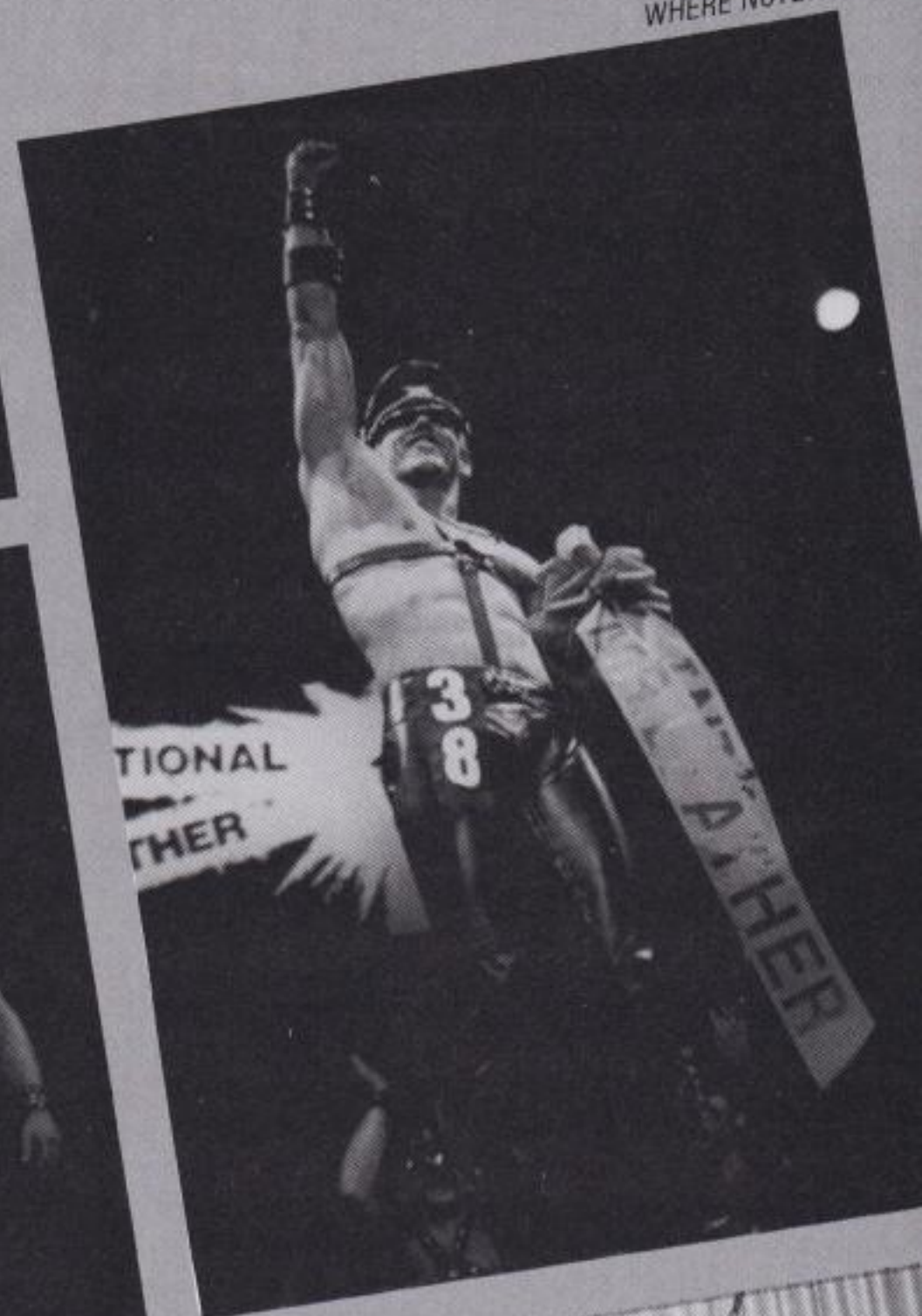
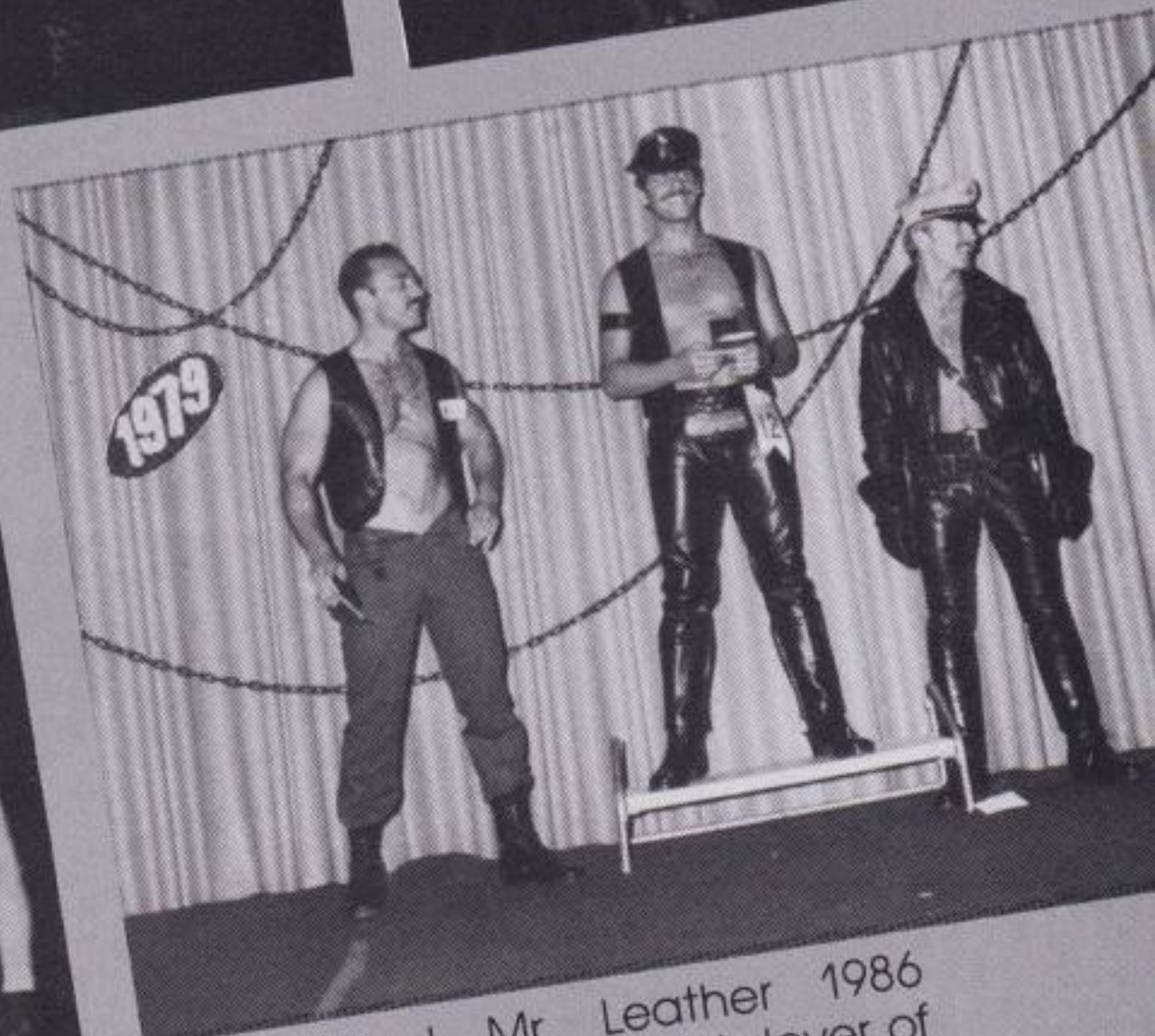


PHOTO BY ROBERT PRUZAN



International Mr. Leather 1986
Scott Tucker and Larry, his lover of
twelve years, Mr. S.F. Leather JimEd
Thompson and porn prince Chris
Burns, and Mr. Drummer 1985 Steve
Reiswig and Mr. N.W. Drummer
1984 Ray Woods.

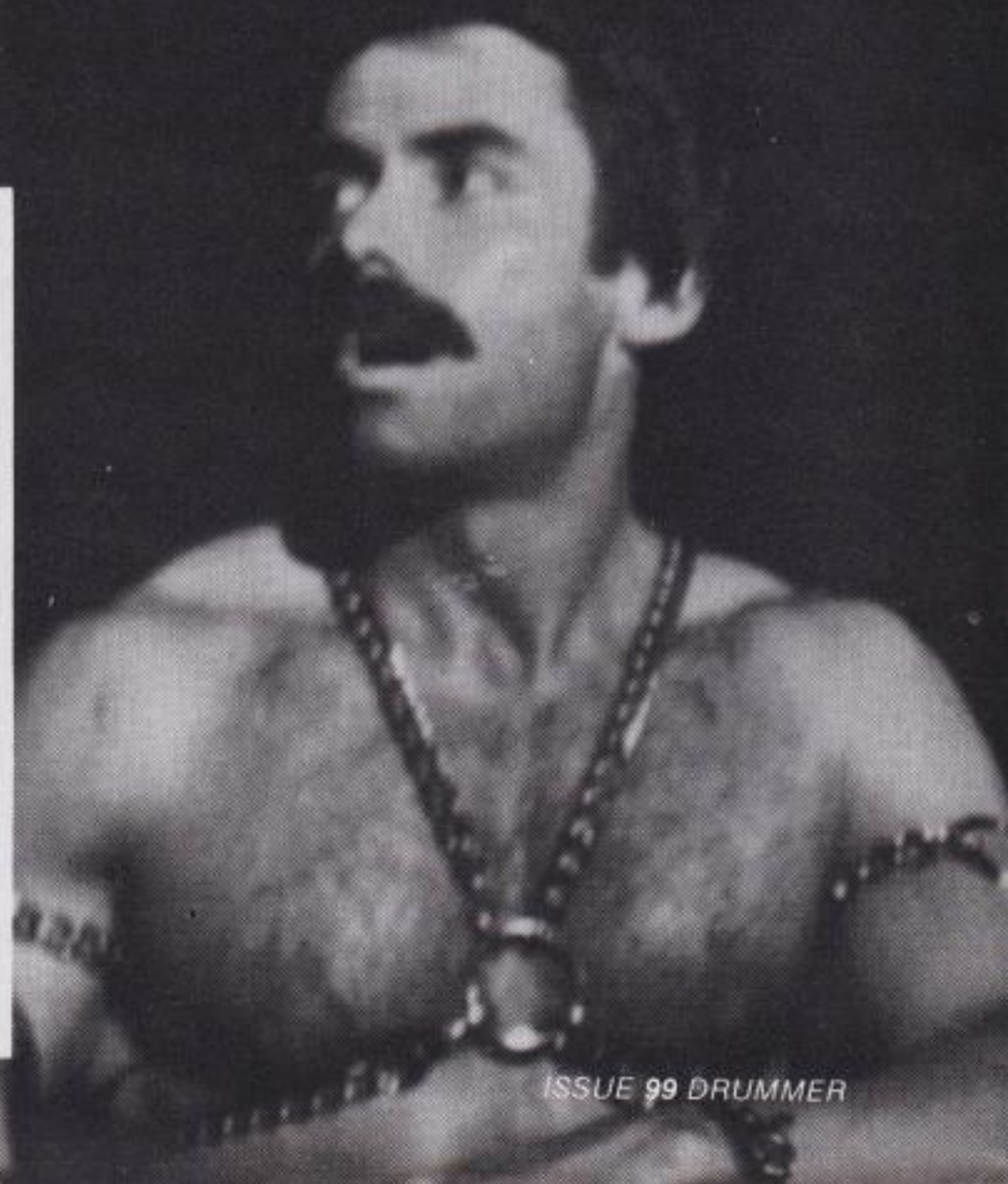
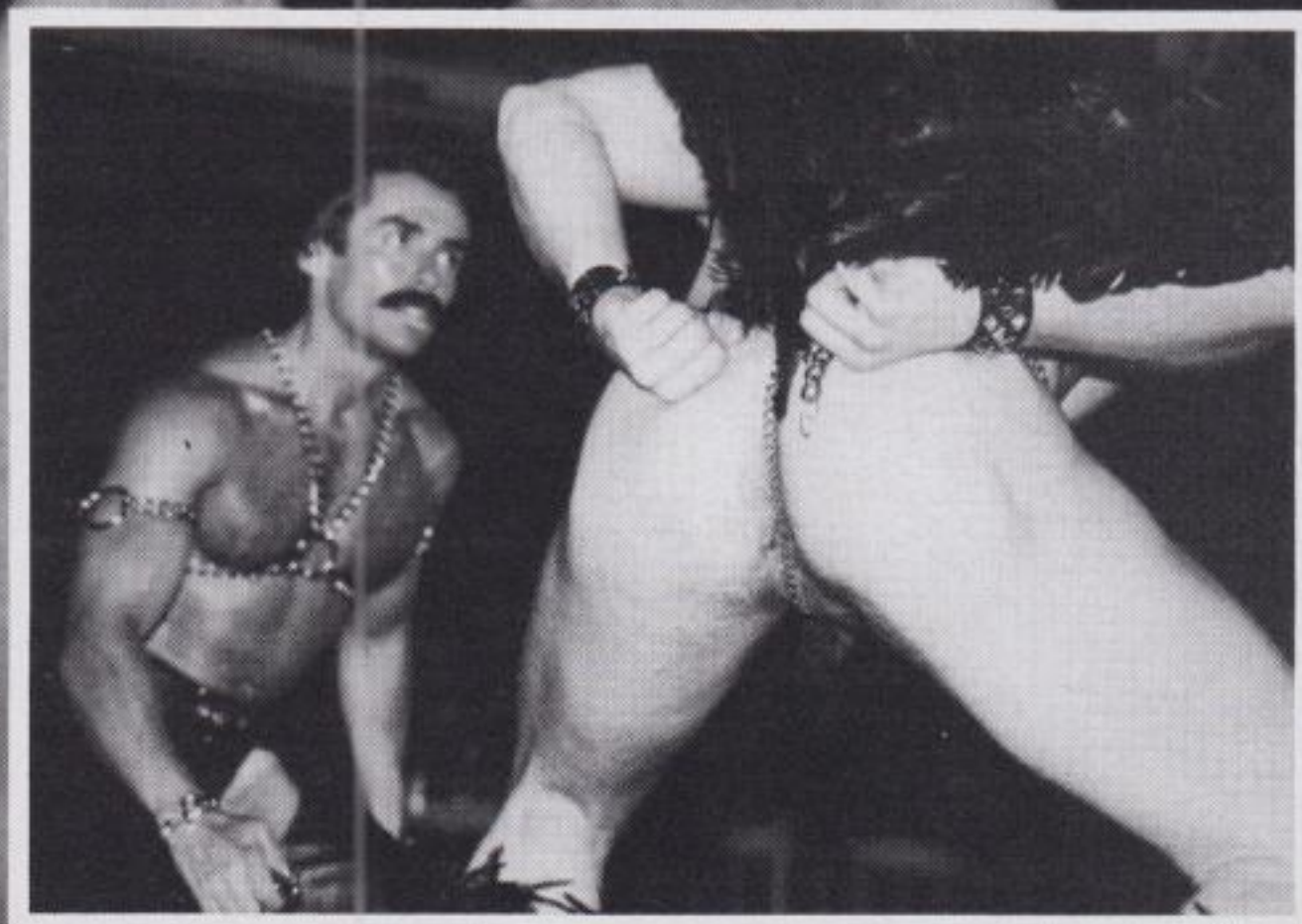
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DRUMMER MEN

Steve Reiswig and Ray Woods are a pair of very special men to *Drummer* and to Drummers. They first came to our attention in 1984 when Ray was elected Mr. Northwest Drummer and came to the finals in San Francisco. With Steve's aid he presented a fantasy in which Steve, spectacularly costumed as a bird, was mastered by Ray and ridden off stage.

The next year Steve entered the Mr. Northwest Drummer contest. He did not win the regional title but John Embry invited him to participate in the finals as an invitational contestant. Steve and Ray prepared a rather daring and totally spectacular fantasy. Ray, shrouded in a black cloak emblazoned with the letters A-I-D-S, and wearing a death mask, engaged scantily clad Steve in an elaborately choreographed and scored battle. At first Death seemed to win, but the 6'2", 220-pound defender would not give in and took the upper hand. Steve defeated his opponent, threw him to the floor and ripped away the facade of death. Then with a kiss he breathed new life into his lover and carried him triumphantly away. The audience voted and Steve Reiswig was elected Mr. Drummer 1985.



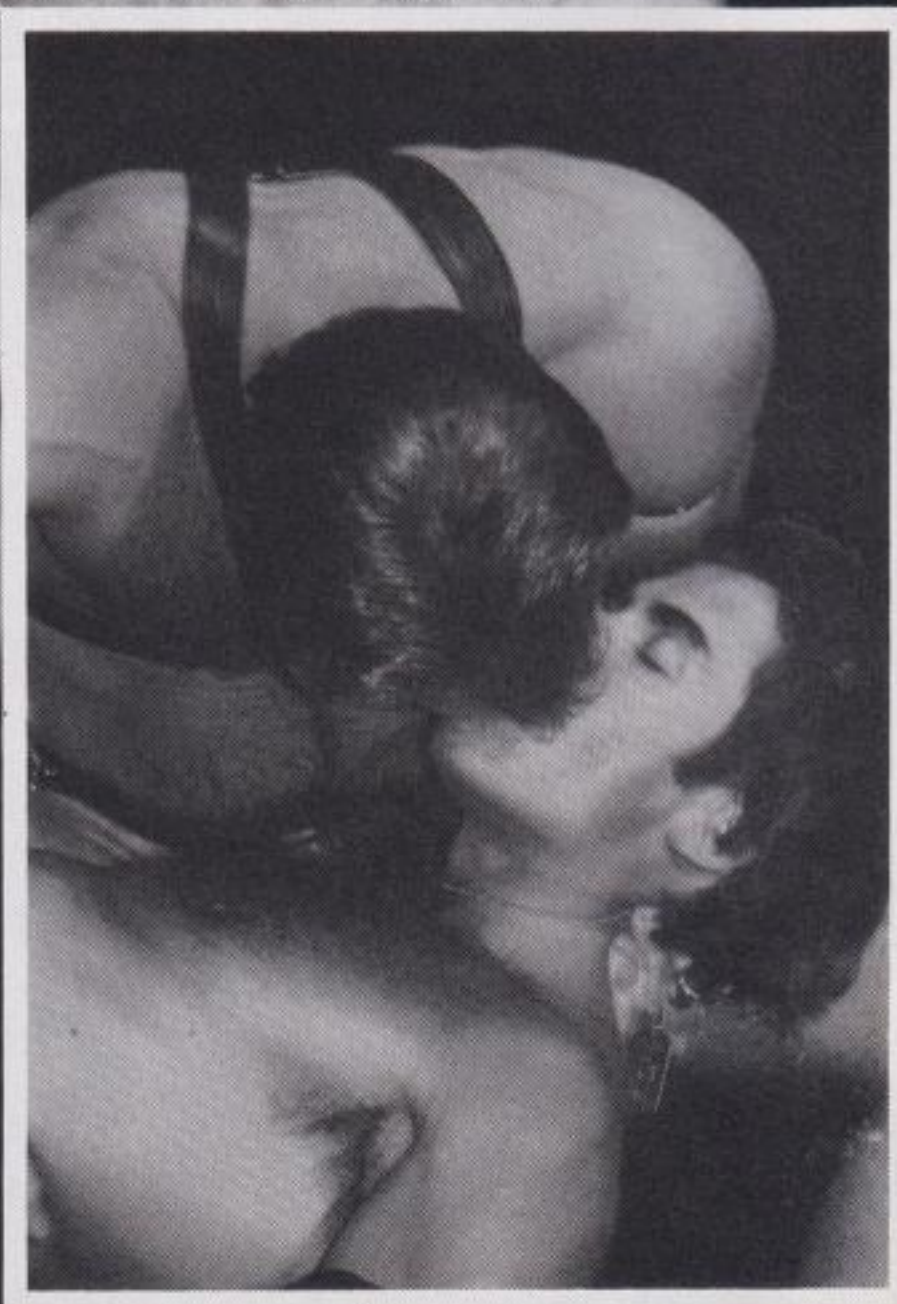
I have seen this performance only in unexplained stills scattered through back issues of *Drummer* and on video* at this year's finals. Even with the wrong music the incompetent sound man played at this year's showing, the fantasy was breathtaking. The spectre of death is never a pleasant subject, and AIDS has rendered us all too conscious of it. But Steve and Ray have managed to take this gut-churning subject and turn it into an

electric, even erotic, and above all a powerfully positive statement. Steve's win was somewhat resented by the men who had supported the reigning Mr. Northwest *Drummer* 1985, but as was recently stated in a Seattle gay newspaper, "After viewing the video of Steve Reiswig's fantasy at the *Drummer* finals, no one can have any doubts that he really won the title."



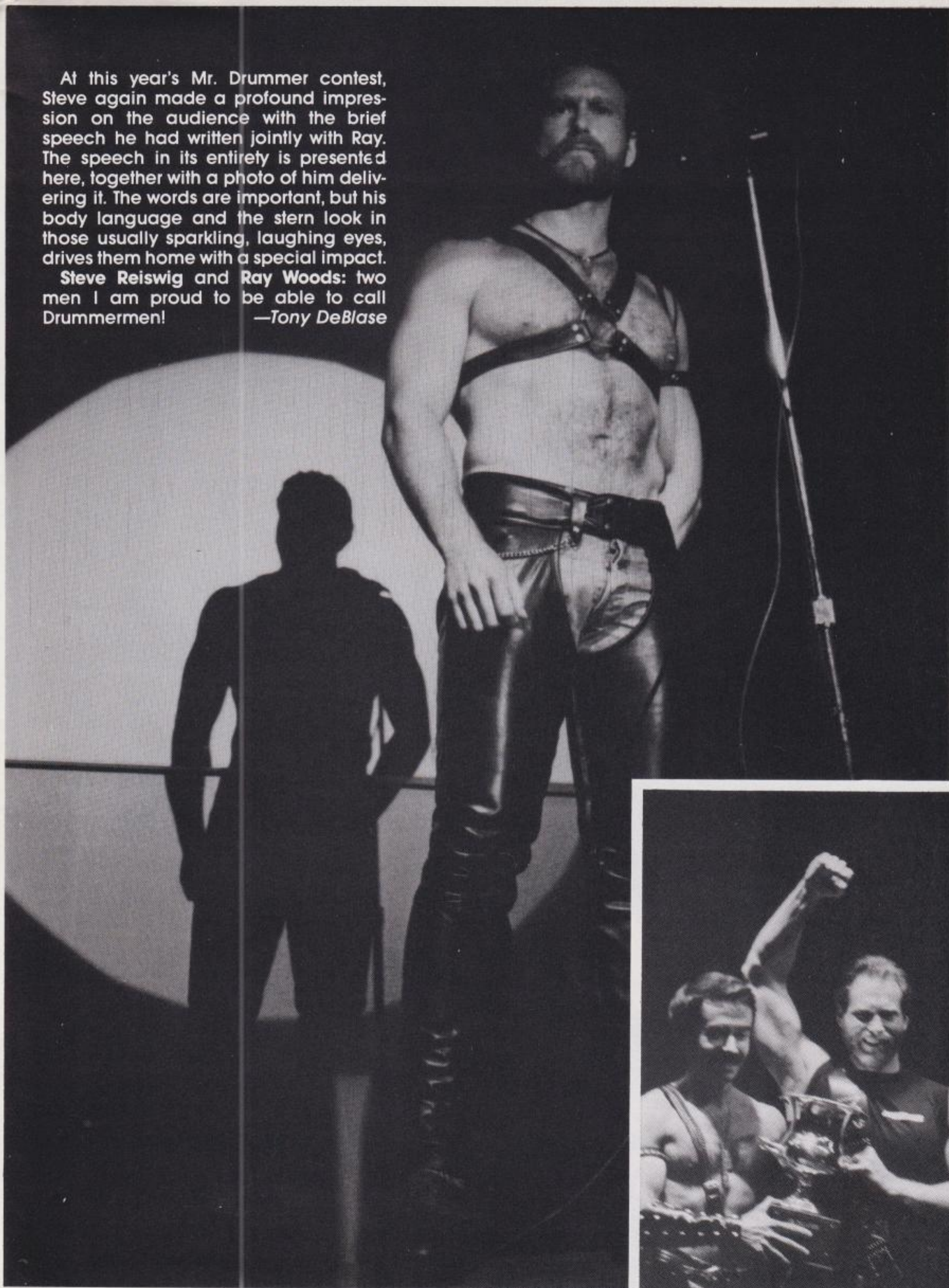
In addition to being beautiful hunks of male flesh, Steve and Ray are warm, intelligent, witty, loving men who are enthusiastic about life—both in quality and quantity. Both are Washington natives and have lived there for most of their lives. Steve is an architect in private practice and Ray is a social worker for the Dept. of Social and Health Services of the state of Washington. They have been lovers for seven years and are both open about their sexuality and their relationship. Though both are essentially private men, they are active in many gay causes in relatively low-profile ways, like in preparing and assisting with designs and graphics.

The Mr. Drummer title has raised Steve's visibility considerably and he recently, for example, came to San Francisco to be master of ceremonies at Interchain's Leather Daddy's Boy Contest (the winner of which looked like he could have been Steve's son; I hope I can get the two of them together for a photo session!) Steve and Ray both work out at a "real gym" (as opposed to one with ferns and juice bars) several times a week and Steve has mutually exclusive interests in power lifting and competitive body building. I have to admit I urged him to avoid both—power lifters are amazingly strong but have a "soft" look, while competitive body builders have to shave—and to remove that gorgeous pelt would be a sacrilege! I think that I speak for most Drummers when I say we like him exactly the way he is!

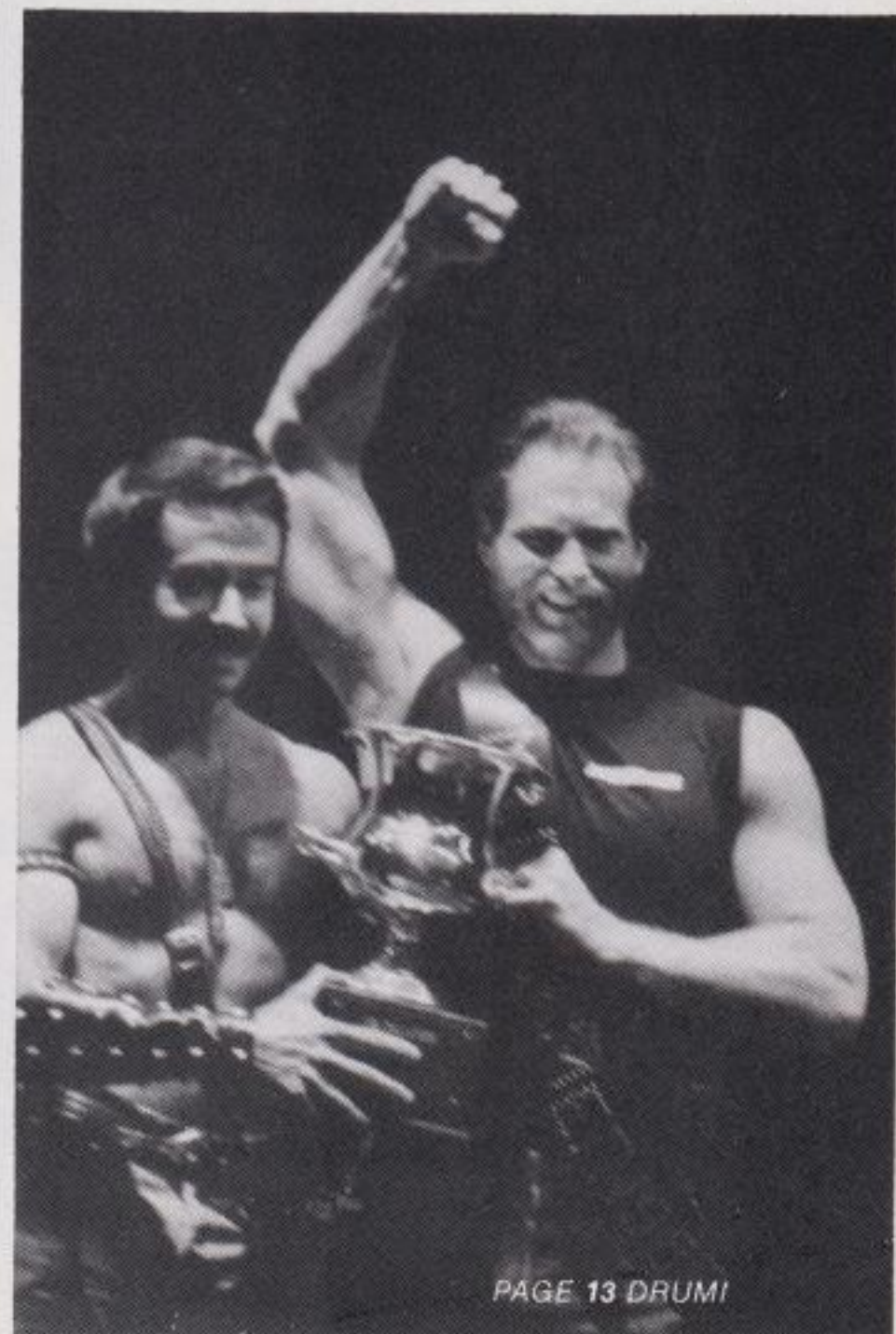


At this year's Mr. Drummer contest, Steve again made a profound impression on the audience with the brief speech he had written jointly with Ray. The speech in its entirety is presented here, together with a photo of him delivering it. The words are important, but his body language and the stern look in those usually sparkling, laughing eyes, drives them home with a special impact.

Steve Reiswig and Ray Woods: two men I am proud to be able to call Drummersmen!
—Tony DeBlase



PHOTOS BY ROBERT PRUZAN



Over the course of this last year I have seen several of my brothers die. Their suffering was intense, physically, psychologically, emotionally and spiritually. Their pain was not diminished by the forces which are surrounding us: Reagan, LaRouche, Falwell—bigots at large in politics, science and religion have been pouring salt on the wounds of our dying friends.

"We have let these influences victimize us, blame us, put us to shame for too long. Because we are a gentle, peaceful people, we have held back our anger and rage. We can hold back no longer! If we are to die, let us die without shame. And if we are *not* to die, let us put our attitude in order now!

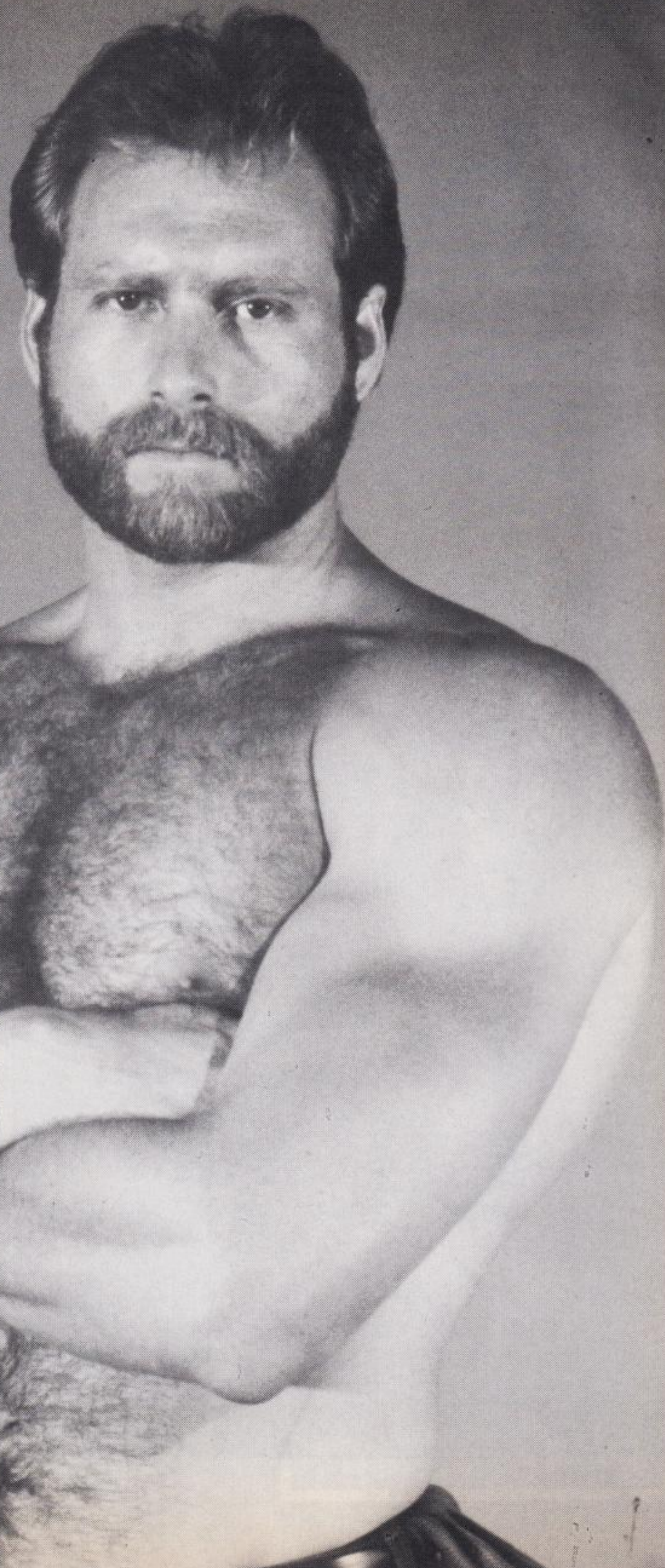
"We are a dignified, creative, critically important part of this planet. In atlantis we were the magicians, shamans, the wizards. That we still are today. We have powers to not only save ourselves but also to put a world gone mad back in order again!

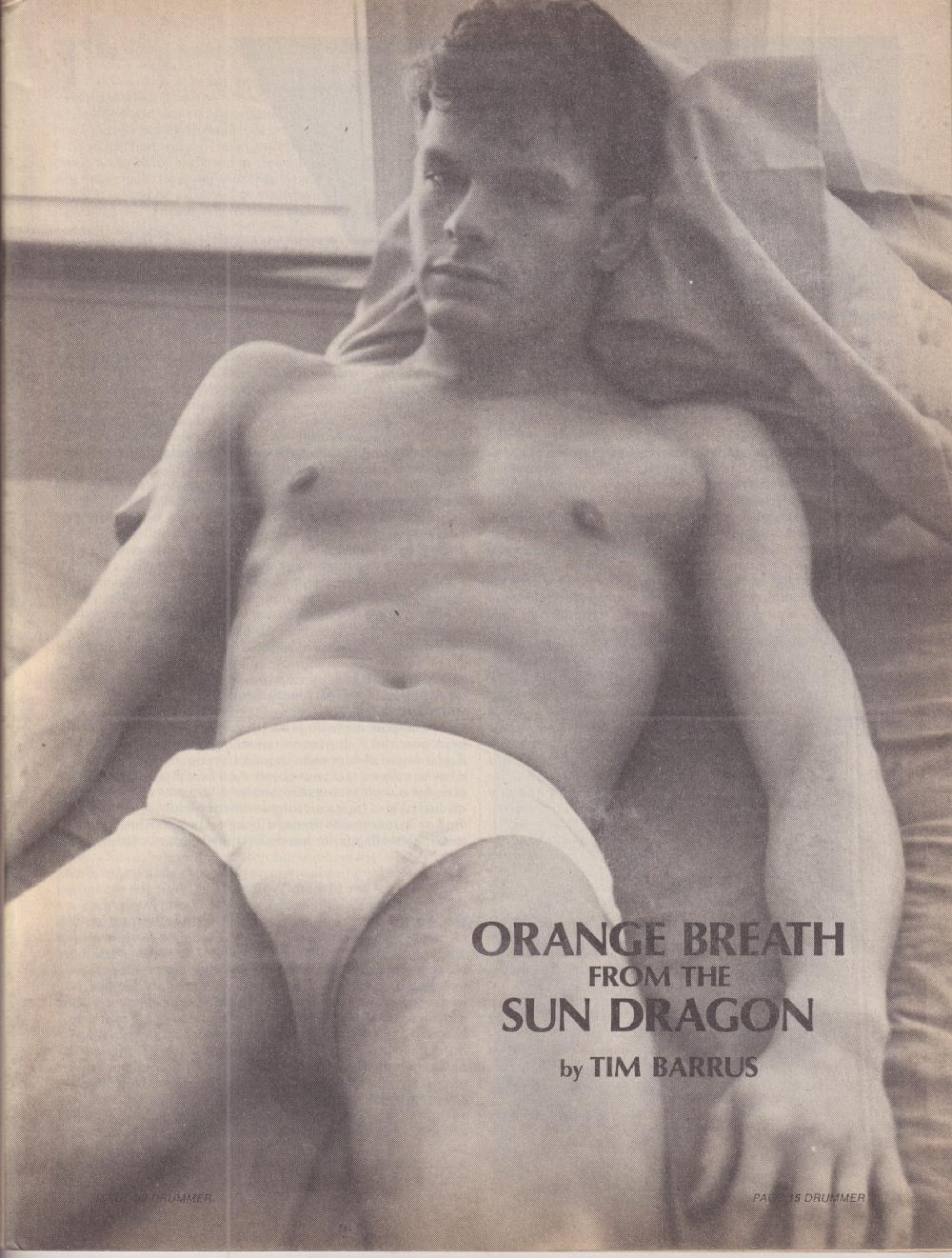
"To do so we must fill our hearts with love for each other, and for ourselves, and fill our minds with only the most positive of thoughts. We must always walk tall and proud.

"Each of us has great power. When joined together this power increases geometrically. But a great and terrible test lies before us: each one of us will feel the fire. Only if we bond together and direct our strengths, our creativity and, yes, our rage, can we hope to resist those who would have us annihilated. As an army of lovers, we can create the power, the magic to make this fantasy our reality!"

Who deserves to be a Drummerman in future issues? Send in your nominations to Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

*Male Entertainment Network's video of the 1985 Mr. Drummer Contest is available from them (see ad in this issue) or from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. \$59.95 + \$2 shipping and handling. Indicate VHS or Beta.





ORANGE BREATH
FROM THE
SUN DRAGON

by **TIM BARRUS**

ORANGE BREATH FROM THE SUN DRAGON

by TIM BARRUS

And you will be a fisherman.
—Kwakiutl Indian chant
Song To a Son

The sun set out over the Gulf of Mexico with redolent red-breathing endeavor behind one of the storms of the summer. Key West is the end of the planet. The island's dragon sunsets are like irreconcilable epilogues of burned magnetized male witchery. Orange breath from the sun dragon.

The tumultuous island resembles an anonymously young virginal buck needing violently perhaps even desperately to be fucked in his shithole and like that virginal buck the island of magic leaves you with very little options. The storms of summer are inevitable. And like the storms of fuck they are beautifully, even innocently frantic. Key West is about endings if it is about anything whatsoever.

There is nowhere else to go. It is as far as one is allowed to travel. None of that matters. By the time you have arrived at sunset in Key West you have lost the desire to see the sun from any other vantage point. Just as after you have fucked any virginal anonymous island buck—with his inevitable ache and his inevitable sense of suspense—you have lost the desire to fuck anything else.

Endings. The sun must also surely be an island virgin because it leaves you with no options at all. I sat my butt down on the hard, concrete pier and watched the sun set itself into the reddened, shameless Gulf of Mexico.

The clean, wide-eyed, polyestered constituency of the rest of the world mingled with plastic-cup, inebriated virtuousness among the Key West characters of sunset... those of us who are here because there are no other places left to go. We have all lost the desire to see the sun set herself anywhere else but at the indelicate obscene edge of defiance. Orange breath from the sun dragon. Sunset characters. Immodest drunkards. Shameless, unclean and illegitimate. Jugglers. Magicians. Flute makers. Singers. Men who dance about for tossed coins. Sellers of coconuts. And folks with no past whatsoever... most of them fishermen who rarely speak because they have lost the desire to say anything of substance. All the words of substance have been said.

I have seen so many of those dragon sunsets. I have loved them all as if I were loving my Johnny. I sat there with my inevitable bottle in its inevitable paper bag and felt alone. Key West is the end of the earth. Storms of summer. Storms of fuck. Dragon sunset. Alone. Orange breath from the sun dragon.

In the beginning I told my Johnny that I didn't really need a boatboy, a helper, another hand aboard the Ann Marie. I was my own captain and my own first mate... my own fish cleaner. I had no use for a brown-muscled island buck. But my Johnny never did take no for an answer. I still don't think he knows the meaning of the word.

He kind of just moved aboard. Maybe it was the look in his eyes. Who the hell knows? It hardly matters anymore. The only real thing I remember about the time that my Johnny first came aboard—years ago—was that it was right after one of the most convulsed, sky-blackened storms of summer I had ever seen. And in my time I have seen more than a few.

It is hardly out of the ordinary for an island buck to remove his clothing when he's out to sea. The fish do not care. I have reached the age where I joyously remember only the things from my sordid old-man past that I choose to remember. And one of the things I choose to remember is the first time my Johnny stripped off his clothes aboard the Ann Marie. Brown as an animal. Rippled muscles that even an old pathetic bearded shit such as myself could still envy. And blond hair that made the island buck look as though he were some kind of God, although I knew better. He had to be all of twenty. If that. I am somewhat older than twenty. My Johnny is, indeed, a very good sailor, having grown up on this island, this rock, and all. It is in his blood. I think he could sail before he could walk, my Johnny. And I do not deserve him, although were he to leave me now, I would not choose to live this life. I have considered life without him and I would rather—pridefully—taste the cold metal of a shotgun inside my warm and willing mouth than lose my Johnny. I'd sooner lose the goddamn sun. Fuck everything. I need my Johnny. We are lovers, and I don't care who knows about it.

And, of course, it was inevitable that in the beginning I would suck my bearded old man's lips at his youthful, aching shithole... his strained-open shithole. Sucking... my island buck. You could smell the sweetness in the air from the rain that had just spent itself into the sea. Island storms. And I spent myself into the young man's soft-like bowels, fucking him in his hairless ass just like he begged me to do. It was all so very inevitable. My Johnny bent over the Ann Marie's rail telling me that he needed his Pappa inside of him even though I am not his Pappa... that is what he calls me. I do not object. And he did need me inside of him. It was my first taste of his shithole. I am now addicted. It was my first taste of his frantic tongue down my old man's throat and I am now as insane with my need for him as he needs his Pappa. So I became the Pappa he needed. And we live aboard the Ann Marie.

It is not a life of civilized luxury. We are many things. Being civilized is not one of them. We live practically in the sea and eat fish if we can catch them and we usually can. My Johnny is a fisherman of the first degree. And we have for the most part left as much of the world behind as we dare. The world does not always take kindly to being left behind. The storms of fuck are always more defiant than the storms of summer.

We'd put into the marina for a while to collect our mail, buy our supplies and stretch our legs on land for a change. Johnny came back from the post with letters and news. "Have a letter," he said, looking thoughtful or at least more thoughtful than he normally does. "I think it is from your son." I opened the envelope with its New York postmark slowly. Sometimes it is best to deal with the storms of the past from a very relaxed pace.

Sometimes it is best to forget the past altogether.

"I think," I told him, "that the past is going to be paying us a call." That night we watched the sunset together naked from the bow of the boat. The sun threw its fire upon the water with a discharged vengeance. My Johnny held me to him intensely rubbing on my old-man hardened breasts and asked me to sperm myself into him. The storms of ruthless youth.

They were due to arrive from New York and the Ann Marie was a mess. Johnny and I had scrubbed her teak decks down with a brush and a bucket of soap but she still smelled like fish. The Ann Marie always smells like fish. The deck was stained and looked like a hundred thousand fish innards had been gutted out on those decks because a hundred thousands fish innards had, indeed, been gutted out on those decks. I stood there in the galley and tried to clean the dirt from my old hands and fingernails. I was nervous they wouldn't like me, would see my dirt, would be ashamed of me. Maybe they were "fancy." I hated "fancy." Fuck it. My dirt is permanent. My hands smelled like fish. My hands always smell like fish.

They arrived from the airport in a cab. It surprised me, although it shouldn't have. They were from New York. My thirty-six-year-old son got out of the cab, his dark designer suit looking rumpled from the flight, and he paid the cab driver to carry his bags. My grandson, whom I had never met, emerged from the cab and carried his own beaten-looking brown bag. He was sixteen and tall. I somehow expected him to be tall. He would be taller than my son and somehow I knew that that would enrage his father. They looked like they were from New York, alright. Pale as paste. And they stood there on the dock for a minute and just stared at Johnny, the Ann Marie and me in wide-eyed astonishment.

"You really do live on a boat, don't you, old man?" Jeff, my son, said, not quite yet ready to step aboard. I didn't say anything. I see no need to repeat the obvious. "It smells like fish," Jeff observed, turning up his city nose.

Patrick, my grandson, stepped from the dock onto the boat and introduced himself. He shook my hand firmly. "So you think," I said, "that the grandson I've never met is going to get by with a simple handshake? Think again." And I hugged the tall, skinny-looking boy with a strong bearhug... the way a grandfather should hug his grandson. He smiled and hugged me back. I could feel the years of isolation and hurt come welling up from inside my gut. "Don't cry, old stupid man," I thought to myself, "or they'll head straight back to New York." My Johnny smiled and helped Patrick down into his cabin and showed him where to stow his stuff.

"Well," Jeff said, "as you can see, we're here." So they were. I hadn't seen my son in eighteen years. I had never even met his wife, having left the world of wives and women long ago. Fuck the past. And when his letter explaining that he and sixteen-year-old Patrick were coming to see me arrived, it took me three bottles of rum and a good fucking in Johnny's tight butt to take in the news. The night after his letter arrived I sat there on my bed inside the Ann Marie with Johnny asleep. Johnny was naked in the bed and I just sat there admiring his brown ass. Jeff's typewritten letter ended up in one hand, a glass of rum in the other. Both hands shook. And if there was anyone on the damned planet earth who realized with indissoluble remorse that there was no one to blame for their stupid, useless lives but themselves, it was me.

I have no excuses. If Jeff was coming to hear excuses for my absence as a father, he would be coming for nothing. He would leave empty handed. I have none. Excuses are insignificant. If I could take it all back and be someone else, I would. But I can't. There are no excuses and I wouldn't demean him by offering him any. The fact of the matter is that when Jeff was a teenager, I left lock-stock-and-barrel. What he didn't realize, of course, is that I had left in spirit years earlier. I left a failed marriage, a failed business, a mortgage and New York. Most of all... I left New York.

In all of the years I've been in Key West and living aboard the Ann Marie, the only communication I had ever had from Jeff was the letter that announced the birth of his son. That was sixteen years ago. I remember taking that letter to sunset. Orange fire from the sun dragon. I laughed at the sun. And I knew then that Jeff's way of punishing me was going to be never letting me see that boy. So when his only other letter came fifteen years later announcing that he and the boy would be visiting me I found myself inside the Ann Marie with my rum, my self-reproach, my

qualms of conscience... and my Johnny. Thank god for Johnny. If I had had the guts to follow the sun to the edge of the ocean and the courage to jump over after it into fucking oblivion I would have done so. I was not sure that I was ready to face Jeff, much less the grandson I had never met.

I have no excuses. In fact, I have very little whatso damned-ever. About the only real thing Johnny and I had to offer Jeff and his boy were a pair of bunks aboard the Ann Marie, which usually contain our dirty laundry. So I wrote him back saying that he was welcome. We cleaned our boat and did our laundry. And, of course, they arrived from New York, looking like New York, smelling like New York, and bringing more baggage from the miscreant past than from the airport. I, of course, being an old hand at the transgressions of misbehavior, could tell immediately upon their arrival that all was not well...

I have learned that it is always easier to just look for the honest message in any young man's eyes. Either separation, divorce, death... or a deep unconscious need to be fucked by a man. Maybe all four. I could deal with separation and divorce in my sleep. For death and fuck I need to go fishing to think a bit. It clears my old man senses. Or what I have left of old man senses. So Johnny and I immediately took them fishing. Jeff, of course, complained all the way past the reef. Just like his mother. Jeff always did complain a lot. Patrick, his tall son with the longish dark hair, just smiled and looked at the open sea with eyes that were as innocently blue as the water.

"Ever been fishing, boy?" I asked Patrick.

"Not really," he said, smiling. I wished he'd stop smiling.

"Well, this is always as good a spot to catch a fish as any." And we stopped in a sea-calm. When you stop in the middle of a sea-calm the laws of nature backslide into the mouth of the sun dragon. They disappear. The sea becomes a smooth sheet of mesmerized glass. There isn't a ripple in the warm water or a breeze in the air. Everything comes to a standstill. Everything. Even the past. Now, weather forecasters on television will tell you in their smiling Sunday suits that sea-calms are due to the

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forces of low barometric pressure systems, tidal phenomenon, and can be associated with the birthlike depressive tropical conditions that create hurricanes. But any old dog who's gutted out as many fish from these waters as I have will tell you that sea-calms are the end result of magical male witchery at its very best.

We'd been standing at the deck with our poles in the water for some time. Not a bite. I told Patrick that the dragons and the boy-nymphs must be down there eating all the fish. Patrick laughed and so did his father, but Jeff laughed with inevitable bitterness. Jeff drank another glass of rum straight down. His eyes were red and seemed as angry as the rum he was pouring into his gut. My Johnny just ignored Jeff as he busied himself with the business of fishing, but occasionally he stole a glance at the man he could hardly believe was my—son. Sweat ran down the sides of Jeff's face.

"He's a liar, Patrick," Jeff said, drunkenly. "He's always been a liar. And now I even think the son-of-a-bitch is a faggot. Look at him. An old faggot with a young faggot lover. Shit. Now I've seen fucking everything and some of the past now makes some stinking sense." My Johnny just looked at me. Jeff continued his tirade: "Do you know what this old bastard used to tell me the one time he took me fishing as a kid? He used to tell me that I had to be quiet or I'd scare the fish away. Pure bunk. He never could tell the truth. Or face it. He lied to my mother for years—the fool. We never caught anything then, either. I hate his guts."

The three of us just stood there at the side of the Ann Marie catching nothing but dragons from the past. "Oh, he had big dreams back then, Patrick, didn't you dad? Big faggot dreams. He was gonna become the most successful businessman in the city. But he couldn't take it. And he left. So just look at him now. Mr. Successful. One leaking old boat, his bottle of rum, his boy and a sunset. Old man, you can't even catch a fish. What do you do for money, anyway?"

"We get by," I said, thinking. "Jeff is right. I am an old fool."

"They get by. You have a lot of damn gall to call this the Ann Marie."

"It's my boat. I'll call it anything I like, Jeff."

"Ann Marie was the name of my mother, old man."

"I am aware of that... but... I loved you, Jeff."

"You never loved anything in your entire life, old man, unless it was walking out on us. That probably gave you a lot of pleasure." And he staggered below to pass out. He would have to fight his own dragons from the confines of his numbed inertia.

Of course the boy told us all about it. It was divorce. Plain and simple. I'd never met his mother. I'd been long gone by then. I didn't say anything. It was his story. Johnny and I just let him talk. There wasn't anything for us to say. Everything of substance has ultimately already been said. Besides, Patrick's eyes had more to say than his words. That's when the boy-nymphs from the water sent the boy from the city a fish.

It hit like a snapped shot and Patrick jerked back instinctively hooking the thing in it's greedy mouth. My grandson's face lit up with surprise and he turned to me for advice. I just looked at him. He was taller than his father. He looked like me. And I knew how that must enrage Jeff. The fish jerked the pole tip-down and ran out a screaming line of burning string. Johnny took the wheel to swing us around with the fish. Patrick didn't know the first thing about fishing. "What do I do, Grandpa!" he yelled.

I calmly reeled in my own line, put my pole away, and sat down in my deck chair. "I don't know, boy. It's your fish, isn't it?" And he looked at me with the same look in his eyes that his father used to condemn me with... confusion, excitement and rage.

"Damn!" he said, cursing both Johnny and myself. And he began to reel it in with the fish fighting him every screaming inch of the way. He tightened up on his slack and fought what to him was the unknown with all of the mad provocation that flowed in his veins. The fish was unimpressed and took the boy for a ride. Johnny had to swing the boat around like a dancer in a tightly choreographed ballet before the fish could take itself under us. The fish, of course, was much smarter than the boy. Perhaps it was not his first boy. But it was the boy's first taste of struggle

beyond the disaffected estranged struggles of his parents. Sweat drenched from the boy's T-shirt. He gritted his teeth and pulled back on the rod. His skinny muscles bulged and strained with the turbulent cold-blooded desire to not lose his prey. That's when the fish realized with an outburst of delirium that the creature who had hooked him would take the life struggle all the way to death.

The boy had no more questions to ask. His face was strained and he concentrated. It was h-i-s fish. One of them would die. The fish or the boy. And the dragons sent their fish to the surface in an outburst of desperate frenzy. The fish broke the calm mirrored water in a gust of raving, jerking agitation. That's when the boy came face-to-face with a creature bigger and more powerful than he was. And, of course, it was—as Johnny and I knew it would be—that one second of awe on the boy's face that allowed the creature to free itself from the tolerant hands of the child.

The pole, the fish, and something childlike about my grandson were gone. Pulled violently from Patrick's grasp into the sea. Swallowed by dragons. And the sea was calm again. The sea is a smiling evil-bitch full of her own magic. The dragons and the boy-nymphs had reclaimed their prize and laughed at us with the beginning of yet another stormed sunset on the orange-red horizon. Breath from the sun dragon. The storms of summer. I took us back to the shore which is where most men belong, certainly most boys. The boy rode back most of the way sitting silently in the stern of the Ann Marie. He had nothing to say to either Johnny or I and his eyes looked as tired as depression itself. Perhaps he cried. I do not know. I tried not to look.

He would not want me to see him cry, which was foolish, as all men cry. But as we grow older we become more foolish by the day. The boy did not cry around the loss of a fish. But around loss itself. A man should never be intruded upon when he cries. Like death, it is something he must do alone.

Pitch black night, blackness so thick you could breathe it, found Johnny, Patrick and I aboard the Ann Marie with the moon glistening at the laughing water like a hysterical diamond set against a backdrop of leather. The glow from the kerosene lamps bathed the deck of the Ann Marie in a wash of yellowed warmth. Patrick had never cooked a fish before. "Jesus," I thought. "The kid is sixteen years old. What the fuck has he been doing with his life, anyway?" I always did hate the fucking city. So I had my Johnny show him how to clean and cook a fish. And the two of them made some kind of tentative pact—some kind of shy step toward a friendship. There comes a times when boys must learn, when boys must become men, and it was time for Patrick to come to terms with himself.

Jeff remained below, uncommunicative as usual. The future was opening itself up topdeck, and below deck the past was asleep, totally inebriated in its own sense of self-created sorrow. I never did have two cents for fucking with the past.

It was Patrick's first glass of rum. A boy has to learn. "He's going to want to leave, you know," Patrick said to us, referring to his father.

"I know," I said. Johnny said nothing, but his eyes drank Patrick in with a thirst that was capable of all kinds of magic. I didn't know if Patrick was yet ready for the likes of buck Johnny. I said nothing.

"But I just met you, Grandpa. I just met Johnny. Why can't I stay?"

"That's something you'll have to work out with your father, boy. You are welcome to stay. I'd like that. But it may be impossible. You know how he feels about me."

"Just because he needs to go back doesn't mean that I need to. Maybe I need to stay. Maybe our needs are different." And his eyes looked at me with the kind of need that can only be satisfied through bestial storms of sexual intensity. But it was not my place to respond.

"Your father needs to do battle with his own sun dragons, boy."

"But I want to learn more about fishing. Maybe I'd like to be

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with you and Johnny for a bit—that is if you wouldn't mind." He paused. "Dad would really fight that idea."

"That struggle with your father is going to be one difficult bitch of a dragon. You will have to defeat it for yourself," I said. "We must all fight our own battles, Patrick. He has his. You have yours. I have mine. Johnny—inevitably—has none. Sometimes we can help one another. Sometimes it is impossible. Sometimes a man has to learn that he is the only one who can really make his choices."

Johnny and I took them back to the airport at the end of the next day. Jeff and his boy were both sunburned. Jeff said his goodbye politely. But it was inevitably strained. His eyes were swollen and red with a rage he had not yet faced. His father was, indeed, an old faggot with no excuses for a damn thing in the universe. He shook my hand. His hand was sweaty and soft. He wanted to wrap his hurting thirty-six-year-old arms around his old man and cry like a baby, but he did not do it. He did not know how to do it. I wanted to give him the kind of little boy bearhug I had never been able to give him, but I didn't. And they were... inevitably... gone. Johnny and I went that night to see the sun dragon devour the sea in oblivion's fire.

We were sitting in the marina in total silence on the teak bow of the Ann Marie, watching the sun breathe itself into the blood-red water, when a strange car let out a figure with one battered brown bag. "I am," I thought, "going to have to do something about putting some muscle on that skinny boy."

"I'm back," he said. "I turned around in Miami. I flew back. And then I hitchhiked from the airport. I'm here." And his eyes smiled with sin. The little shit. We were glad beyond reason to see him.

"What about your dad, boy?" I asked.

"I thought he was going to really fight it, you know, Grandpa... but he didn't. He just sat there for a long while in the airport, smoking himself to death... not saying shit... and then he says, 'Okay, if that's what you want.' And it is what I want. So I'm here."

"Did you hug your father, boy, before you left him? It's hard to

be left, even when you're wrong. Maybe even particularly when you're wrong." I said.

"How did you know I hugged him?" Patrick said.

"A dragon told me." My Johnny and Patrick just looked at one another. I thought that they might both cum in their pants. And I laughed.

"What do you see out there, Patrick?"

"I see the sunset, Grandpa."

"You have a lot to learn, boy. A lot to learn."

That was the night I made them promise to call me their Pappa. I am their Pappa. And they will call me that—always.

"Why, old man," my Johnny asked later that night wrapped naked in my sleeping arms, "do I love you so much?"

"Maybe because you still think I'm rich and I'll leave you my boat and my money." We both laughed.

"I see magic in you," he said.

"I am quite mad, you know."

"I know," he said. And he kissed me fully on the mouth. I could taste his youth.

"Teach him," I said, referring to my grandson.

"With pleasure, old man. With pleasure," buck Johnny said, smiling that smile of his. I kissed him again, because I am essentially an obsessive fool. His lips tasted of the sea—lush and full of sordid mystery.

The star we call our sun set out over the Gulf of Mexico with redolent red-breathing endeavor behind one of the storms of summer. Key West is the end of the planet. The island's dragon sunsets are like irreconcilable epilogues of burned magnetized male witchery. One old man and two young island bucks. Sin personified. We sat our butts down on the bow of the Ann Marie and watched the sun set itself into the reddened shameless Gulf. All of the words of substance have been said. We sat there with our inevitably warm rum and felt alive. Key West is the end of the earth. Storms of summer. Storms of fuck. Dragon sunset. Alive. Foolish men with no past whatsoever.

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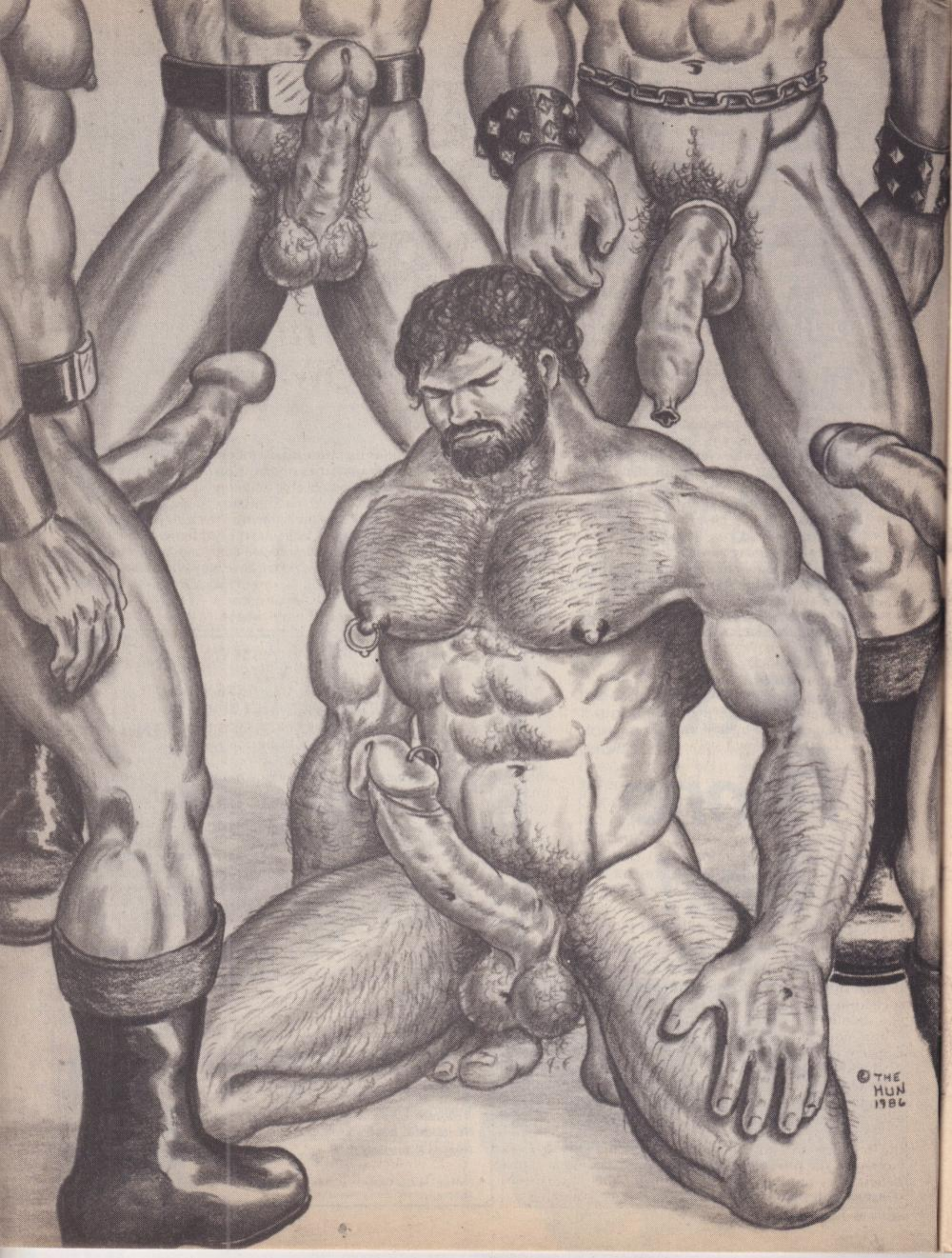
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BOUND FOR GLORY

The Road through Throm

Part IX by MASON POWELL

"Give me my sword!" Gonar said.
"Don't be a fool!" Chom responded, still holding him upright. "You've done all that you can. It is up to the rest of us to do the fighting now."

"If I am to die in battle, my Master, then I would at least be holding a weapon, even if I am too weak to use it!" Gonar said; forming the words was enough to exhaust him. He had lost much blood from the holes that Falwet had pierced through his hands and feet, his cock and balls. The pain was terrible.

Yet he tried to see into the smoke and fire where the flaming ball of lava had smashed through the gate in the Rhengfel Wall. The enemy waiting beyond might have been decimated by the explosion. Surely the troops that had besieged the gate were surprised at the very least! Above the stone ridge the stars were now blooming, pin pricks in a night sky made brown by fire. On this night of all catastrophic nights the bloody gibbous moon that rose behind him—behind the mountains, behind the volcano, behind the wreckage of Rhengfel—could shed little additional illumination.

"If we get through the pass perhaps the wall will protect us from some of the falling stone and ash," Lady Lharna said sensibly; for indeed the volcano was still in eruption and debris still rained down from above, though not in increments so spectacular as the one that had finally freed them from the confines of the valley.

"Ketis! Here!" Chom bellowed out, and immediately the red-haired boy was at their side. "Tend Gonar's wounds. My slave has it in his mind that he must fight the battle we face."

Ketis looked over Gonar's body with a quick and practiced eye, his skilled fingers falling swiftly to examine the wounds in the hands, the feet, the punctures through the cock and balls.

"You would not be able to walk two steps," the boy said firmly. "It is a miracle that the blood has ceased to flow from such fresh cuts. If you can hold a sword I will be surprised! Still, you should have one."

In a moment the ruby-pommeled sword they had given to Gonar as warrior of the god Wa-at was once again in his hand... But Ketis was right: the wound where Falwet had driven the knife blade through his palm made it impossible for Gonar to grasp the sword with any strength. He could hold it, but that was all.

"Better to die by a blade than to be crushed and burned by the boulders the god sends tumbling from the sky," said Norem-at, the priest who had summoned the god at Gonar's behest, thus precipitating the final explosion. His dark hair, streaked with white, was blown about his face as another wave

of hot, sulphurous wind struck them from behind.

"Then let us attack our doom," said Chom, and he lowered Gonar to the ground. "Ketis, stay with him and tend him until we return."

"Then others will come, and you will deal with them... But do not anticipate that too soon. It is my hope that we can yet make peace with those who wait, for it was the empire of Rhengfel they came to destroy and that is now destroyed for them."

Chom turned to Lady Lharna.

"It would be best that those who still wear the black leather wait behind, even though they have thrown away the falcon-masks. If our enemy sees us only in Wa-at's scarlet that may give us the moment we need in which to speak and make clear what has happened. If we cannot speak..."

"We will be ready for either outcome," said Lady Lharna.

Gonar did not want Chom to leave him. The god had brought him back from the shores of death, but for how long was not a matter revealed. If he should die now he wanted to be where he belonged, at Chom's feet. But Chom was the leader of the army, Chom had brought them all down out of the mountains, and now Chom must lead them the final way, through the pass and, hopefully, to a better world beyond the hateful valley.

The troops mounted, Chom took the lead with Norem-at beside him, and the first part of the army moved toward the burning debris, steadying horses already frightened with the destruction around them. A rain of stones clattered against the rough stone of the wall and fell harmlessly to one side, then Chom entered the smoke and was gone from Gonar's sight.

The pain in his extremities flared and Gonar felt as if he were once again under the torture. He cried out and Ketis knelt, took his head in his lap, and began rummaging through a small leathern bag he carried at his side. In a moment the boy was breaking dried leaves under his nose, releasing a sharp smell that at first made him gasp, then seemed to make his head swim. The pain did not decrease but it seemed to be getting further and further away from him, as if he were standing at the opposite end of a tunnel that kept lengthening.

Ketis opened a little clay pot and began to rub an ointment into the wounds, first of Gonar's hands, then of his feet. The pain finally started to subside. Ketis took the ointment and rubbed it in where the knitting needle had pierced Gonar's balls, and that also felt better. Finally Ketis rubbed the ointment into the hole that Falwet's needle had made through Gonar's cock. When the pain there eased Gonar felt himself drifting into a quieter darkness than that of the blazing night. Eventually he slept.

Later he remembered being lifted, and a bumping along that must have been a ride on a litter being carried between two horses. He remembered something hot and liquid between his lips, and he remembered swallowing. Jumbled pictures of people looking down on him were part of his memories, but he could not identify any of them; not because he did not know who they were, but because he had not the strength to make the identification.

The world started to come back from time to time with an aureole of light in which he saw Chom, black eyes smiling and worried, olive skin glowing as it had that night in the cave, black beard as neatly trimmed as always. Then there was Ketis, his red hair and freckles framing his young but terribly professional smile (for he had been a pleasure slave), and Norem-at, looking strangely transfigured.

Finally there came a face that teased him, a face he knew but which he could not place. It was a woman's face, but he seemed to remember that it did not belong to a woman. That made a puzzle for his mind, and his mind worried at it and tugged at it and chewed on it until it was solved: and then he came all the way to consciousness.

"Chala!" he murmured, and his eyes flew open.

She was there, and it was as he perceived. She was not a girl any more, not even a young woman. She was fully matured, and she wore brazen armor almost as fine as that they had given him from the storehouse at Wa-at. She smiled at him with her lips and with her hazel eyes. There was a circlet of woven bones on her head, set like a coronet, and on her shoulders, over the armor, was a mantle of black and white pony fur.

"It's about time you were awake!" she said.

"Another battle?" Gonar groaned. "Is not Rhengfel destroyed after all?"

"Oh, aye, Rhengfel is no more," Chala said. "But there is yet one more score to settle. *Throm!*"

Gonar thought back to the stockaded mountain town where

they had been betrayed into the hands of the falconmasks and a question he had dare not ask came to his lips.

"What of Fillian?"

A crease appeared between Chala's brows.

"I can tell you only how he was when last I saw him," she said. "That was after the Cledata attacked the warriors who had taken you prisoner."

"Then you were able to free him, even though Chom and I went on to Rhengfel?"

"Yes. We got him, in the cage, and retreated up the hills; but they followed us and we turned to fight. That was when I really learned the strength of my new friends: and when they learned about me. I suppose that was when I learned about myself as well. The falconmasks attacked and we fought them, but the battle moved in such a way that the cage with Fillian was almost retaken. I could not let him be seized so I threw down the banner I carried and attacked without support. I thought that I would die, but I had rather that than see the boy recaptured. I cut through, killed and killed, and eventually won to his side. When I looked back I saw that the Cledata had followed me. We won the battle and killed every last falconmask without mercy, for I had seen them torture you, from hiding, before we attacked."

"And Fillian?" Gonar asked again.

"He was unharmed, beyond the tortures of the road. We took him out of the cage and headed back via another route to see if we could get you and Chom as well, but the remnants of the group that held you had joined those with Chom, and before we could find another suitable place for an ambush they were at the damned Rhengfel Wall. By the time we discovered that you were not in their possession any more, and went back to find you, you had made your escape. A man on foot is not so easy to trail as a man on horseback, Gonar."

"Where is Fillian now?" Gonar persisted; and he realized, now that Chom was safe, that he loved the boy who wanted to be his slave almost as much as he loved the man who was his Master.

"When he realized there was nothing he could do to save you he decided to carry on the quest you had begun. He has gone to Molenor to try and rescue Prince Hrendel."

Gonar was stunned. The boy was not a warrior. He was barely old enough to begin training; and he never had. Gonar tried to rise, even against his own judgement.

"Be still, Gonar!" Chala commanded, and there was authority in her voice. "You will follow him, and soon. Chom already knows these things, and my people stand ready to help in any way they can."

"Your people?" Gonar asked. He thought of the cowardly folk of Raiggon who had refused to follow her in her quest to rescue her brother. They would be of little help!

"The Cledata," Chala answered him. "They have been a warrior people without a leader for many years. When I went to them for help, even as that slimeworm Vred suggested, they were anxious for a battle. After they saw me fight to rescue Fillian they made me their warchief."

Gonar sank back, letting the small tension that had lifted him drain away.

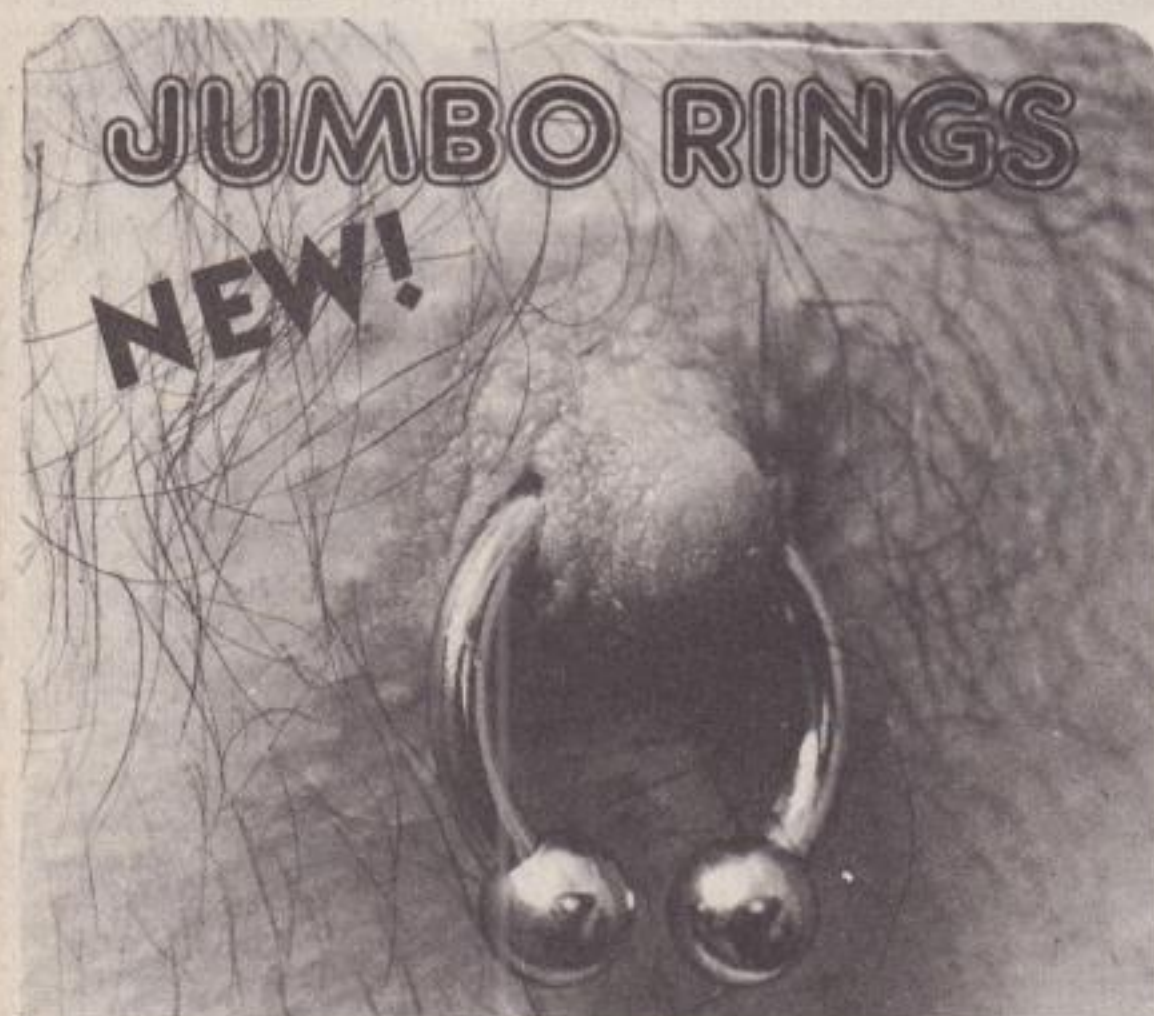
"So you brought the Cledata to the Rhengfel Gate and besieged it," he said, the picture coming together like the image that emerged from a Mage's sand painting.

"You have it," Chala said. "But when the earth shook and the sky darkened; and when the gate burst open with flames, I knew, even before I saw Chom come riding out of the smoke and flame, that Rhengfel had fallen. If there are gods, and if the gods have any of humankind's interests in their hearts, then evil cannot remain ascendant for long. It is only that human time speeds so swiftly by: the gods do not notice so quickly as we would have them notice."

"Now you speak like Norem-at—or Kevronis-at, his old teacher!"

Chala laughed.

"Norem-at and I have spoken at length while you rested and



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healed. He is wise for one so young. The Cledata have asked him to build a new temple to Wa-at in the village, for their old one fell into disrepair when the priests of Rhengfel became corrupt many years ago. It is comforting to know that good persists even at the heart of a rotten priesthood."

This thought sobered Gonar again. He wondered if even at the heart of the priesthood of Dworkrimian there could be any good. . . And he remembered that Wa-at had chosen to possess him precisely because he had taken issue with the Dwork.

That brought to his mind the conflict in his relationship with Chom. Did the god still inhabit him, now that Rhengfel was no more? Would he still be unable to give himself to his Master?

"Where is Chom?" he asked.

"Here," came Chom's voice from the door.

Gonar turned his head and saw his Master standing there, a smile flashing his white teeth in his black beard, his eyes just slightly glossy and wet. He was dressed in a simple white tunic fastened with bronze penanulars at his shoulders, leaving his strong arms bare. There was a plain black rope belt at his waist and his legs from midthigh down were bare as well. He wore no boots or sandals and Gonar felt a sudden and deep longing to fall to his knees and kiss those naked feet, to lick the dust from them.

"I will leave you," Chala smiled, and there was great understanding in her voice. She rose from her seat and walked out of the little room, and Gonar was terribly grateful to her.

Chom came and stood by the bed, looking down on him for a moment. Then he drew the covers back and looked carefully over Gonar's body. At last his hands moved down and he touched Gonar, first on the belly where the King of Rhengfel had wounded him. To Gonar's surprise the wound was almost healed. He wondered how long he had lain unconscious. At least a full cycle of the moon would have been his usual guess: but he had been near death when the god revived him. How soon might one heal with a god's help?

Chom moved his hand to the side of Gonar's head. There was

still some tenderness where the sword had cut there, but that wound also seemed well on the way to healing. Without waiting for Chom to examine them, Gonar looked at first one palm, then the other. The places where Falwet had driven knives through them showed angry red scars, and there were moist scabs at the centers of the scars; but again, the healing was miraculous.

When Chom tenderly hefted his cock and balls to examine the damage there Gonar knew that he would be well. Despite an agonizing pain in the middle of his prick, it began to stiffen.

"I do not know whether that is a good thing, Gonar, my Gonar," Chom said, and he let go.

"Please, my Master," Gonar begged. "At least touch me! It will harden now whether you touch it or not."

"I must ask Ketis for his advice in this," Chom said. "And until I know whether it is safe, I also forbid you to touch it!"

"Yes, my Master!" Gonar said, and a flush went through him of the best feeling he had felt in months. At last there was a way for him to surrender!

Chom left the room and Gonar lay still, his prick aching where the big knitting needle had pierced it but still as stone. He looked down at it, wondered at the dark purple of the head that stuck wetly out of the foreskin, of the little gold ring that the falconmasks had put through the head at the side. It occurred to him that the ring might be there on Chom's orders, for Chom had been in charge of his torture at that point. If the ring were Chom's doing then it was to be treasured, like the ring Chom had put through his right nipple the night he had finally submitted completely and become a slave.

Chom came back into the room with Ketis. The red-haired boy grinned from ear to ear at the sight of Gonar's big dick fully erect.

"It would appear that you have need of me!" Ketis said.

Gonar looked at him, then at Chom. There was certainly nothing wrong with whatever ministering Ketis might do: he could remember Ketis returning him to health through a

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number of sexual exercises after the Minotaur had raped him. But just now what he wanted was his Master, Chom.

"Lie still, Gonar!" Chom said firmly. "You are not so well that I can use you to your full worth; yet Ketis tells me you ought to be able to please me in some small ways, with his help."

"Yes, my Master," Gonar said, and again he felt warm and good, for whatever was about to be done to him was Chom's will, and that was far more important than his own desires.

Ketis came to the side of the bed and leaned over, looking carefully first at the hard cock, then checking the balls underneath. They still hurt, Gonar noted, but not so bad as his dick. Ketis bent further, then placed his mouth on the head of Gonar's prick. His tongue licked around and pangs went through Gonar's whole body. He moaned.

"Lie still!" Chom commanded again. "If you do not do precisely as I tell you I will make you wait another quarter of the moon!"

Gonar felt the sweat bead on his forehead. He was overjoyed, but the fear he suddenly felt, that he might not be able to obey his Master's wishes, made his palms go cold.

Ketis licked, then sucked a little, his skillful tongue pushing into the pisshole. Gonar wanted to writhe, to grab the boy's head and push it down on the whole aching hard shaft. Across the room Chom reached down and unfastened the black rope belt, let it drop to the floor. Gonar's eyes fastened on him. Chom crossed his arms, grabbed the hem of the tunic, then peeled it upward over his head, pulled it off, dropped it to the floor. He stood now in only his loincloth, and under the white linen his big prick bulged.

Ketis's hand slid under Gonar's balls, his fingers moved to Gonar's asshole. Gonar moaned again but kept his body still. The first finger slid into his hole, probed around, was joined by a second finger. He felt the boy test at the walls, find the gland within that controlled his cock, massage it. Chom's strong dark hand squeezed the engorged meat inside the linen, then slowly drew the loincloth off, revealing his huge, hard weapon.

Ketis began to slide his fingers in and out of Gonar's hole, gently finger fucking him. Gonar felt his body begin to tremble, tried to relax, failed. He felt wheels of stars under his skin, felt his cock become again the center of his universe. Chom walked across the room and stood next to the bed, stroking his big dick and aiming it at Gonar's face. Gonar opened his mouth with raw desire but still ceased to move.

"You do well, Gonar, my Gonar," Chom whispered.

Tears formed in Gonar's eyes. They pooled and overflowed, running down his temples in rivulets that joined with the sweat trickling down from his brow. He could smell the sweat in his armpits, and that awareness made him sniff the air for the smell of Chom: and it was there.

Ketis started to move his lips up and down on just the head of Gonar's cock, sucking the head as fiercely as if he were sucking the whole shaft. Gonar trembled, felt his balls ache as they drew tight in preparation for a climax. Beside the bed Chom stroked his huge tool more quickly and a thin line of clear precum dribbled from the end of his foreskin. It was all Gonar could do not to hurl himself at it, lick it, keep it from falling to the white wool blanket. He moaned again and Chom smiled, enjoying his anguish.

Ketis whirled his tongue around and around the head of Gonar's cock as he sucked, and the orgasm came; a painful jolt in his balls, an agonizing surge through torn tissues in his prick, then a sunfire blast out the end of his cock and into the boy's mouth. A trembling roar came up from Gonar's lungs, out his mouth, and his whole body quaked with the force of it. Chom's hand flashed up and down on his cock, then the big dark head spat hot white globs at Gonar's face, hard wet cum that splattered against his cheeks where he was not quick enough to catch it with his tongue.

When it was finished Ketis stood up, displaying his own cock hard. He began to stroke it, aiming it at Gonar's face even as Chom had. Chom leaned over and put his dripping prick at Gonar's mouth.

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"Clean it, Gonar, my Gonar," Chom said, and Gonar sucked and licked the cum as hungrily as a puppy lapped milk from a saucer.

"Now!" Ketis said crisply, and Chom grabbed Gonar's jaw, turned his head to face the boy, and pried his mouth open. Ketis's pink prick shot directly into Gonar's mouth, filling it with his thick young cum. When he was finished, Chom had Gonar clean him as well.

After that Chom ordered Gonar to rest and Chom and Ketis left the room. Gonar sank at once into a deep slumber, this time filled with soft dreams of roseate clouds and happiness.

The nature of Gonar's sex life from that day was curious but satisfying. Chom never allowed anyone to abuse him physically for fear of Wa-at's reappearance; but he did make Gonar submit to his will, which was what Gonar wanted. Gonar was allowed to take cum from Chom's prick and from

outcome of his quest, to cease to float in the middle of this timeless place in his life. If what had been before had ended then he would know it. He would begin a new life elsewhere with his Master: for Chom knew the world as he did not. Before Chom's wisdom he was less than a slave, he was a child-slave.

But if there was a path that continued from the old life: if somehow Jhent had not fallen, if Fillian lived. . .

But it was better not to plan. Too many plans had already gone awry.

The day came when Ketis told them that Gonar was ready to ride and fight, and that made an end to the waiting.

The Cledata, those short shaggy folks who rode short shaggy ponies, had accepted the refugees from Rhengfel on the basis of Chom's word. The plan now was to move them to the village of Cledata. Lady Lharna was the unquestioned leader of the former falconmasks, and though she was a head taller than he, she seemed to have formed some sort of alliance with the head man of the Cledata. Gonar wondered how this would affect Chala's position as Warchief, but it was not really his concern. The last thing he wanted in the world was to become involved in a struggle between two powerful women!

The massed armies readied to ride, Gonar was given a horse and his armor, and they moved out, away from the small, abandoned village that had been their camp while he healed. They rode down a long, narrow trail, joined the road that had led up into the mountains to Rhengfel, and finally turned right at the fateful crossroads, toward Throm.

The first night on the road they camped to either side, the Cledata setting up leather tents which glowed warmly when the hanging lamps inside were lit. Gonar walked about as the food was cooked, admiring the effect; like so many paper lanterns set on the dewy grass. The moon rose in a thin crescent over the mountains, still a little red with the dust that remained in the air after the eruption of the volcano. There was the chill smell of mountain air in his nostrils and he was able to forget for a while the uncertainty of the future.

When Chom had finished setting guards and gone to the tent which Chala had ordered for them, Gonar joined him and they ate thick, hot stew together out of wooden trail bowls with handles carved on the sides. Then Chom told him to strip and climb into the piles of furs that formed their bed on the leathern groundcloth under the tent.

Gonar lay very still and watched as his Master stripped off his armor, then the clothing under it. Chom's big prick hung soft before his balls, but Gonar knew that Chom was aware of his scrutiny. Chom opened a parchment map and squatted on the floor to look at it, positioning himself so that Gonar could look through the arch formed by his legs and ass and see his dick and nuts hang down, see the moist crack that now left his hole stretched open.

Gonar's cock grew stiff under the furs, pushed up against them. He wanted to move his hips, to move the head of his dick back and forth in the soft fur, but he knew his Master would not like him doing it without permission so he refrained. He kept his hands at his sides, merely enjoying the sensation of having a hard-on.

After a while Chom rolled up the map, tucked it into a saddle bag, then came and stood over Gonar. He stepped across, so that he stood straddling Gonar's head, then squatted, so that his asshole was right over Gonar's face. Gonar smelled the sweat, the musk, but did not move. It was exquisite torture to be made to desire something, to be known so completely that his lusts could be manipulated; to be so totally owned that his self-discipline was a perfectly handled whip upon his raw nerves.

"Stick out your tongue, Gonar, my Gonar," Chom said, and Gonar stuck it out as far as he could, yet did not allow himself to touch his Master's hole.

More time passed and the saliva in Gonar's mouth ran, pooled, forced him to swallow; a difficult thing with his tongue stuck out. His back ached with his desire to move his hips, but he lay still, his veins singing, filling with the hot juice of his need.

***If there are gods, and if the gods
have any of humankind's
interests in their hearts, then
evil cannot remain ascendant
for long. It is only that
human time speeds so swiftly by:
the gods do not notice so quickly
as we would have them notice.***

Ketis's, and then others were brought in, men whom Gonar did not know. Gonar realized that this was a form of humiliation carefully tailored to his needs and happily ate all the cum they could give him. When he was well enough to get out of bed he was allowed to kneel before the men Chom chose, and then to actually suck them. Only Ketis was allowed to deal with Gonar's cock, for it was important that it heal correctly, and only Ketis understood what could be done with it safely.

Gonar's hands and feet healed with scars at their centers, as did his cock and balls. He was not happy with the scars there. It had been a point of Shegri, since the beginning, that one might not leave scars. Still, if his scars had bought their lives, and if Chom did not mind, it was a worthwhile price.

It all seemed to take too long, but even with the special strength that the god had seemingly put into him there were limits to the speed of healing. Yet now Gonar knew the span of time that passed, unlike the time he had spent healing under Ketis's hands in Rhengfel. And that perhaps made it seem longer, for each day that passed was another day with Fillian in unknown danger in Molukenor.

He did not want to admit it to himself, but he had no hope that the boy still lived. It was a long time that he had been in Rhengfel. Time enough for Fillian to have reached Molukenor, to have attempted the rescue of the lost prince, and to have failed. What horrors might be perpetrated upon Fillian by the priests of the Dwork in punishment were better left unthought, considering what the boy had escaped in Jhentfel.

There was also the matter of the birds that carried messages between temples for the Dwork. Chom had ordered the birds hunted, but that could not have gone on for long. If once the message got through, the prince would be murdered, and that was that. Jhent would fall before the Dwork, its fear-mad king no more than a shell or a puppet.

Gonar was anxious to move on, despite the restoration of his proper position as Chom's slave. He was anxious to know the

The smell of Chom's ass entered through his mouth, became a taste as yet forbidden, made his mouth water more.

"Lick it," Chom said at last, and Gonar lifted his head slightly to move his tongue around and around in circles, licking the sweet, salty sphincter, then plunging his tongue up, deep within his Master's asshole. His neck strained, the muscles at the back of his head ached, but it was his cock that truly made his body feel.

After a while Chom stood, pulling his wet hole away from Gonar's mouth. Then he lay down next to Gonar, sliding under the covers with him. His body was cold from the chill of the mountain air and Gonar wanted to warm him, to wrap his arms around him, to bring him the heat of passion. But Chom lay on his back, still, for a long time, not speaking. His cock was hard now, had been since Gonar's tongue had touched his ass, but he did nothing about it; not until the thick furs, and Gonar's body next to him, had warmed him through. Then he put his hand to his cock and began to stroke it.

Gonar was mad with want, but still he lay flat, his dick dripping and making a wet spot in the fur that caressed it. He felt Chom's muscles touching him, wanted to cry out, wanted to beg, but knew that was not possible now. Chom did not want to whip him, did not want an excuse for whipping him. Not until they were sure the god had departed Gonar's body. Gonar trembled, and again he felt tears come to his eyes, tears of desire.

Chom raised his arm and lifted the covers away from his body, making a tent of them. Gonar felt him speed up his stroke, felt his body stiffen, then felt his Master thrash next to him as the orgasm hit, delivering the load secretly, out of sight, upon Chom's hard-muscled chest. Then Chom was still.

Gonar lay in an agony of desire. He wanted *something, anything*, but it was his Master's place to grant it and not his to beg it. If Chom wanted to go to sleep and leave him wanting, then that was Chom's right. After a long while that was what Gonar thought was to be the case, and he tried to sleep, despite the flickering small flames of the oil lamp above them. But just as he was moving over into sleep Chom threw the blankets back and spoke: "Lick it up."

Gonar climbed to his knees and bent over his Master's mighty chest, applied his tongue to the rapidly liquifying sheets of cum that coated it, and licked it clean.

"Now lie on your belly," Chom instructed, and when he had done that Chom reached between his legs, pulled his hard cock down toward his feet, and said: "Sleep that way."

In the middle of the night Gonar awoke with a wet dream, the cum pumping out of his dick into the fur of the covers, but if Chom noticed it he did not object.

They did not march up to Throm as an army, for the stockaded town above the mountain road was too strong to take easily and they didn't want to waste any time. Three men of the Cledata were sent ahead with furs to trade and they brought back the report that, although the eruption of the volcano was the talk of the town (for the dust in the air made it obvious what had happened) no news had yet reached the place of Rhengfel's fall.

Lady Lharna then readied herself and some servants and went ahead, posing as what she indeed was: a noblewoman traveling from one place to another. It was odd to see her dressed again with the accoutrements of war, for all intents a tall, beautiful woman of the ruling class, the kind of creature pampered and guarded for a lifetime and never troubled by such things as cold or hunger. Her long, blonde hair drifted on the breeze as she rode and her servants carried her banner and her luggage, and it was not surprising that the guards opened the gates of Throm for her retinue.

In the middle of the night she and her servants dispatched the guards on the gates silently and opened them to Chom's army.

Then there was bloodshed. The town that had sent so many to their doom in Rhengfel knew judgement and the high wooden

houses blazed, torched, while the narrow streets echoed with screams such as their victims had heretofore heard only in the dread arena. Most of the council members were captured alive, including Vred. Near dawn Chom ordered the attack to cease, decreeing a mercy for those who fled the ruin of their lives into the cold mountains.

Both Chala and Lady Lharna spoke against this mercy, and Gonar was again filled with wonder at how much more terrible a woman's vengeance could be than a man's. But Chom pointed out that there were probably as many in Throm who had opposed the policy that had brought about its destruction as there had been in Rhengfel, and the women were mollified if doubtful.

Pointed stakes were planted across the road before the broken gates of Throm, and the council of the treacherous city was ordered impaled. Naked to the cold and watching his home fortress blaze, old Vred was lifted by two powerful men, his legs spread apart, and the sharp point of the tall stake pushed into

**Gonar was mad with want,
but still he lay flat,
his dick dripping and making
a wet spot in the fur that
caressed it. He felt Chom's
muscles touching him, wanted
to cry out, wanted to beg, but
knew that was not possible now.**

his asshole. He screamed, he begged for a mercy he had never shown, he offered gold: for that had always been his solution to every problem... To buy and sell, to trade, to profit. Now it availed him not at all. His hands were bound behind him, there was nothing he could offer that was worth the lives of the many he had traded for money. They released him and his own body weight, like the weight of his sins, lowered him onto the stake. He screamed more as the sharp wood drove up into his bowels, pierced him, decreed his death. He had no choice but to clutch with his withered butt, to hold back the inevitable as long as he could, to hope vainly that someone would take him off the stake, let him live until the fever in his belly killed him.

It was a terrible way to die, Gonar noted as each of the council members in turn was impaled: some taking it in the cowardly way that Vred did, some trying for a dignity of courage the punishment did not allow. Yet when he felt sympathy touch his heart he thought back to the horrors of the arena, to the monstrous queen of Rhengfel whom he had killed; and he wondered if perhaps the council should first have been flayed alive before impaling.

The ropes that bound their hands behind their backs were cut, and their arms flayed about, making them look like horrible puppets dancing in the morning light.

A young man with dark hair and angry eyes left the mass of the avenging army and walked to stand before the impaled council. He smiled at them and began to speak, and Gonar recognized him for Chala's brother, Chebid.

"You who die so amusingly today!" he addressed them. "You are in pain! You cannot know how much that pleases me. I also have known pain, have known humiliation, but I was fortunate to escape the death that you will know. I was fortunate to escape much worse, let me assure you! Had you gone to bloody Rhengfel, as I did, as did the many you betrayed, you would have known *much* worse. You might have been coated in pitch and sulphur and feathers and burned as torches for a festival.

You might have been skinned alive and hung as decorations in the Queen's apartments. You might have been raped by wild animals, not only in the orifices where I was raped but in cuts in your bellies and bowels. Oh, yes, they liked to do that! You might have been eaten alive by animals for their sport. You might have seen your children consumed before your eyes. You might have been slowly cooked over hot coals. Then again, they might have decided to kill you slowly."

Chebid pulled off his clothes as he spoke, stripping himself as naked as they to stand in the sunlight before them.

"What they would have done to me in the end I do not know, but to amuse themselves for a while they cut off my balls. Here, look at what happened to me because of men and women like you! Does this please you as well as it pleased them to do it?"

Though the pain they endured, the council looked at the place where Chebid's manhood had been butchered away. Gonar felt himself sick when he saw it, for it was not a clean cutting the falconmasks had done, and he did not want to imagine under what circumstances the boy had suffered it. Yet a thrill of horror went through him as Chebid bent and pulled a sharp knife from his clothes and headed for one of the impaled council members.

"Chebid, no!" Chom barked.

But Chala was beside him and she grabbed his arm as he started forward.

"Let him!" she commanded, and the Cledata were suddenly there, their short bows drawn this time on Chom, obeying her wish. From the expression on her face, it was obvious that she had not seen her brother's wound until this moment. "Let him do what he will, as they did what they wanted to do!"

Gonar could not turn his eyes away, yet he wished that he could as Chebid mutilated each council member in turn, slicing horribly and differently at the genitals of each, sparing neither man nor woman some dreadful carving. Vred's extra punishment was to have his sac sliced open and the nuts shoved into his mouth. Chebid struck him with his fist in the face until the

old man chewed them and swallowed them. Then he cut Vred's cock open down its length and moved on to the next, leaving the old man with a split prick.


When he was finished Chebid's face was bloody, for the impaled victims had their hands free to fight him as he hacked at them. Yet he had known too much horror to let them win. They only knew their own deaths; he had known many. They only knew their present torture. He had known more, both in time and quantity.

By noon the flies had gotten to the impaled council members and the fires had consumed nearly all of Throm. By sunset the town lay in ashes and madness had reached the dying men and women in the road. Chom at last persuaded Chala that it was done, that vengeance was enough, and the army moved on.

That night Gonar and Chom lay beside one another quietly. Neither of them wanted sex. All they desired now was to forget the day that was ended. The kind of cruelties they practiced with each other were an expression of love. The kind of cruelties that the torturers of Rhengfel had practiced had been stimulation for sexuality, however unwholesome. What they had witnessed in the road before Throm was purely cruel, an expression of hatred unalloyed. It was ugly, and it showed Gonar that even a righteous cause could descend to depths like those preached by the Dwork.

They reached the village of the Cledata and the refugees from Rhengfel began the complex job of settling in, a thing almost as difficult on them as was the prospect of providing space for them. Nobody had warned the housekeepers of the town, those responsible for providing food. It might be a hard winter ahead with so many new mouths to feed. Yet the Cledata were a tough people, and if complaints were to come (and surely they would) they did not come now, when the newcomers needed to feel welcome. They smiled, if surprisedly, and they took care of their new citizens with almost as much concern as they cared for their shaggy ponies. Gonar now


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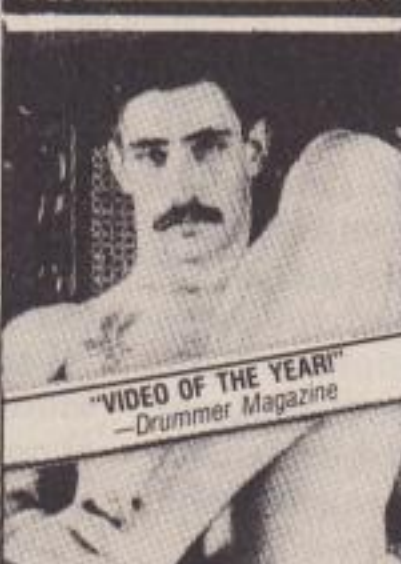
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began to like them for themselves, whereas before he had liked them for their courage and their willingness to follow Chala in her heroic quest.

Both Chala and Lady Lharna offered to send troops to Molukenor, but Chom decided against it. Molukenor was a large and prosperous city and, for the most part, undeserving (so far as anyone knew) of a military invasion. The assault on the Temple of Dworkrimian had to be done with stealth if Fillian and Prince Hrendel were to be rescued. Besides which, mounting another expedition would take time, and time was in short supply. The day after they arrived in Cledata, Chom and Gonar set out again supplied with fresh ponies, as steeds and for baggage, and with food, money and weaponry.

...Not all of the wealth of Rhengfel had been blown away with the volcano. Lady Lharna had seen to it that plenty was carried away in saddlebags for those who had come down from the mountains to fight at her side, and now she rewarded them generously, even as she saw to the provisioning of Gonar and Chom.

At the last moment Ketis announced that he was going with them and somehow neither Chom nor Gonar had any objection.

The three of them rode quickly after bidding goodbye to the village, and by nightfall they were high amidst the snows of the mountains, making camp in one of the fine sturdy tents of the Cledata. They lit the many-branched lamp and hung it from the top pole, then sat in the piles of furs and ate the freshest of the foods they had brought along, a simple meal of meat and cheese and bread; but a banquet to them because they were eating it in freedom.

Snow started to fall outside, but the leather tent kept them warm and the wine kindled their spirits. They did not plan ahead. There was nothing to plan until they should arrive in Molukenor. They lay on the piles of furs and rested, the greatest of luxuries, and waited for their suppers to digest.

Gonar was the first to note the way they all eyed each other,

but Ketis was quick to follow suit. Then the three of them laughed out loud, knowing what was next and not needing words.

The tent was warm, so they stripped Gonar and bound his hands behind his back. That seemed very satisfactory for a while and the other two just looked at him, admiring how he looked by the glow of the little oil flames. Ketis stood and circled him, tugged lightly at the ring in his tit, then at the ring in his cock. Of course Gonar got hard very quickly.

"Is he well enough to fuck?" Chom asked the boy after a while.

"I think he is," said Ketis. "But enter him slowly, and keep your dominance light, for we would not call back the god in him. I will pleasure his cock for a while, then perhaps you will be kind enough to let me fuck him as well."

"Most certainly," said Chom with exaggerated politeness.

Chom stood behind Gonar and began to rub his hands over Gonar's back, moving them down slowly to the globes of his ass. Gonar felt more like a voluptuary than a slave, so great was the pleasure it brought. He felt Chom's big prick stiffen and poke lightly at his crack. In front Ketis toyed at him, touching a pink tongue delicately to one nipple, then the other, tugging at the tit ring with his teeth, but not so hard as to hurt yet, then licking his way down the center of his belly.

Just when Gonar thought that Ketis was going to suck him, Ketis stood and put his young lips to Gonar's mouth, pushed his tongue in, and kissed him for a long while, a kiss such as boy slaves were taught to make last for hours. Behind, Gonar felt Chom back away, then felt Chom's mouth at his asshole, the tongue moving in as carefully as Ketis's had moved into his mouth. He began to float in the warmth of it, wondering what new pleasure they had in store for him, hoping they would be forceful later and confident they would be. The probing tongue withdrew from his hole.

Gonar felt Chom's strong arms go around him, lock in front of his chest, then push downward. Obediently Gonar sank to

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his knees, knelt while Ketis continued to kiss him. He felt Chom draw his feet together, then he felt a thong wrap around them, tie them tightly. Another thong was fastened to his wrists where they were bound, then his arms were stretched down toward his feet, so that he was held in a kneeling position.

Ketis slid his tongue out of Gonar's mouth and stood. His hard pink cock bounced in front of Gonar's face and Gonar wanted to suck it, but he waited, happy and submissive. Chom came and knelt before him and wrapped a little band of leather around his cock and balls, tying it tightly. Then he took a thong and spiraled it around and around Gonar's cock, starting at the base and forcing the blood out toward the head. Gonar smelled the good sweat of sex drifting from his armpits and his dick ached as the thong completely ensheathed it, making it a black leather tube with a purple head sticking out. The ring through the head glittered golden.

Chom stood and turned to Ketis. Without preamble he put his arms around the boy and kissed him. Their bodies pressed against each other and their hard cocks slid up between their bellies. Gonar looked up at them, wanting to press his face in there between them, but he said nothing, waiting their pleasure.

Chom lifted Ketis lightly from the floor and, holding him against his chest, slid his big dick between the boy's legs. But instead of grasping it with his thighs, Ketis wrapped his legs around Chom's waist and rotated his pink rosette of an asshole toward Chom's hard tool. Chom lowered him slightly, letting the hole come to rest on his stiff prick. Gonar saw drops of clear liquid exude from the piss hole, then Ketis was squirming around, pushing his ass down, and suddenly the big dark head was within, sliding up inside the red-haired boy's white body.

Gonar licked his lips, felt the precum drip from his own dick. He felt suddenly confused, almost jealous. Had not Chom asked about fucking him?

Chom began to fuck the boy, slowly and deeply, holding him tight. As he did it he kissed Ketis the while, thrusting his tongue visibly deep into the boy's mouth, making him writhe with the pleasure. When Ketis tried to reach between their bellies and grab his own cock Chom seized his hands and forced them behind him. Then Ketis really squirmed, desperate to achieve his own pleasure and now prevented from it.

Gonar thought back to his own first tussle with Ketis and realized that the boy would now be in an excess of ecstasy. Yet still he wanted that big hard prick up his own ass, and he wanted it now.

"Please, please!" Ketis began to moan after a long stretch of this fucking, but Chom would not release him. He tried to unwrap his legs but Chom held his hands with one powerful hand and started to slap his firm young ass cheeks with the other. Red handprints appeared on the creamy pink roundness and Ketis locked his legs back in place around Chom's waist; but he also started to buck his hips, fucking against Chom's belly.

Gonar was sweating all over now, big drops of it stinging his eyes. He knew that he would do anything to be in Ketis's place, almost prayed for it to happen before realizing that his prayer might be answered by the very god who had so interfered with his sex life already. He bit his lower lip, tried to look away, but felt foolish. If his Master wanted him to watch, he must watch.

The wet sound of them right before his face drove him wild. The hot smell of them, mingled with the smell of the leather tent, made him delirious. Yet there was nothing he could do! He almost moved forward, willing to risk his Master's displeasure for but a taste of the sweat that dripped down Chom's legs.

Chom began to move a little faster, his breathing came hard. Now Gonar knew he was reaching his peak. Soon he bucked furiously, then a roar came from his throat and he slammed his dick up the boy's hole with the fury of battle.

"Aahhhnnnn!"

Ketis fucked insanely at Chom's belly, struggling to make his own orgasm happen. His lips free of Chom's tongue he cried out, then his mouth fell to Chom's powerful shoulder and he bit

down on the hard muscle as his balls drew up and the hot cum shot out of them in strong spurts onto Chom's belly and chest.

Gonar groaned with desire, with want, with frustration.

Chom lowered the boy to his feet, very slowly, letting Ketis's sweat-soaked body slide down his. Then he turned to Gonar and slapped his big, cum-dripping prick across Gonar's face. "Clean it!" he ordered.

Gonar took the cock in his mouth and sucked, licked, tried to draw every drop of his Master's spent cum into him. When he was finished Chom ordered him to lick his chest and belly where Ketis had shot. Then he ordered Gonar to clean Ketis.

Though he could not move effectively, though his cock and balls were bound and his hands tied to his feet behind him, Gonar found ways of taking pleasure from what was allowed him. He savored the way the semen tingled in his mouth, the way it seemed to find its way between his teeth, into every corner, like an army of tiny living things assaulting a dark wet cavern. He licked and sucked at every surface he was allowed to clean, making the most of what opportunity was given him. Only when he was finished did he notice that Chom's cock was very hard again, and so was Ketis's.

"Gonar, my Gonar," Chom said softly, and with a smile, "are you ready yet to be fucked?"

"Oh, yes, my Master!" Gonar gasped.

"It has been long," Chom said, "and the while I have desired you. So I did not want to push into you at the first. I would have come too soon. Now I am emptied out, I will be able to fuck you long and hard into the night. And when I am finished, Ketis will be ready."

"Oh, yes, my Master!"

...And so Chom fucked Gonar, then Ketis fucked Gonar, then Chom fucked him again. Outside the wind came up and the snow stopped, but inside the tent stayed warm, even though the tiny oil lights died, even when the three of them fell exhausted.

When they emerged in the morning the world was white and they had to dust fine-powdered snow from everything: but it didn't seem to matter. Nor did it matter much that Gonar found riding the pony a little difficult. They laughed a lot, elated with the joy of life and the beauty of the landscape into which they rode.

High black peaks rose ahead, craggy mountains topped with snows that lasted through the year. Occasional stands of conifers payed tribute to the tenacity of life, and there were even animals to be seen: deer, cats, thick-furred rodents. There were occasional shrines along the route and they were pleased to offer small portions of food at each and every one. The air was thin and fine and made the hair in their noses freeze, but it all seemed a long and glorious joke. They camped three nights along the route and each night Gonar was the object of their play. He had never enjoyed a trip so much.

On the evening of the fourth day they arrived at the mountain town of Vadkim and they astonished the populace with the tale of the destruction of Rhengfel. The folk of Vadkim proved to be good and pious people who worshiped the Stag God, Grenyal, and they were treated well.

On the fifth day they set out again after a night in an inn that featured hot bathing in a stone pool heated by natural hot springs. Gonar had heard of such marvels but had never seen one. Chom told him and Ketis that such springs were not so uncommon in mountains with volcanos, and that gave Gonar pause to wonder more; for the mountains through which they now traveled did not seem to him to harbor volcanos. They were too cold!

Two more days of travel, two more nights of indolent revelry amidst the snows, then they were at the High Turmnic Pass. They went through it with no incident, then headed down toward the fertile mountain where stood the city of Molukenor and their goal: the evil temple of Dworkrimian and the lost prince of Jhent.

(To be continued)

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by JARED SCOTT

The rural county I grew up in was redneck heaven. All "real men" could outfight, outdrink, outcuss and outfuck each other any place, any time; and proving it was a way of life.

I had been labeled "queer" in my early teens: growing up was tough.

My mother got what work she could as a domestic. I held down a job since junior high school so we could keep the small farm my father had left us. Then when I graduated I took on a second job. I guess it was those jobs that let me survive.

I worked in a pulp mill throughout school, pushing and shoving and sometimes lifting logs so they would flow into the machinery properly. Then after graduation, when the first shift was over, I'd head inside and work second, lugging dollies of rolled paper from one end of the mill to the dock at the other end. The result, among other things, was that I was pretty damned big, bigger and stronger than anyone else in the county.

I confounded the locals because I wasn't afraid to take care of myself and thanks to my well-deserved reputation as a faggot I had plenty of chances of proving it. Unless I was ganged up on, I never lost a fight and eventually people learned to leave me alone. I'd still find a window smashed out of the pickup or our mailbox trashed, and the like. But I eventually got that under control because I knew the guys who did that sort of shit and their own property would always wind up in the same shape.

I don't think the adults of the county ever believed I was queer because I never gave them any reason to suspect it. The guys, though, knew. Fortunately, no one believed them and most felt sorry for me for being treated so unfairly, being poor and such a hard worker and "such a good boy" and all.

The only time I ever got to myself was an occasional Sunday. I spent Saturdays and Sundays running the farm; but now and then I'd take a Sunday off or things

would work out so that there really wasn't anything to do on Sunday.

My mother would practically drive me out of the house on those "days of rest," insisting that I get away and be with my friends. As I got older I understood that "friends" meant girls. Whether or not she suspected that I was queer I don't know, but she eventually began explaining away my lack of interest in the opposite sex as inherited shyness. Still she insisted that I do what I wanted to do instead of always working. The more I discovered my sexuality the more I gave in to her wishes.

By the time I was in my midteens, my sexual frustration had reached an almost unbearable level. I'd jac'ed off almost daily most of my life, standing in front of the mirror in my room, staring at my body, running a hand across my skin, squeezing my tits, exploring. I'd watch my other hand slide back and forth on my stiff cock and watch my big, loose nuts jump up and down until I'd finally shook the jism out of them and sent it spraying out to land on the mirror or the linoleum floor. I'd look at myself again, when I was done, and long for the person in the mirror to be someone else, a real person who would satisfy me just as I'd satisfy him.

I'd climb into bed, my hand wrapped around my soft cock and big balls, and I'd vow to myself to find someone like that, someone who'd free me from myself.

It was at age eighteen that jac'ing off seemed to lose some of its zing. I enjoyed the tubular bulk of my hard cock in my hand and certainly the explosion of electric sensations which overtook me when I eventually came, but I began craving something more. It was about that age that on my Sundays I'd throw some things into a backpack and head off across the fields to my favorite woods. I enjoy the outdoors and even now will often spend free time in some deep, quiet woods alone, giving myself over to myself.

It didn't take me long to discover my ass, nor much longer for me to fashion highly varnished, smooth wooden ass toys ranging in size and shape to suit my moods.

Except one thing seemed to lead to another.

Before the ass toys, I'd spend a day in the woods, naked. I enjoyed walking through the brush, feeling it rub and maybe scratch my thighs and my cock and balls. To intensify the feeling, I'd tie rope or thongs around my balls, tie a stick to the other end, then tie my wrists behind me and walk through the brush feeling the cord snap tight when the stick got tangled. I'd pull and maneuver until I tugged the stick free using just my nuts. Or I'd tie my cock and balls over a low branch of a tree and lean back as far as I could making my gonads support my weight.

Eventually I became bored with this simple bondage. That's what led me to discover my ass and to make the ass toys. I added them to my solo activities. I'd find a clearing, or the top of a large boulder, or maybe a large branch of a tree and lie back and fuck myself with a fat, wooden dildo while jac'ing off at the same time. I cut off a sapling just the right height, fastened the dildo to it, bent it back and let it straighten, pushing the dildo deep up inside me. Standing there, impaled, I'd then wrap the thong around the base of my cock and balls and tie them securely to the trunk of the sapling, locking myself to it. No amount of tugging or maneuvering could free me from the pole shoved up my butt. I'd tie my wrists together behind my back and try to feel helpless, knowing all the while that I could untie my wrists then free myself. Still, being tied and naked and partially helpless outdoors, vulnerable to anyone who might come along, became increasingly exciting for me.

The realization that I was essentially playing began bothering me and I soon bored of self-imposed bondage, longing for the real thing. I searched for something new and soon discovered my tits. I'd always reacted strongly when I would squeeze my nipples or even just tease them by brushing my fingers lightly across the sensitive flesh. I would clip spring-loaded clothespins on them and cum practically without touching my cock. It occurred to me that I could probably get away with going to work with something clamped to my tits without anyone catching on. Everything I dreamed up though was visible beneath my shirt, producing a telltale bulge. Although I'd never heard of anyone piercing their tits, it seemed to me that that might be the answer to my dilemma. I was more nervous about infection than pain and carefully sterilized the piercing equipment I'd made or found. Using ice as an anesthetic the process turned out to be simpler and less painful than I'd thought it would be.

After wearing plastic keepers for a few weeks until they healed, I finally took to hanging fishing weights of varying sizes from nylon strings I'd threaded through each tit. As I moved around the weights would swing and shift, yanking on my tits and giving me plenty of unpredictable hard-ons. To my consternation, my popularity with the women at work increased in proportion to the number of spontaneous erections.

My Sundays soon included not only being bound and impaled on the sapling by my gonads and ass, but my tits as well. I ran the nylon string from my nipples back around my chest and down to the tree's trunk making forward or upward movement painfully erotic. Other times I'd hang the weights from my tits and tie the thong around my balls dragging the stick and scramble through the underbrush feeling the multiple sensations of tugs and yanks on both nuts and nipples. When I went "walking," I'd have my biggest ass toy up in me, one which was basically a baseball bat except with a larger flange on the end to hold it in while the free end hung down heavily, weaving from side to side as I moved. A second flange prevented the shaft from driving up into me in case I fell, and I found that I could stop and sit on the thing: it was like a built-in stool.

During winter I would sometimes go into the woods and strip naked and roll in the snow or climb the bare trees as high as I could, knowing that without leaves anyone might see me. That was part of the excitement. When winter turned bitter, though,

I had to content myself with jac'ing off in my room or the barn and making plans for the next summer.

It was one such winter that I pierced my cock.

I'd never heard of anyone doing such a thing, but it seemed logical because it would make my cock more versatile, I reasoned. The piss tube runs just under the skin on the underside, so I figured a hole just below the head could be used for various things without harming anything. I sterilized everything, inserted the punch in my cockmouth and drove it through the

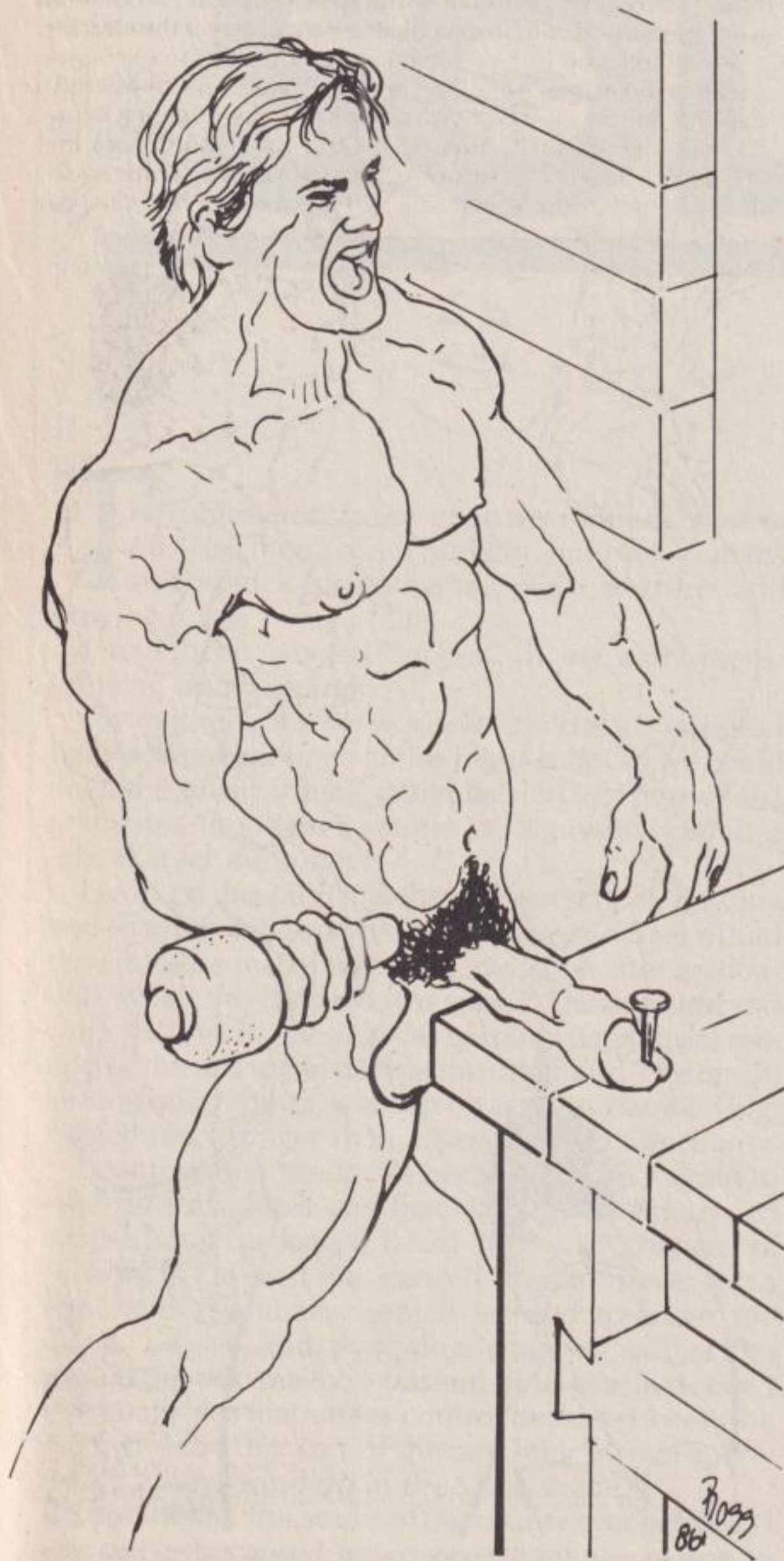


piss tube and the skin with a single blow of a hammer. I hung weights from the end of my cock and would lean forward and swing the weights in wide arcs or like a pendulum back and forth through my legs, watching my stiff prick pulled long and low.

Sometimes in the barn I'd slip a large nail through my cockmouth and out the hole and hammer it onto the workbench pretending someone else had nailed my cock to the bench and left me there helpless. I'd fantasize about having to rip out the

end of my cock or starve to death. Or sometimes I'd run the nylon string through my tits, down through my cockhead, and pull my heavy shaft straight up by my straining tits. If I was turned on enough, I'd jog in place, and be tortured by the pleasurable pain coming from both my tits and my cock.

I eventually discovered leather. The barn was filled with ancient, decaying harnesses. Something I had never been able to put my finger on had always turned me on about those dark,



heavy straps and the silvered buckles, rings and snaps. I would get hard thinking of a huge animal fitted in straps, straining against them, working its muscles to pull a plow or a wagon. Whipped on by someone who's only thought was in getting a field plowed or a load of hay into the barn before a rain without no thought at all about the beast which was giving its all. It began simply enough with me modifying one of the harnesses and slipping it on. I'd fasten the trailing ends to a post then strain against the leather as if trying to pull the barn down. I'd

strain hard until I felt the tension in my groin and felt the leather straps digging into my muscles and skin, distributing the effort evenly across my body. One thing led to another and I modified the harnesses even further until they became more ornaments... representations... of their original purpose.

I fashioned a simple cockring of leather then a tubular shaft of leather which I fastened around my ballsac, forcing my nuts to the bottom and looking like an upside-down ice cream cone. I made several harnesses which wrapped around my body, accentuating my muscularity. I even made one which ran through a cockring and back between my legs onto which I'd fastened a dildo which was thus held firmly in place up my ass.

There was a large mirror in the barn, the remnant of some ancient bedroom furniture, and I'd stand in front of it wearing my leather and I'd feel like an animal, and I'd get turned on and cum at the sight. It was more than a feeling of being an animal, it was a reminder that I am an animal.

I thought of doing other things to my body. Like a second, lower hole in the underside of my cock which would make me have to hold it like a flute when I pissed to keep from spraying all over myself. I thought of punching a hole through my ballsac but didn't figure it'd do my nuts much good if the sac filled with water or sweat or just plain dirt. I thought of piercing a hole between my legs, up into my piss tube, but didn't know enough about anatomy to know what I'd be getting into. There were other body modifications which intrigued me, but which I didn't perform out of fear of doing some real damage.

One of the simplest things I did was shave my cock and balls and between my legs around my ass. I never before realized how incredibly smooth and soft my ballsac was until I started shaving. I used to sit and just hold my balls to feel the sensuously soft skin. Without the hair to act as a lubricant, my sac would cling to my thighs as I walked or moved, tugging on it, giving me pleasure.

After that extravagant winter, after the leaves returned and the weather warmed, I eagerly returned to the woods with my "new" body, anxious to put it through its paces. During that winter I'd also resurrected an old forge which was in the implement barn and I'd made a pair of handcuffs and ankle shackles. They worked like a pair of scissors so that when one side was closed, the other side closed too. One side could be padlocked shut and that would also lock the other side. They fitted me perfectly: not too tight but tight enough that I couldn't slip out of them. I made them after I realized that my whole sexual life had been leading up to total bondage. More than bondage: helplessness.

I knew that my need to be helpless meant something, but I wasn't sure what. I'd thought a lot about my sexuality and the way it expressed itself. I knew that it wasn't normal, at least not by the standards of my neck of the woods. I knew too that I wanted someone to see me expressing myself sexually and I wanted that person to succumb to what they saw and join me. But I didn't want that person to be the town minister or some little old lady. I wanted it to be someone like myself.

After my mother left for her all-day Sunday socializing I left for the woods. It was a warm day and my pent-up sexuality dictated that I should walk across the fields totally naked except for my boots. I tied my cock to my tits, inserted the baseball bat dildo and strapped on my backpack filled with other implements and stood at the open back door of the house. I stared into the brightness of the morning and looked at the beckoning distant woods lying several hundred yards across the flat field, and chickened out. Although there were no other houses nearby, I would be visible from the road as I trudged across the field and I finally decided that I wasn't yet ready to reveal my true self to just anyone who happened to drive by. With a feeling of disappointment, I undid my cock and tits and pulled out the dildo and slipped on a pair of cut-off jeans. I rarely wore the cut-offs because I'd cut them too short and my cock and balls constantly fell out of them, and the curve of my asscheeks was clearly visible. From the road no one would see my gonads, but they would see that at least I was wearing something.

My favorite spot in the woods was near a bend in a wide stream. The water was deep enough for swimming, although the spot never became a swimming hole because the woods were so remote and inaccessible. As I stood on one high bank overlooking the stream, I felt a slight fear that the day wouldn't go well, that I would be disappointed. I'd dreamed about this day all winter and made careful plans about what I'd do to and with myself. Yet standing there, all those plans seemed old hat. I'd thought about them so much that it was as if I'd already done them: I'd have to improvise.

I pulled off the backpack, then my shorts, and finally my boots and socks and stood in the open, stark naked, finding the sensation of being totally nude sensuous in its own right, maybe just as sensuous as wearing leather straps, dildoes, rings, weights and all the rest. I stood above the swollen stream watching it struggle to carry off the last of the spring rain and rubbed my tits and watched my naked cock raise itself up as if in a salute to my return to the spot.

That's all it took to activate my drives and I found that the plans I'd make all winter *did* make sense and were what I wanted to do. I knelt and dumped out the contents of my backpack, fingering each homemade sexual device carefully, thinking of its use.

"What'cha doin'?"

I leaped to my feet instantly, more concerned that whomever had spoken would see and comprehend the purpose of the devices spread on the ground than I was about my nudity.

"That you, Jameson?" I asked, thinking I'd recognized the voice of Jameson Willis, one of the half-dozen guys who'd perpetually tormented me about being a faggot. I couldn't make out where he was.

As I searched through the lush spring growth Jameson pushed his way through and stood a dozen or so feet away, just staring at me. I felt panicked: where Jameson was, the others couldn't be far off. He saw my concern.

"I'm alone, Mackey." He shuffled his foot in the grass. "Nobody knows 'bout this place 'cept you'n me."

"You?"

"You come here pret' near every Sunday for the past few years," he said with a strange expression on his pretty face. I'd always thought Jameson was pretty, almost feminine. He was smaller than the guys he hung out with, but I knew that his size was deceptive, as he and I had had several run-ins through the years, and he'd always put up a hell of a fight, despite the fact that I outweighed him by nearly fifty pounds and stood six inches taller. "So have I," he finally concluded, bashfully. "I figured with the weather'n all it'd be time for you to come back."

"You came here on Sundays?"

"Yeah. Used to sit right over there," he said, pointing across the stream to the opposite bank. "I'd watch you. I'd watch you..." His voice trailed off when he ran out of words to describe what he'd seen. His mind seemed to clear and he went on. "I figured it was time, time for me to come over to this side." He stared into my eyes. I recognized the expression on his face, it was one of cautious hope.

"You...? But all these years you've been my enemy. You've sided with Bill and Joe'n..."

"What choice did I have?"

For some reason, despite my suspicion that we were not alone, anger flared up in me, and I forgot about any danger. "You had a choice!" I shouted to him.

"I didn't," he said simply enough. "And I don't. But I've watched you, after I followed you once, and..."

He lowered his head and I turned away, frustrated. All those years alone; that's what I kept thinking.

Despite my uncertainty about our being alone, I bent and picked up the dildo and began fastening it to the cut-off sapling, then I began slipping on my leather shoulder harness followed by my cockring and ball stretcher.

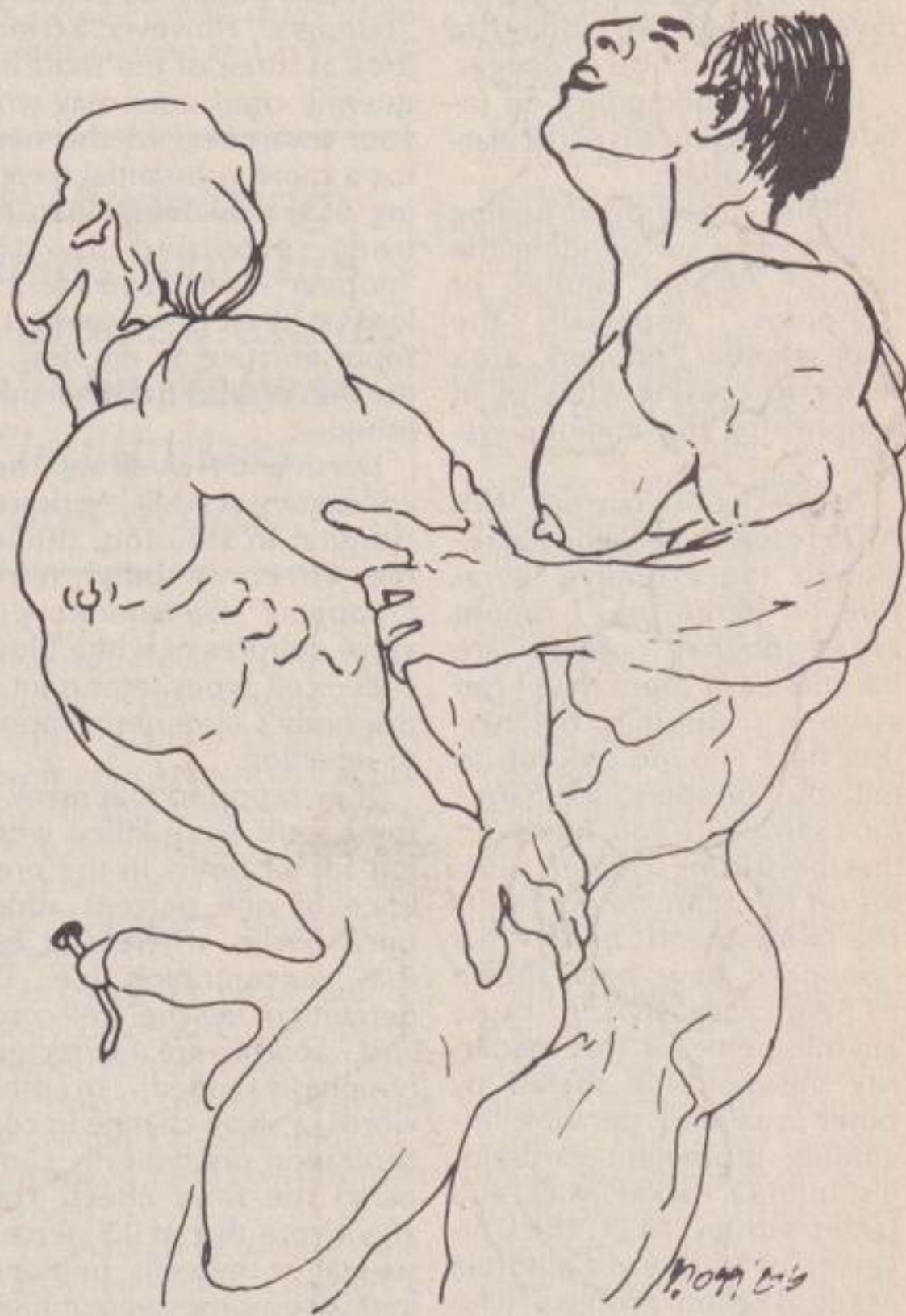
Jameson watched. Almost shyly he said: "That's why I don't have a choice."

I was running the cord through my tits when he said it, and something about his expression stopped me and I turned toward him. "What do you mean?"

"There's nothin' left, is there? I mean, for me? What'cha gonna do next? Slip onto that pole then tie your prick'n nuts to it? Hang something from your tits? Maybe tie your hands or something? I know I ain't been there for you," he said sardonically, "but why do you think that is?" He was suddenly bolder. "You're a regular one-man band, ain't you? Sorry I bothered you." He turned and began pushing his way out of the clearing.

My mind raced with possibilities. I'd never had to encounter anyone who wanted to... join me. Were we alone, or was this a trap? My mouth, as if on its own, spoke to the retreating figure.

"Jameson! I want to fuck you! Or, I want you to fuck me! Whatever you want!" I suspected that he wouldn't come back. I slowly began stripping off the gear I'd put on my body, my day ruined... my life ruined... by Jameson's simplicity.



I was kneeling, pushing my implements back in my pack, when I heard rustling in the bushes. I didn't look up. I knew that the six of them would be there, anxious to knock the crap out of me. Strangely enough, I found the situation exciting and my cock reared itself up to a rock-solid hard-on. When I felt the hand on my shoulder I turned, relaxed, expecting a fist to slam into my face.

Jameson was smiling down at me; he was alone. "You are an asshole, you know that don't you?" As I watched, he stripped out of his clothes and, in the only way he could, he proved to me that he was alone and that he had joined me. When I felt his cockhead press into my ass, I knew that all of my implements could not substitute for the touch, the feel nor the companionship of a real man.

They're still with me. I keep them because I need them from time to time. Not because I can't find a man to satisfy me, but because they're part of me, they're part of who I am. □

DRUMMER FORUM

DEVOTED TO THE DRUMMER PHILOSOPHY, WHATEVER THAT MAY BE

W

hen mediocre or even plain bad scientific research is politically exploited by AIDS institutions eager to appear to be earning their keep, or by the media—ever keen to fan any spark of controversy, or zealots riding their favorite hypothesis saddled up as fact, the public is in danger.

Basing public policy on inadequate science is particularly inappropriate.

All this appears to be fueling the hysteria surrounding the use of volatile nitrites or "poppers," especially the issue whether "poppers" are a factor in causing AIDS or in suppressing the immune system.

As a scientist current with AIDS research and who has reviewed the extensive literature on nitrite use, I cannot assure you that "poppers" are harmless, any more than I can assure you aspirin is; but, neither have I found grounds to tell you "poppers" are harmful. I can assure you, however, that the existing scientific studies on this topic do not justify the widespread belief that "poppers" have been shown to help cause AIDS, or cause anything else for that matter. My viewpoint is shared by other qualified persons, including prominent cardiologist John O. Parker, M.D., and James Mosley, M.D., the University of Southern California Medical School professor who heads the federal government's largest, multimillion-dollar program studying the AIDS virus and the nation's blood supply. Each of these physicians has provided public testimony in recent months at governmental hearings considering the banning of "poppers." Each had reviewed the evidence and stated under oath that he regards the claims of danger to be ill-founded.

I can also tell you that the intense campaigns against use of volatile nitrites conducted by Hank Wilson in San

Francisco, Neil Schram and his Los Angeles City/County AIDS Task Force, and John Lauritsen in New York, are slim in scientific merit.

Space limits for this article do not allow reviewing each of the many published papers on "poppers." However, a critical look at three of the most frequently cited ones may whet your awareness of the need for a more substantial weighing of the evidence than has been provided by the "popper"-ban advocates. A look at these three papers is representative, in my view, of the best of what has been published.

Hersh and Newell and their colleagues at M.D. Anderson Hospital in Houston, studied the effect of butyl nitrite ("poppers") on laboratory (*in vitro*) cultures of white blood cells—cell types important in the body's immune response to infection.

They reported that many of these cells were killed when left for 24 hours in the presence of one percent added butyl nitrite, whereas at half that concentration (i.e., 0.5 percent) or less the "cell count and viability were unaffected" [emphasis added]. In other words, a small change in concentration dramatically eliminated the toxic effect. They also wrote that at 0.5 percent several of the cells' immunological responses were inhibited. However, again only a generally small inhibition could be detected at slightly lower concentration (0.01 percent).

The authors warned of the need for caution in evaluation of the significance of their results in real life applications: "The data suggest but do not prove that the agents may be immunosuppressive *in vivo* [in living animals]." Despite their own sound advice, a paragraph later in their text, they ignore their advice stating: "these *in vitro* studies strongly suggest that the inhalant ni-

trites may indeed be dangerous, and their use should be condemned by those physicians who treat patients who use these drugs regularly." (Note that they use the term "condemned," a judgmental, nonscientific word, rather than one such as "cautioned about.")

Although it is true that instructive information about the effect of use of a drug on people is sometimes gained by *in vitro* (test tube) studies, more often than not such work proves nonrelevant. Most people are aware, for instance, of the large numbers of "promising" drugs discovered in the lab and reported in the press but which then prove unworkable when tested on live patients. This drug failure, in moving from the test tube to actual people, is often because very high or very low concentrations of drugs were used in the laboratory phase of the study and have little relevance to "real-life" testing.

Clearly a small reduction in nitrite concentration dramatically changed the responses Newell and Hersh found. The question logically follows: how relevant is the use of their concentration of poppers to "real life"?

One estimate is to calculate what Newell's one percent nitrite concentration means for an average adult male with 6 liters of blood for even transiently establishing a one percent blood level, never mind for a 24-hour one. CALCULATION: one percent of 6 liters equals 0.06 liters, or 60 milliliters (ml.) of butyl nitrite. A representative bottle contains 10 to 12 ml. of "poppers." that is to say, about 5 or 6 bottles of "poppers" would have to be injected into a person's blood to briefly attain a one percent level...a staggering amount of butyl nitrite!

And that's attained only if all the nitrite gets into the person's blood. Unlike adding

butyl nitrite directly into Hersh and Newell's laboratory dish where the "poppers" can saturate the culture medium, only a fraction of the chemical will be absorbed at the lungs through inhalation, the common way poppers are used. As with cigarette smoke, most of what is inhaled is immediately exhaled out of the user, thus, many more bottles of butyl nitrite would be needed to achieve an inhalation level comparable to that in the laboratory study, making the bearing of Newell and Hersh's data still more remote in human relevance.

Also the authors' laboratory results are based on 24-72 hour continuous exposure to butyl nitrite, a condition utterly without parallel in common human usage, even though some might wish that discoing or sex lasted that long.

I think it is instructive to consider all this information with regard to a far less politicized compound such as aspirin. It would not be surprising to find that common household aspirin, used by generations of average Americans, would have had similar inhibitory laboratory effects if Newell and Hersh had tested one percent levels of it, too. In fact, for a rough and ready comparison, as little as 0.325 grams (gm.) of aspirin taken by some persons can cause changes in blood chemistry leading to bleeding for several days, as well as other effects. 0.3 gm. of aspirin in 6 liters of blood represents a concentration of 0.005 percent, even less than the percentage of butyl nitrite needed for an effect.

To conclude, yes, if enough "poppers" are used an effect can be forced...just as household aspirin can be forced to lethal levels.

In another study, the M.D. Anderson Hospital group injected mice with Rush, a commercial brand of "poppers," in order to see "real-life" ef-

fects of nitrites. They inoculated the mice twice, each time with ¼ ml. of a "poppers" solution of about 5.6 percent nitrite. That calculates to about 0.028 ml. of butyl nitrite per mouse.

How does that compare to a man? The average mouse weighs about 80 gm., the average man 80,000 gm.; the weight ratio is about 1000 to 1.

Scaling up the nitrite dose used in the mice to a comparable one for a man, would thus require injecting him twice with 14 ml. of Rush—that is a total of 28 ml., or nearly three bottles of Rush. Adult humans have died from similar amounts (10 to 30 gm.) of aspirin. Such a massive dose of aspirin is highly toxic compared to ordinary usage. With this parallel in mind I fail to see what significance a similarly massive dose of butyl nitrite has for comparison to ordinary "popper" use.

The third research study is one of rare restraint and high integrity. The study by Haverkos et al. has been widely used by "popper"-ban lobbyists to claim a link between "poppers" and AIDS, even though the authors avoid that link. In fact, they argue that of those persons who have already developed immunodeficiency, those who have a history of using substantial amounts of "poppers" more frequently succumb to Kaposi's sarcoma (KS), whereas those with lower or no nitrite use, succumb to pneumocystis pneumonia (PCP). Ironically, the AIDS patients with KS (higher nitrite use) have a considerably longer life expectancy after diagnosis than do those with PCP (lower use).

However, in comparing a rather small sample of 47 men with KS and 20 with PCP, Haverkos found a long list of other statistically significant differences too: Men with KS were more likely to earn over \$20,000 per year (!); to have had hepatitis B; use amphetamines, barbiturates, cocaine, ethyl chloride, LSD, marijuana, methaqualone; had more sexual partners. This is a formidable list of statistically significant differences.

Unable to draw any clear conclusions from these direct correlations, the authors re-

sorted to "multivariate analysis," a sophisticated, but treacherous technique. It is especially tricky with small numbers of subjects, as in this study. Indeed, Haverkos and his associates themselves state that multivariate analysis only "suggests the relative importance of differences" [emphasis added].

Haverkos et al. cautiously report, "Total days of nitrite use more significantly differentiated between the disease groups than any other variable," and "interpreting the results of these analyses requires

ers. While noting that in one study, "helper T-cell counts were slightly lower with frequent nitrite inhalant use; this suggests the possibility that nitrite use may be a cofactor" for AIDS or for KS, "Neither of these possibilities has been completely evaluated," and, "However, it now appears that frequent use of nitrite inhalants simply may be a surrogate marker of frequent receptive anal intercourse. This sexual activity was associated very clearly with Kaposi's sarcoma in a case-control study of homosexual men and with HTLV-

lobbyists).

2) I feel that the liberties with fact taken by some who act as medical spokespeople in the AIDS crisis can only serve to undermine public trust in the scientific process.

3) I fear the damage which will be done if people are boldly told, as they have been, that "poppers" are "the drug linked with AIDS." Too many will give up "poppers," but continue with (or move on to) cocaine, heroin, crystal meth, and other amphetamines, etc. These are drugs more likely in my view to be among the AIDS cofactors.

In the New York Native a gay doctor in San Francisco was quoted as saying, "Unfortunately, most of my patients and friends appear to be engaged in an elaborate ritual of denial that there is even a problem here. They make some token sacrifice, such as giving up a drug or sexual practice that they never really liked anyway, and they convince themselves that this sacrifice will get them through the lenten period for another 40 days or so until the AIDS problem is solved."

I am fearful that illegalizing "poppers," coupled with the media blitz which already exists, makes "poppers" the "token sacrifice," and "legitimizes" clearly dangerous drugs.

4) I've seen gas chromatographic profiles of the purity of street "poppers" and of the largest "legitimate" manufacturer's. The latter is pure, while the street form is like bathtub gin. Illegalizing "poppers" will knock out the pure forms and make dirty street "poppers" the standard item.

5) We either need to put the issue of "poppers" behind us, or make a valid case against them through better science, so that we can turn our attention to other drugs and other cofactors. We've been too preoccupied with "poppers" to the exclusion of everything else. By continuing up a wrong path, we lose time finding the right one.

On the AIDS clock, time is measured in deaths.

—Bruce Voeller

Reprinted from Mariposa May 1986

PAGE 39 DRUMMER

I am fearful that illegalizing "poppers," coupled with the media blitz which already exists, makes "poppers" the "token sacrifice," and "legitimizes" clearly dangerous drugs.

caution. The numbers of patients enrolled are small," and as the final statement in the "discussion" section of their paper: "The association of KS with nitrites in this study may only represent correlation. In other words, nitrites may be merely a marker for other behaviors or exposures associated with their use."

Indeed, other published multivariate studies do not confirm Haverkos et al. As the authors forthrightly and candidly admit, Marmor et al. initially reported a KS-"poppers" link, "However they [Marmor et al.] reanalyzed their data, entering additional factors, and found that still other variables appear to differentiate KS patients from controls by multivariate analysis," and Jaffe et al., at the Centers for Disease Control also reported using multivariate analysis and found that nitrite use was not significant.

Elsewhere, in the lead chapter of one of the finest new AIDS research and therapy books, J.J. Goedert and W.A. Blattner at the National Cancer Institute draw a very interesting conclusion from their research and that of oth-

ers. III seropositivity in the cohort studies of homosexual men in Denmark and New York City, even after statistically adjusting for the number of homosexual partners and the frequencies of nitrite inhalant use and seven other sexual practices."

In short, the much vaunted body of research supposedly demonstrating a link between "poppers" and AIDS does not withstand close scrutiny. If a link exists it still remains to be proven.

In analyses of diverse other published works, Goedert et al., Jacobs et al., Gerblish et al., Marthur-Wage et al., and unpublished work by Gangadharan et al., for example, fare even less well than those I have addressed here.

Do I advocate "popper" use? No. Am I paid by the "popper" industry? No. Why do I press the issue?

1) Because I think some of us have to tell the truth with as much objectivity as possible—some of us with the scientific research training to evaluate the data at more than its face value (thus, leaving out most physicians and nearly all journalists and advocate-

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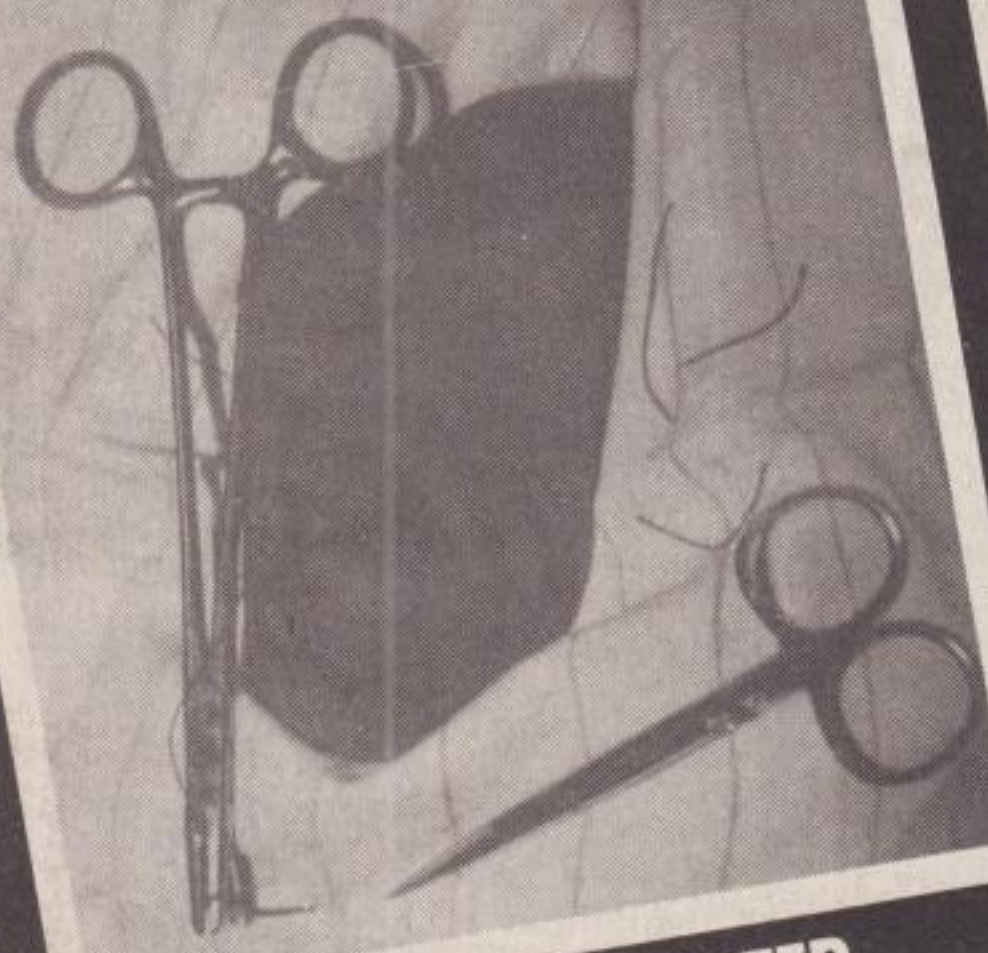
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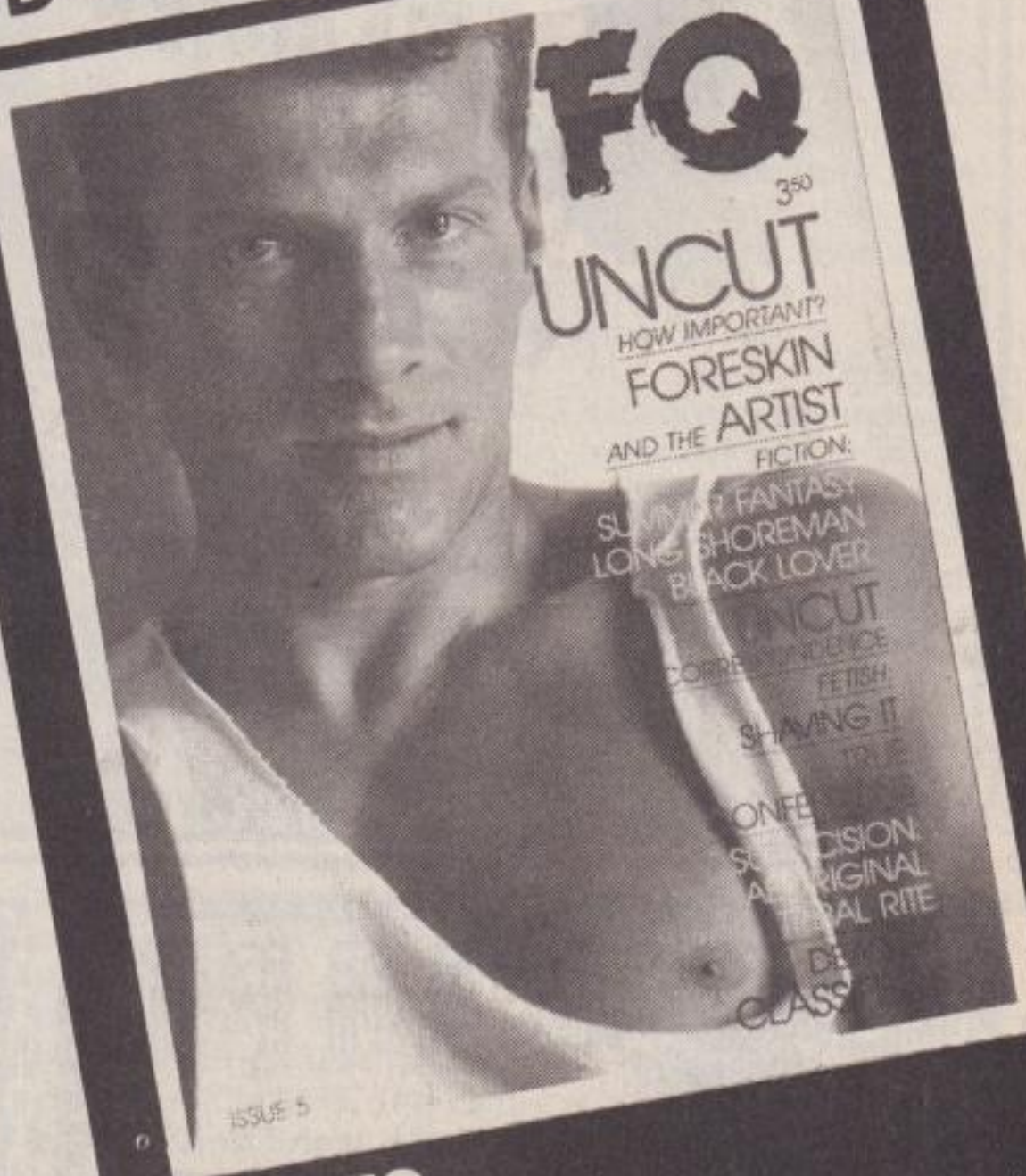
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DRUMMER REPORT

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A LEGEND OF OUR TIME

Porn star and model extraordinaire, J.D. Slater recently lent his persona to legitimate advertising. Fur may be a natural for the cold winter months, but J.D. could also warm us up.

JUST CAN'T BEAT IT

"Sending a teacher into a classroom with no cane is like sending a boxer into the ring with one hand tied behind his back," said a Welsh councilman as Britain's House of Commons struck down a time-honored tradition: punishment by the cane. By a bare 231 to 230 vote, the bill abolished corporal punishment in state-run schools; private schools will not be affected by the ban. An earlier version of the bill would have allowed parents to exempt their child-

ren from the practice, but would have put students into "beatable" and "unbeatable" categories. The Education Minister warned after the final approval that "the abolition of corporal punishment would send out wrong signals."

LEATHER AGAINST LAROCHE

International Mr. Leather 1986 Scott Tucker and the Philadelphia community recently held a Leather Against LaRouche benefit. In a recent *Au Courant* article Scott explains some of the reasons why the LaRouche organization is to be feared.

"A person with AIDS running around is like a person with a machine gun running around shooting up a neighborhood."

Lyndon LaRouche made this statement recently on a radio talk show, and it is only one more piece in the bizarre puzzle of his politics and personality. This man is hungry for power, and he has a history of ideological zigzags.

LaRouche, now 63, came from a New England Quaker background, and was at one time a Wall Street business analyst. In the 1940s he joined the Socialist Workers Party. By the late 1960s he was lecturing on economics in Greenwich Village, and had gathered several hundred leftist disciples.

Especially on the state and local levels, LaRouche followers have shown great energy and perseverance. They expertly play on the hopes and fears of many anxious Americans. Whether or not they reap the harvest directly, the LaRouchites labor quite successfully to sow the seeds of bigotry and panic. PANIC, in fact, is the aptly named new LaRouche front group—Prevent AIDS Now Initiative Committee. PANIC, based in Los Angeles, gathered 690,000 signature to put an AIDS quarantine initiative, number 64, on the California ballot this November.

The initiative, if passed,

would require mandatory medical tests and the quarantining of all who have AIDS, including those "suspect" of developing the disease. Cooks, waiters, airline stewards and others who handle food could lose jobs under certain provisions of Prop 64. People who live with or associate with those known to have the disease or the virus antibody would also be excluded from attending or working in public or private schools; and travel restrictions would be imposed. Anyone who failed to report a person with AIDS to health authorities could face fines or prison. Prop 64 would demolish medical confidentiality, and job and housing rights.

A California coalition named No On 64/Stop LaRouche is raising funds to run a TV and newspaper campaign against PANIC and the LaRouche initiative. A door-to-door, face-to-face campaign is also being waged. A similar combination of grassroots and media strategies defeated the Briggs initiative, which would have barred gay teachers from classrooms, in 1978. The campaign against Briggs drew national support from gays and civil libertarians, and the campaign against the LaRouche initiative will also require our support. California is once again a test case of how far our rights can be rolled back, and of how far forward our enemies can advance.

The address of the No on 64/Stop LaRouche campaign headquarters is 3670 Wilshire Blvd., 3rd Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90010, phone (213) 738-8240.

CAUTION: ENEMA TERRITORY

One of our readers sent this book review he found in a biology journal. We thought it might be of interest to some of you.

Ritual Enemas and Snuffs in the Americas. Peter A.G.M. de Smet. Latin American Studies, FORIS Publications, 1985.

It is difficult for me to name an ethnobotanical publication more interdisciplinary, more widely oriented and more scientifically sound than de Smet's doctoral thesis, just published.

Dr. de Smet has approached the use of enemas and snuffs in the Americas in an extraordinarily meticulous manner: he has insisted on absolutely reliable literature or herbarium authentication or reposts; on chemical, biochemical and pharmacological support for ethnobotanical information; and these interdisciplinary data are presented against an historical background. Some 15 different plant preparations are considered as ritual snuffs, while nine genera are discussed from the point of view of their ceremonial use as enemas.

It will be a long time before there appears such an interdisciplinary approach, backed up with such a breadth of a widely scattered literature search and presented in as thorough an analysis of the use of the snuffs and enemas of the Americas.

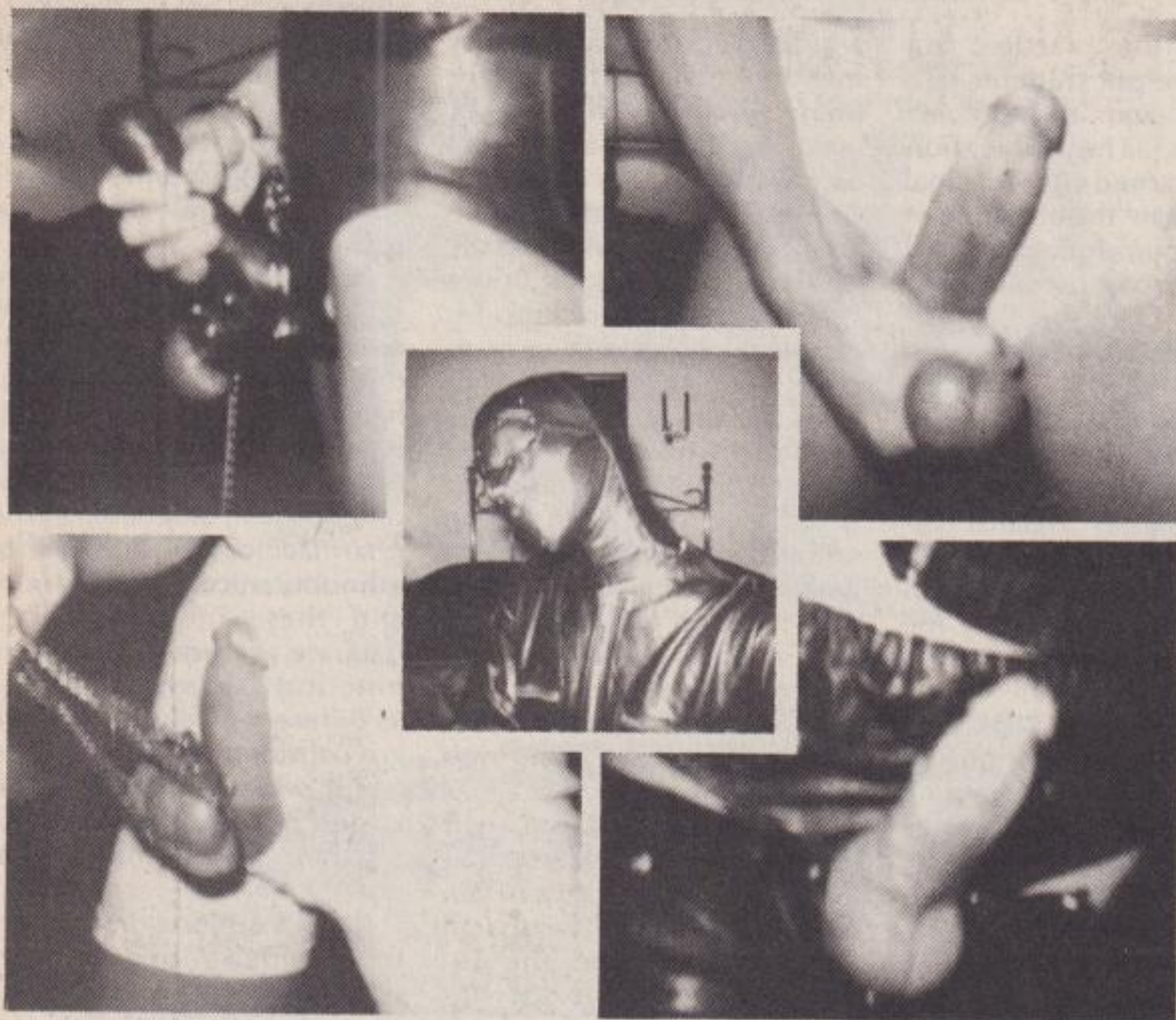
—Richard Evans Schultes
Harvard University

HOWDY TEXAS!

Okay, Texans, make ready for that infamous hospitality and the hunky men! Premiere photographer Jim Moss will be on special assignment throughout the Great State from October 15 through November 15, 1986. If you've always thought you were hot shit and wondered why you haven't yet graced the pages of *Drummer*, this may be the chance you've longed for! Jim will be photographing the men and the scenes for a special TEXAS issue of *Drummer* in January.

So, if you studs want Jim to consider you or your business for this special issue, contact *Drummer's* office direct: (415) 864-3456. Ask for JimEd Thompson, Associate Editor. DON'T WAIT! He's already on his way!

DRUMMER MALECALL



IMAGINATIVE IMAGERY

Being horny one day and deciding to be creative with a Polaroid camera, produced over twenty photos of myself in some of my favorite equipment. I am sending the photos to simply show those horny men out there whose sex lives have become dull and boring from fear in this time of deadly social diseases, that with a little imagination (and a Polaroid camera) there is no end to what one can do with themselves or with another person that in no way jeopardizes one's health. Nothing compares to staying home and tying yourself up, as long as you don't tie the knots too tight.

One last thing, as you've probably noticed by now, I have quite a few fetishes, one of which is underwear. I always look forward to the next issue of *Drummer*—that is, the next issue I can get—with great anticipation and hope that the theme will have something to do with underwear handled in a sexual capacity. As far as I know, that has never happened. Could I have missed that issue? Is it possible that I'm the only man in the world who gets all hot and bothered over the look and feel of a man's cock and balls resting comfortably in the pouch of his underwear? I doubt it. I'm only guessing, but I bet there are a lot of men out there who would be interested in a "kinky" underwear session. I

have some wonderful ideas of what a man can do with his underthings!

Nevertheless, *Drummer* has always been, and I'm sure will continue to be, a great inspiration (why else would all the pages get stuck together!).

T.T.

Madison, WI

A DOG OF A POEM

I would like you to do my poem. It's cute! It describes life today, or today's life. It's called "A Poem."

No matter what happens
in life there will always be
July Dogs.

(I hope all barking dog slaves like this.)

V.S.H.

San Francisco

(Editor's note: Huh?)

TOUGH TITS

I've been an avid reader for six months, but when I saw the photo spread in *Drummer 95* (pgs. 6-9), it really got me going. I've been working my tits a lot and would love to have them look like this.

Who is this guy? How does he work 'em? How long did it take? What do they look like untied? Have you had articles in the past on tit enlargement?

I'm 33, 6'4", 220, quite muscular, and sometime ago decided I wanted huge

nipples on my muscular pecs. These photos are very motivational (!) for me to work mine even more. By the way, I keep my chest, crotch and balls shaved too.

G.T.

Oak Brook, IL

(Editor's note: Tit enlargement generally takes years due to healing time and scar tissue development. Various techniques can be used to cause enlargement, i.e.: piercing, cutting, abrasive materials or general abuse. Look for more comprehensive articles on tits and tit enlargement in future issues.)

DADDY FAN

The fiction in *Drummer 95* was the best ever. Not the comic strip, but the two stories dealing with the training and making of a daddy slave. The mind trip always is and always was the hottest turn-on. Tom Hardy knows what he's doing and gets it across.

But the photo essay on Daddy's tits beats all. I would love seeing more views of that daddy's cock and balls, enormous and in livid purple.

D.S.

Columbia, MD

A QUESTION OF CONSENT

I must comment on a question in *Drummer 96* concerning animal sex. The fact that the animal does not have the advantage or option of refusal makes the act of sex with an animal most averse to me. Without the ability to give consent, verbally or otherwise, an animal is being victimized, period. Animals act or react based on the bonds of trust that have developed in their interactions with humans. The pleasure that animals give us is not in the realm of sexual activities we desire. Anyone that would violate the animal world for their own few seconds of gratification is indeed the most vile of creatures.

M.

Dallas

PARTY TIME

I am sending the information about our fifth anniversary. Also enclosed is our logo. Thank you for being there for us in the leather community.

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BURNING REWRITE

First of all I want to say that I love your magazine and, besides using it for reasons of health and safety, I also read it. I have been reading it since 1975. The only fault I have ever found with *Drummer*, which is hardly worth mentioning, is that occasionally you will go three or four issues without printing a picture of a guy who turns me on. In your entire 97 issues I have never found a single piece of writing, until now, which turned me off. I am referring to your In Passing page from *Drummer* 97. Whoever did that God-awful rewrite of Edna St. Vincent Millay should be strung up right-side up in a three-piece suit and be publicly ignored for a month. And whoever permitted it to go to press should be locked in a room with women.

Every once in a while a minor poet expresses something so perfectly it becomes, or ought to become, permanently lodged in the reader's consciousness. Here is what Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote, and I'm sure many of your readers know it by heart, although many of your staff do not. By heart:

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But, ah, my foes, and, oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light.

See the difference? Anyway, good luck with your new owner. And, please, never make this kind of error again. Mae West once said, "Come up and see me sometime." Would the person who rewrote Millay have West quoted saying, "Mount the staircase and look me over when you get a minute"?

J.N.K.
Philadelphia, PA

THE SHORT AND LONG QUESTION

I was born in a hospital and they cut off my foreskin. So now I have none. I didn't know what foreskin was at the time. I was too young. But years later I became aroused by guys that still had their foreskin.

This is why I'm writing. Is it possible to put skin back onto the head of my cock?

K.L.
Lancaster, PA

(Editor's note: Yes, it is possible, with the help of modern plastic surgery to reform epidermis material taken from another part of the body into what would pass as foreskin. This process is costly and painful. If this is an obsession, I suggest you contact a reputable, sympathetic plastic surgeon and ask his advice.)

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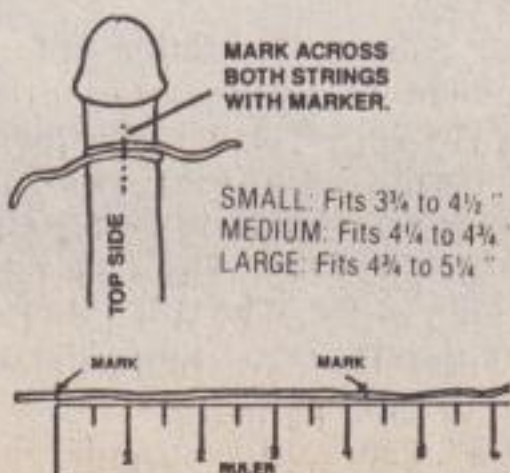
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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

BY LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

I have a very heavy interest in wearing rubber gear and have been this way since the age of 12 (and I'm now 68). There are a lot of rubber guys out there who don't know each other. Why don't you start a Rubber Notebook, knowing as I do that many heavy rubber guys would be grateful for such a page in *Drummer*?

P.S. I have a Drummer Son and two slaves.

Fred, Massachusetts

Dear Fred,

Since the pages of *Drummer's* classifieds are open to men of various persuasions, there is nothing to stop rubber guys from using them the same as leathermen do. That is the best source to meet other guys. I seldom make referrals anyway. As for a column specifically for rubber, why worry about it? This column might just as well be titled something to do with SM or rubber. The problems that guys have, or questions they want to ask, apply pretty well across the board. I haven't kept track, but I would estimate that only ten per cent or so of the questions I answer have to do specifically with leather. Rubber certainly has its own distinctive smell and feel, but the things you're doing in it are not that different from the many exotic activities that are done, or tried in leather. In fact, I wish more leather guys would get into it, since it forms an effective shield to prevent exchange of body fluids.

Dear Larry,

You guys keep advocating "safe sex," and that might be okay for some old guy who's done his thing and now only goes out for sex once a month or so. But for someone like me, who is still under 30, it's another story. I'm hot and ready all the time, and let's face it: Safe sex is dull. It's dull, and boring. If I can't touch the guy I'm making it with, I might just as well stay home and jack off.

Randy, Seattle

Dear Randy,

I hear you, and to some extent I can appreciate your feelings. It's rough to have it up and dripping, and have your prospective sex partner slide a rubber over it, or insist that you not cum in his mouth. Nor is this attitude in any way confined to your age group. There are a lot of horny old goats out there who are used to getting it often and completely, and don't enjoy "safe sex" either. But this isn't something that's being foisted on you by the people who are trying to

advise you how to stay alive. We're only telling you what is supposed to be safe, and what isn't. Unfortunately, I can't just say "It's your life. Take my advice or leave it." You have to consider the other guys you are apt to infect if you are careless in safeguarding your own health. I've known too many guys who have died of AIDS to take it lightly, however. You are better off to stay home and jack off. At least you'll live to bitch about it.

Dear Larry,

I really enjoy reading your column in *Drummer*. I would like to ask a question that may sound silly, but a lot of guys seem to believe that anal intercourse may possibly shrink hemorrhoids by strengthening the muscle tissue around it. Is there any truth to that, or would it be harmful to hemorrhoidal tissue? I would appreciate your comments.

Name withheld

Dear Withheld,

There is an old wives' tale that has been circulating for years. But like many such O.W.T.s there may be a modicum of truth to it. If you can get a doctor to take you seriously enough to answer your question, he's likely to tell you that getting fucked in the ass is certainly not going to cure your condition, but the stretching action may help to stave it off. If you're prone to the malady, nothing is really going to prevent it. There are things you can do to slow it down (such as not pressing down hard and regularly to evacuate the bowel). On the other hand, if you need a good rationale for getting fucked, that one's as good as any. Hemorrhoids are such a pain in the ass!

Dear Larry,

I would like to know what, in your opinion, are the ten (more or less) best and most authentic SM movies available on video. I have gotten hooked with a lot of trash. The only two "good ones" I've found are *Born to Raise Hell* and *Night of Submission*. There must be more! Thanks much!

Karl, Illinois

Dear Karl,

You have to remember that we are living in an increasingly repressive society, and that the people who produce the type of tape you're interested in are also concerned not to be hauled before a Court of Moral Judgment. Both films you mention are quasi "under-the-counter" items. You still can't show "Born" in a theater in Los Angeles without having

the police raid the place.) There is also the problem of whether you are only interested in the action, or whether you want handsome hunks performing for you. This is a subjective matter and will vary with each purchaser. For myself, and within the constraints placed upon us by the Guardians of Public Morality, I have found a number of recent tapes to be a turn-on. For me, they have to employ at least reasonably good-looking men, and there should be at least some bondage and SM (although I tend to be able to fantasize sufficiently to pick it up when it isn't 100% overt). Just off hand, I would say my favorites are: "Captive Men" (Close Up Productions), uncut version of "Outrage" (Christopher Rage), "Hung & Horny" (L.A. Video), uncut version of "Raunch" (Christopher Rage), "Chain Reactions" (Marathon Films). I have also enjoyed parts of some others, although it is sometimes necessary to turn off the sound: "All Tied Up, Master of the Discipline," "Centurians of Rome," "Slaves for Sale" (Wings Video), "Bondage Tease," "Nightcrawler." Of course, if the actors are really hot, I can enjoy them just naked and wonderful. The rest comes with imagination.

Dear Larry,

I am very interested in original art, particularly from guys like Tom of Finland, Sean and The Hun. I've been able to pick up originals from time to time, and over the years I've built up a pretty good collection. I think I'm also making a good investment, but several of my friends tell me I'm crazy, that I'll never get my money out of the pictures I already own. What are your feelings about this? I know you handle a lot of original art in your own publishing, and I assume you keep a good part of it. Do you feel you are investing in this?

Jan, Philadelphia, PA

Dear Jan,

Any investment in art is a risky proposition, and if you're doing it strictly for the money, I'd recommend municipal bonds or Ginnie Maes. But you are obviously collecting these items because you enjoy owning them—the same reason most of us collect the things we do. Whether it's art or postage stamps or antiques.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.)

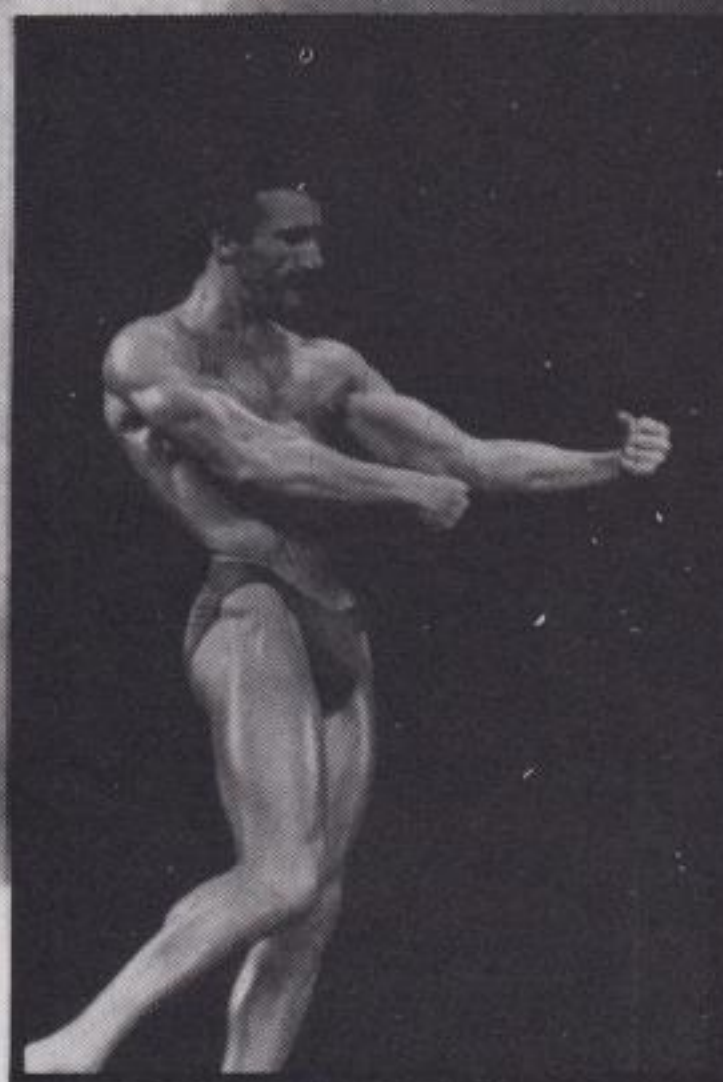
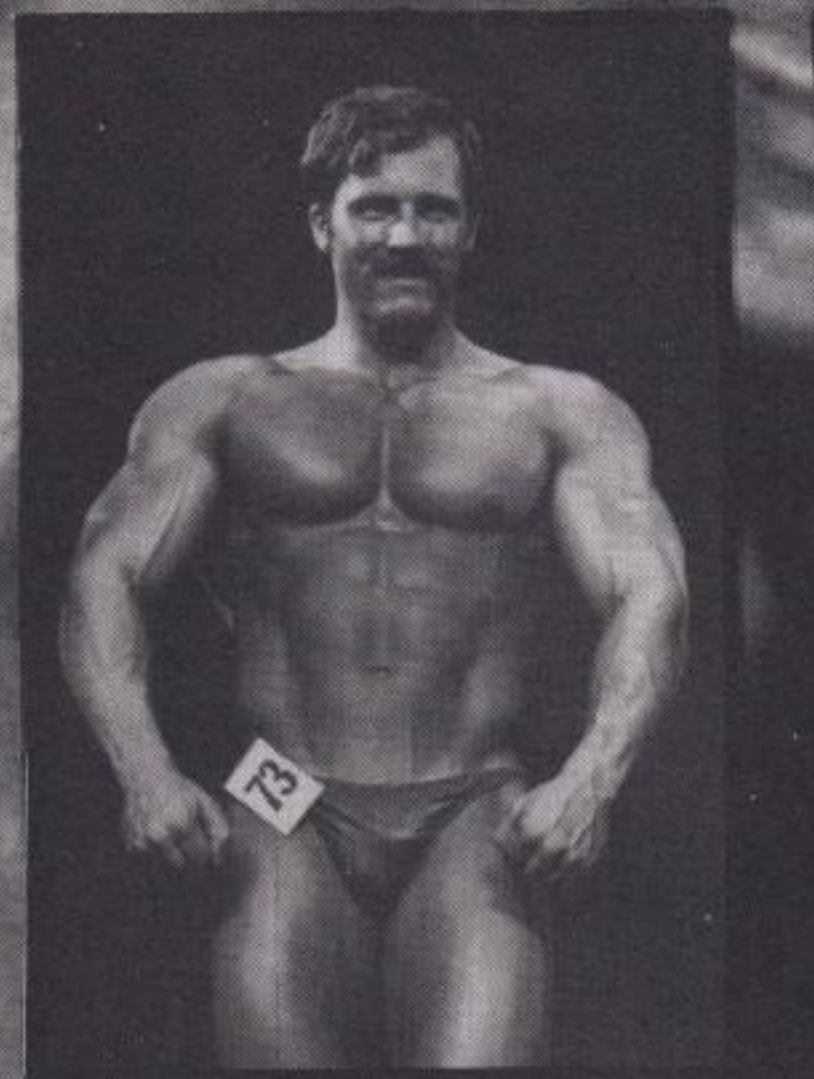
SWEAT AND STRAIN

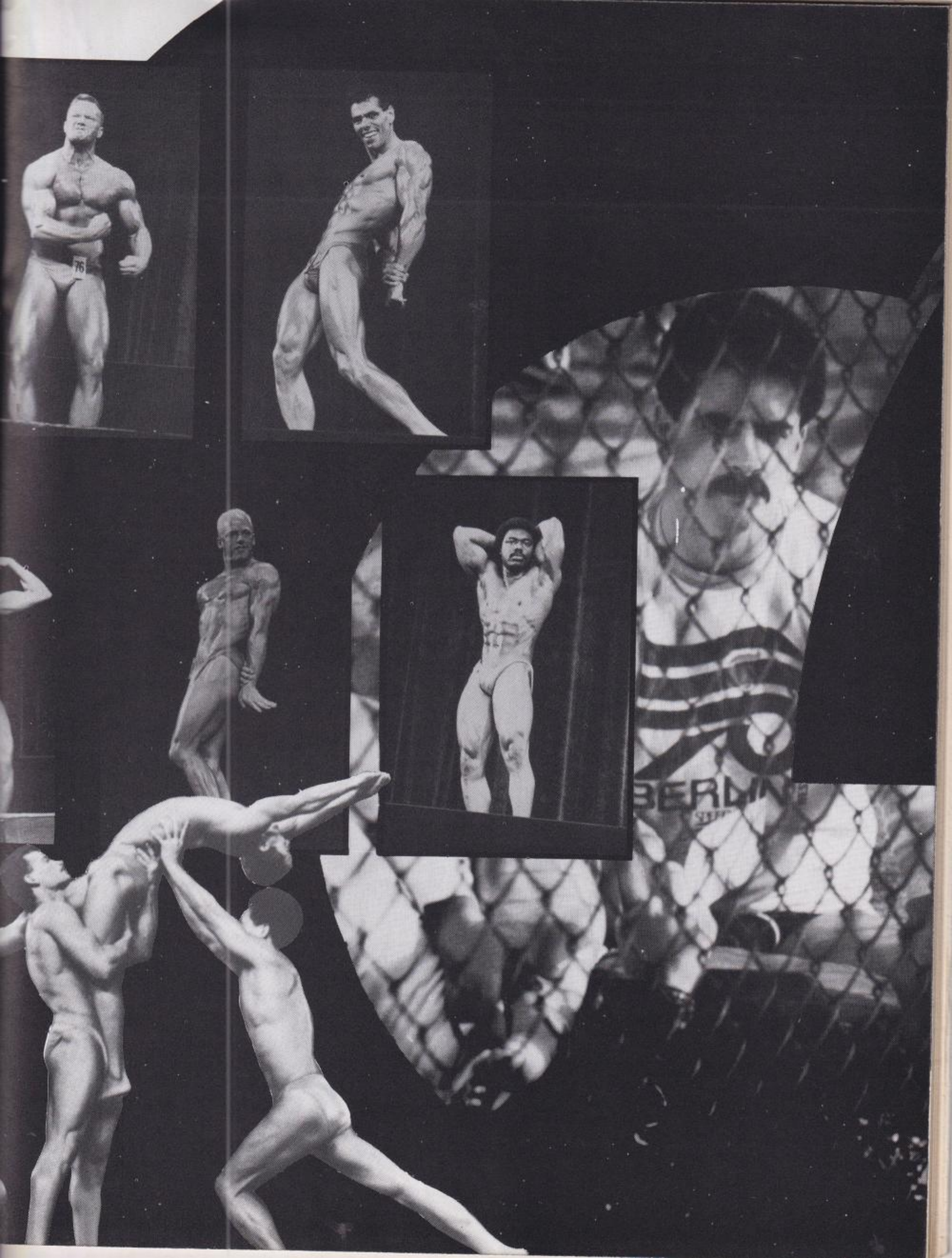
From seventeen countries and almost every state in the U.S. they came. Gay men and women who had spent the better part of the last four years dedicating time and energy developing their bodies to excellence. The week was filled with pageantry, excitement, visual beauty, renewed and newly acquired friendships, tears of joy, accomplishment, fear and disappointment.

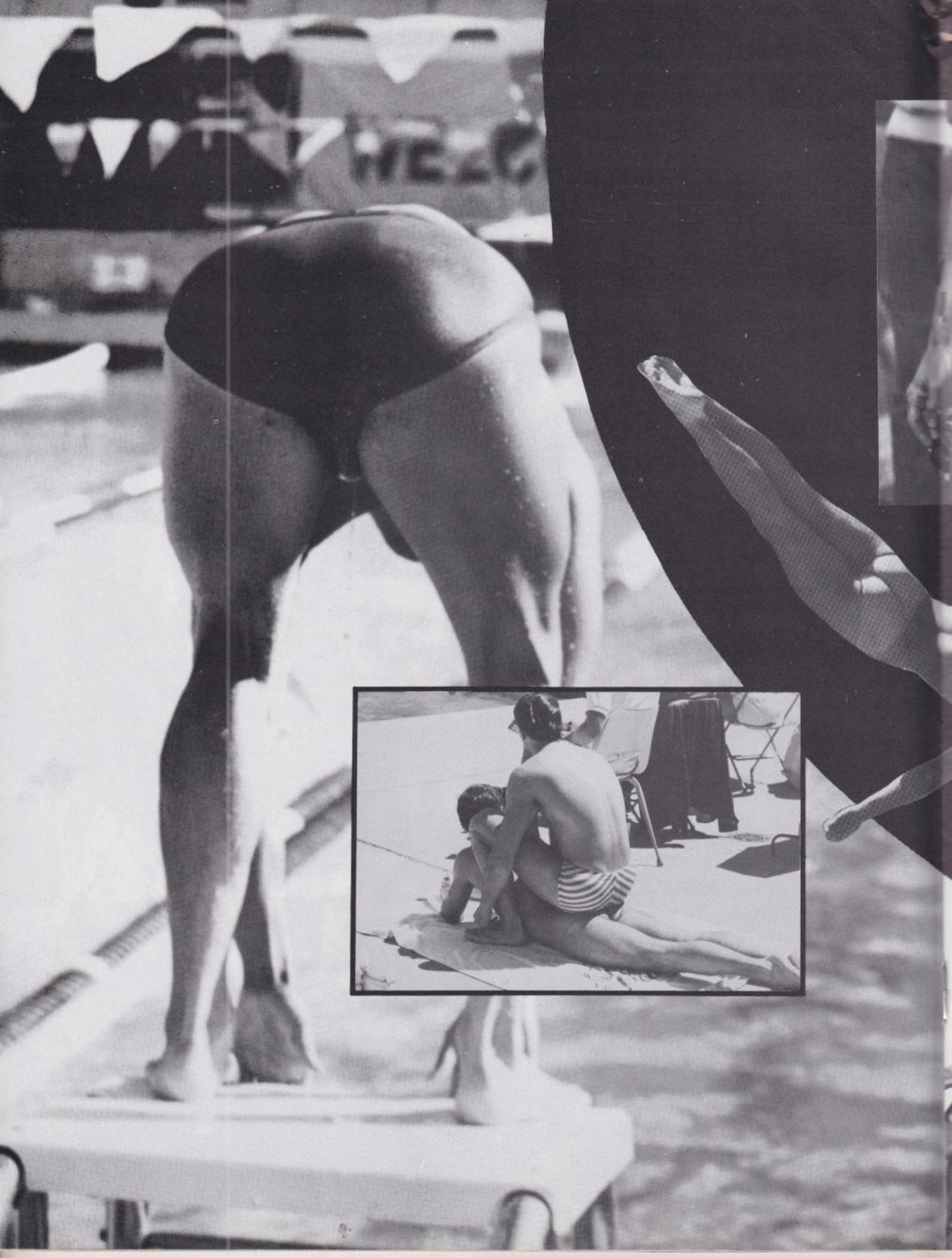
They worked, trained, practiced, performed, competed, paraded... they left us, not without sadness but also with joy; for they left behind the memory of their strength and beauty.

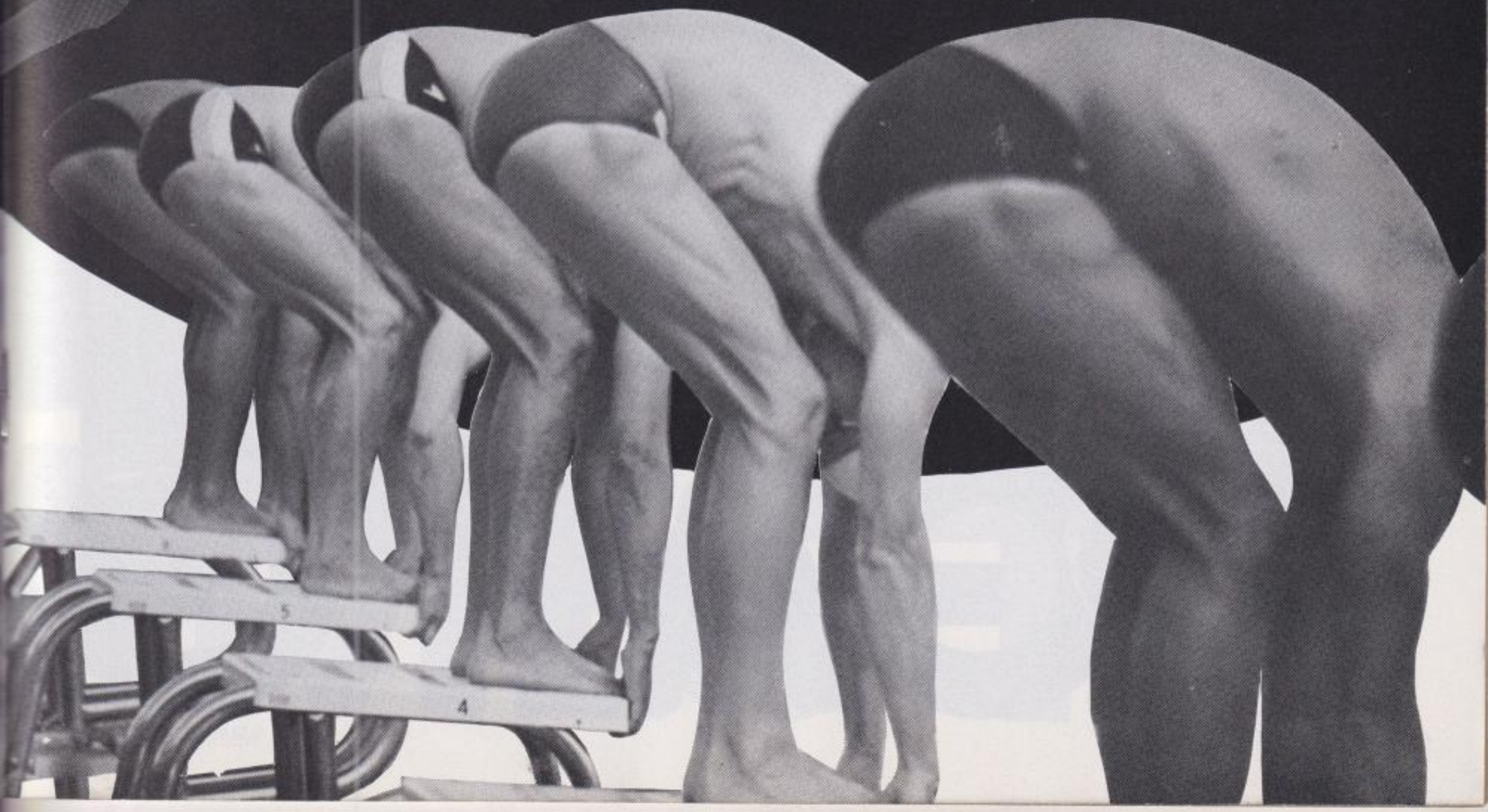
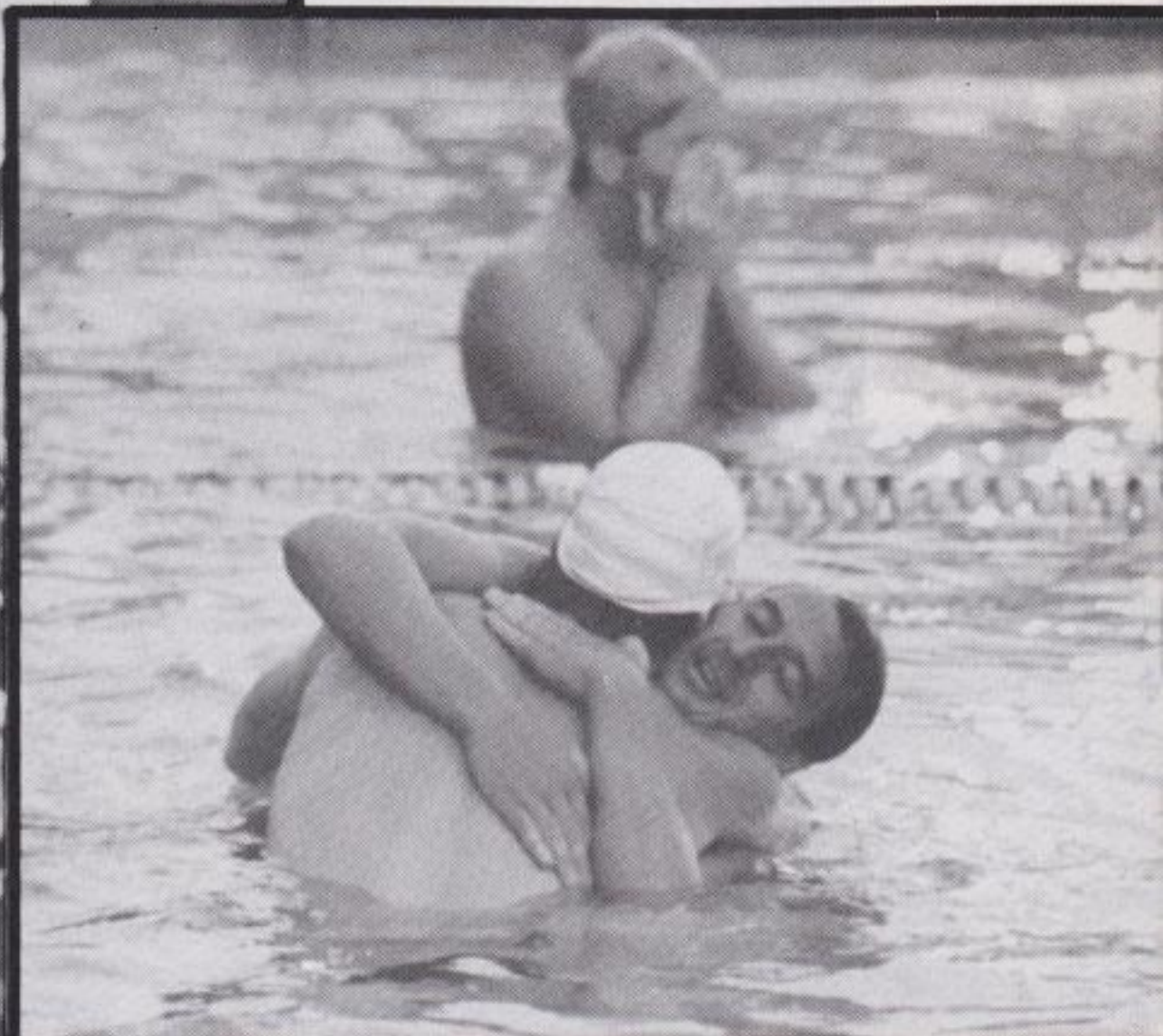
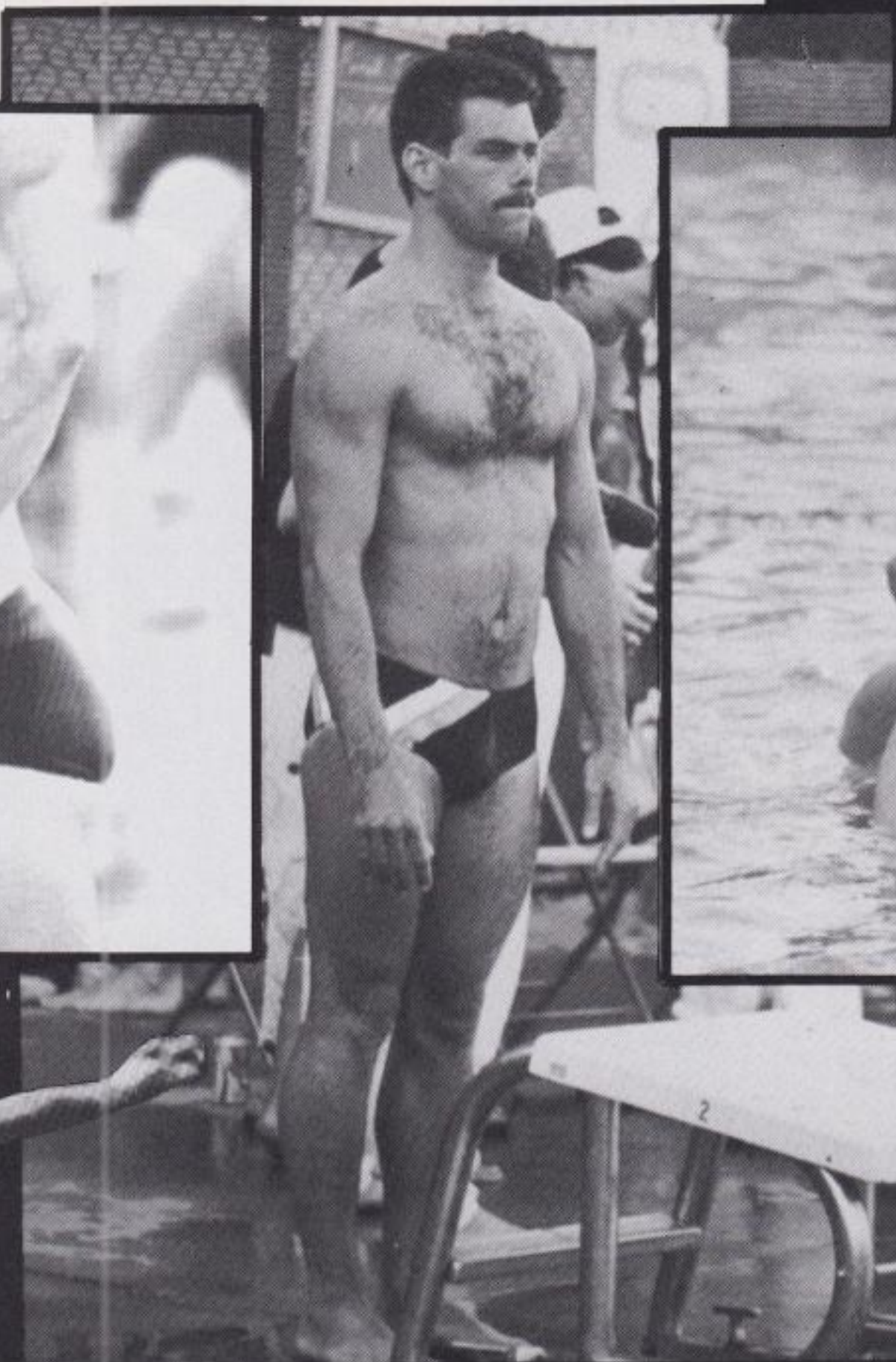
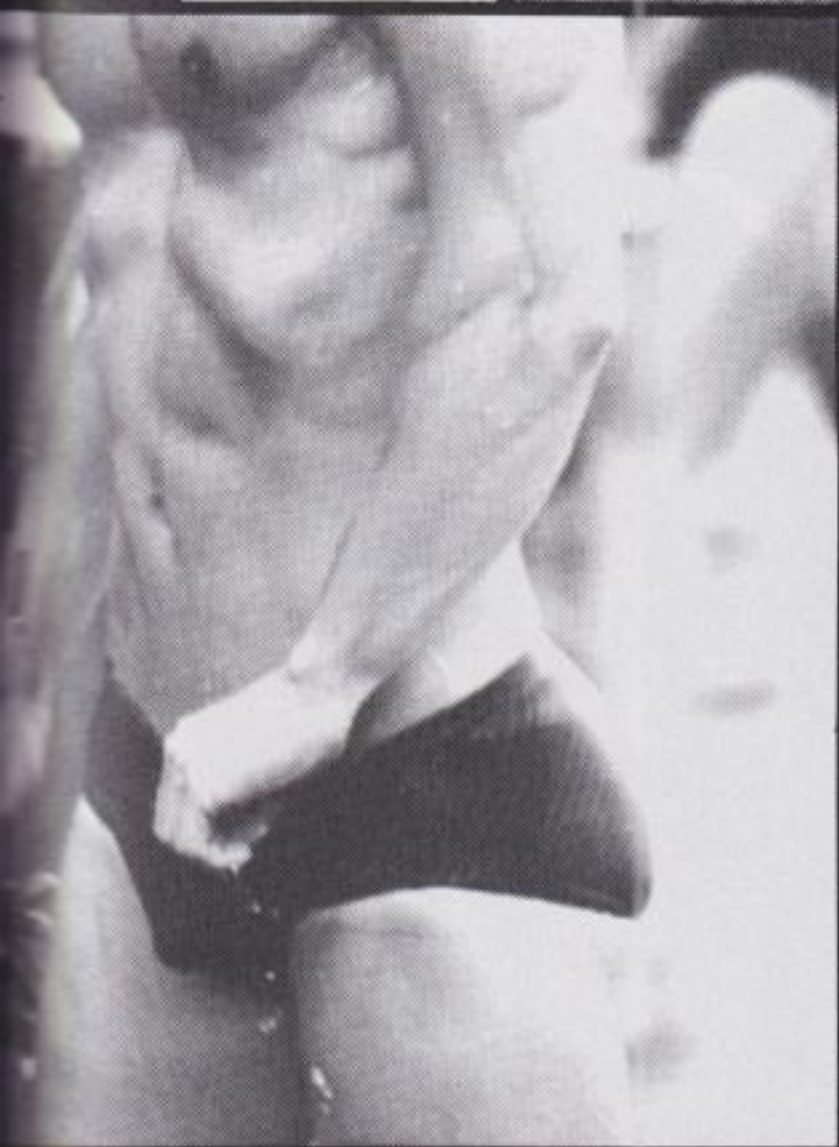
Hopefully each of these fine athletes retains the pride, win or lose, that those of us who watched felt. We salute and thank you for your efforts.

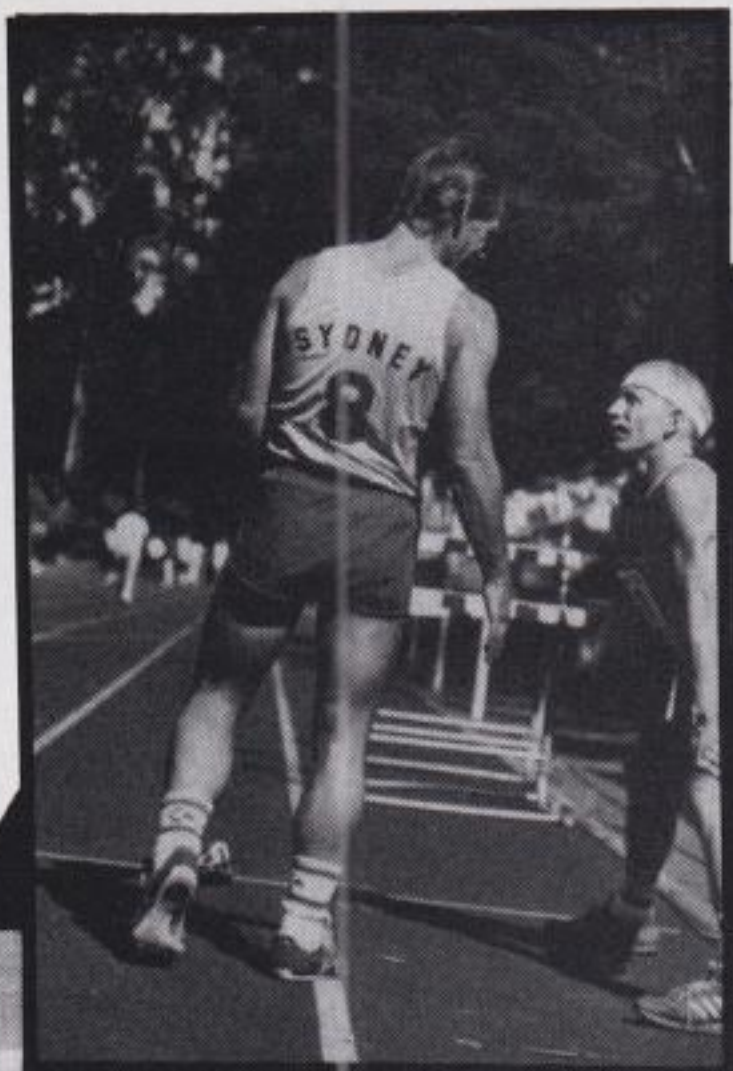




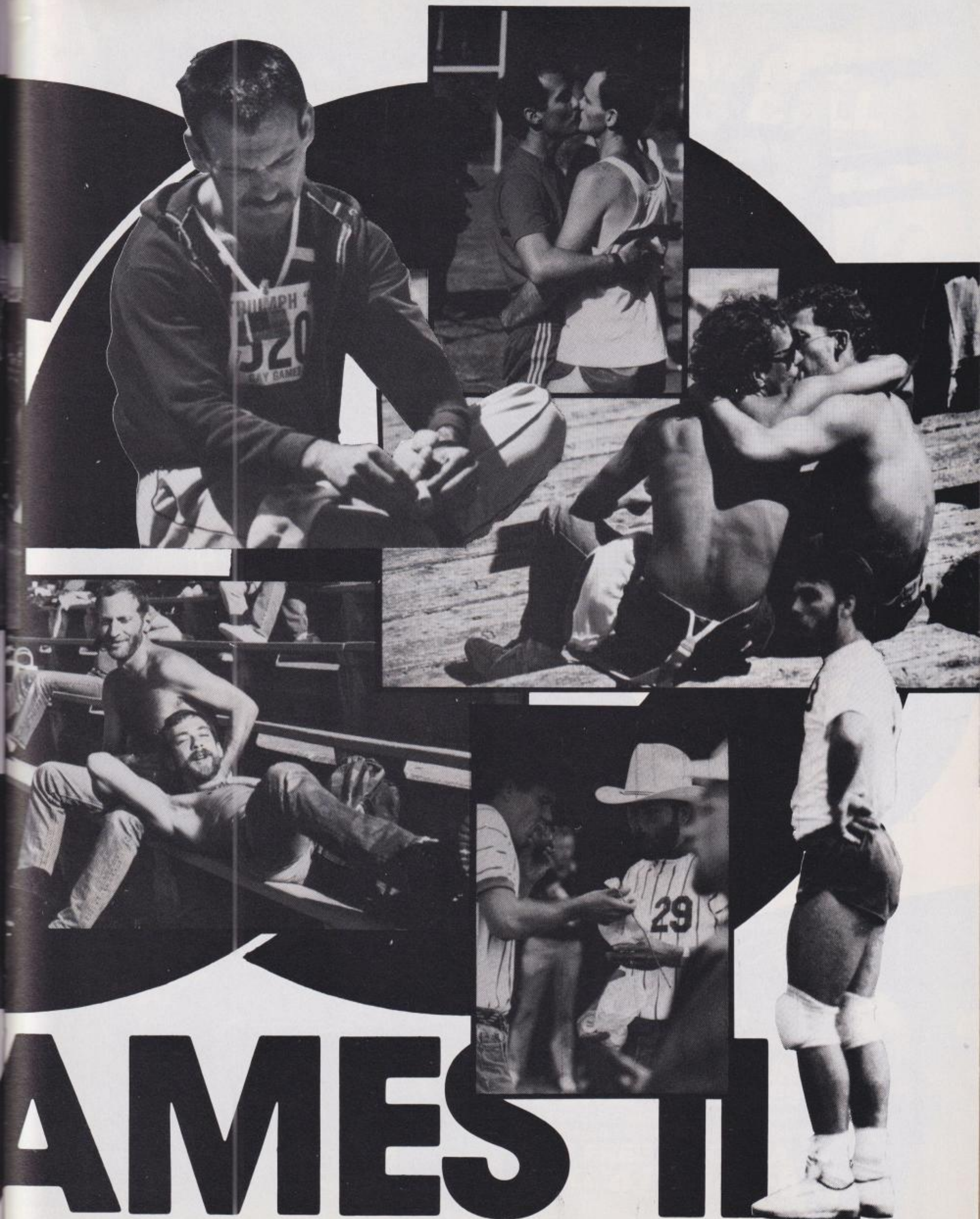






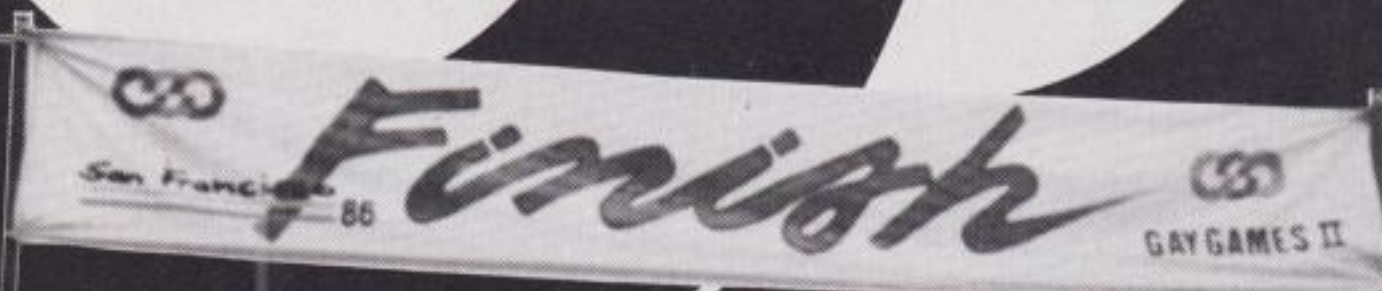


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Censorship? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.



How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or **else**. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

Dear Sir:

DEAR SIR

DESMODUS INC.
PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad (_____ Words × 50¢) \$ _____
Number of Insertions (× _____)
☐ Box Number (Add \$1⁰⁰)
☐ Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1⁰⁰)
Total Enclosed..... \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____
(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Alternate Publishing is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

DEAR SIR:



NATIONWIDE

BIG BB LOOKING FOR HOT DAD

GWM, 27 years old, 6'2" tall, 220 lbs., black hair/beard, dark eyes, 49" chest, 32" waist, big hairy pecs with super-sensitive tits. Looking for a Master/dad with similar description. Please send photo or slides. Travel frequently in U.S. & Alaska, infrequent trips to Europe. Please write soon, Dad. I'm on my knees! Box 5154

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. MYSELF: GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. NOT INTO: Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude, and worship. Become my property, to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive, occasionally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty, or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

WIN \$1,000 (DONATED PRIZE) FOR WINNER

Be a contestant in the Mr. Leather N.Y. Contest, an AIDS benefit. Win a trip to Puerto Rico in our raffle. Admission and raffle tickets now available. Info. Write: Box 410, 132 West 24 St., NYC 10011.

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

GWM, 37, vice president of leather/Levi club, seeks slave or trainee into Gr/p, Fr/a, CTBT, S/M, B/D, toys, for permanent live-in personal slave. Attitude and desire to serve more important than looks. Send photo and phone in first letter. Must be willing and able to relocate. Reply to PO Box 752, Sandusky, OH 44870. (LF4958)

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do. I am 37 GWM, 5'10", 175 lbs., who's willing to undergo training for right Master, who's head is together and who is financially stable. Most services possible for right person. Live in North Carolina but can travel. One-nighters, friends or lasting relationship all possible. Not into role-playing but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it. Box 4937LF

SLAVE NEEDS TOTAL CONTROL

GWM, 26, 5'11", 145, light brown/green, attractive, needs permanent subjection to Master, 25 to 55, who is sure of himself and insists on calling all shots, such as whether I work or stay chained. This slave needs a Master Who knows what He wants and provides punishment and affection as warranted. Interests include WS, confinement, anal/oral penetration, whipping, household chores, slave lifestyle. If You're sure You want a slave whose purpose in life is serving You, please answer with description of expectations. Physical condition/looks not as important as will to control. Safe sex until permanency established please. Box 5440

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM, attractive, 6', 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

HORNY BUDDIES

I get off on pumping iron, funky music, fishing, camping, horseback riding, horny parties, getting buck-ass naked with my asshole buddies, drinking beer, taking a long piss in a thirsty mouth, getting my wang sucked and butt eaten, fucking hot pussy bitches, wrestling naked on the bone, sucking dicks, eating shit holes, drinking piss and getting the snot jacked out of my horny snake until the mother fucker's bone dry. Tell me about it, dude. Your letter gets mine. Box 5290

WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 y.o. slim WM, looking to make friends with a man who wants to work/play with me, mutually exploring/expanding our world of SM, BD and leather; all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts, and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

WM, 5'11", 180, seeks partners for bondage sessions, light SM. Can be top or bottom. Slender, muscular preferred. Age not important. Travel PA, OH & FL. Box 5071

SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'10½", well-built, handsome (black hair, brown eyes, trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful. If you're exceptional, patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off. Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (LF5077)

GERMAN SLAVE-PIG

35, 5'11", 170, offers his life to experienced, demanding Master. Let me know the privilege of fulfilling my destiny in your absolute control and in complete submission to your will. Master sets limits. Free to relocate. Serious replies to this unworthy animal, please: UPJ, PO Box 10 1154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

SHIT, PISS

Tell this shit slave how you'll dump and squirt it into my mouth. 6'2", 185, 29. Letters, photos, videos, asswipes. Let me be your toilet, Sir! Box 5275

TOTAL SADIST

seeks abuse-craving WM masochist for heavy S/M pain trips. Emphasis on TT, whipping, CBT. Start slowly and work up to heavy action. All pre-agreed limits reached and pushed. Good build required (BB given priority). Sadist is 43, 6', 170 lbs., blond, HOT! Safe-sex guidelines followed. Box 5278LF

HOT GWM

31 yrs., 6'1", 190 lbs., hairy, muscular, anal, fistfucking, dildoes. Box 5238

YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS

Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth, trim body to Daddy (52, 5'10", 170) and Brother (37, 6'2", 165) both G/a, F/p, for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected, controlled, trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited, humiliated, worked, bound, used, abused, & know that you are loved. Mental surrender is first; the rest is easy. No phoneys, dopeys, or alkies. Pot & poppers okay. Submit & expose yourself by writing Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Near Baltimore & D.C. Photo returned. All answered. (LF5395)

KEY WEST FANTASY

28, 175, 6', white boy. Great face, great body. Want together, intelligent, masculine man 30-50 for possible relationship. Into most scenes with right man. Like to live the fantasy. Letter with photo, phone. Box 5447.

DON'T BE SHY

Write down your intimate, raunchy fantasies/desires. Turn on to the idea of another man sharing your innermost thoughts. I'll respond! Box 5448

FOULMOUTH EX-PIG

J/O freak needs beefy, burly, strutting ex-jocks, heavy men or bigboys. Esp. bluecollar, beergut, rednecks. Age & looks irrelevant. Verbal, visual, safe but sick scenes. In person, phone, cassettes, VHS. I want homemade porn and pix of big men. ME: Bi/WM, 39, 6', 185. Show me how long you can go. Tom, PO Box 2175, Aquebogue, NY 11931.

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs. brown hair/blue eyes, x-farmboy, masculine, bottom-man. Seeks hairy-chested, masculine, dominant, aggressive top-man for permanent one-to-one relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers, but will answer all who respond. I can relocate. Sincere only. Jim, PO Box 421568, San Francisco, CA 94142.

SOUTH FLORIDA CAPTIVE

Former military, 40s, needs occasional captivity and torture. Not slave training or leathersex, but stud prisoner with good body for restraint and classical torture, whipping, rack, whatever a prisoner should have to take. Make it long, slow, gradual, deliberate. Can travel all U.S. Jeff Brennan, PO Box 21772, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

ATHLETE NEEDS MASTER

Young black athlete wants to meet young Latins, Orientals, whites to serve. Chico, (901) 525-6511.

SERVICE A REAL DRUMMER MAN

Suck/service my 8" uncut cock/crotch, for hours. I want nothing else! White, 50s, handsome, masculine. See me in Drummer issue 92, page 49 and 51 (ragged Levis). I'm not a hustler! Guaranteed healthy. Your photo gets my reply and body/face photo. Only cocksuckers please! Occupant, Box 3F, 110 Bank St. Greenwich Village, NY 10014.

S/M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr.-old, 6'4", 230 lb., very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome, looking for sharp, well-built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include tit work, balls, pain/pleasure, J/O, safesex, codpiece pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tit Master, Ball Master, Pain/Pleasure Master, Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung, sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred; other locations considered. Reply with photo to: Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114.

MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

HOT, HUNG AND READY

Big-dicked, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude with hot ass seeks other well-hung men for long assplay sessions. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache, hairy chest and very sexy. Leather is my biggest turn-on while also enjoying cockrings, dildoes, ballstretchers, tit torture, poppers, light to heavy bondage, and heavy assplay. Equally experienced at top and bottom scenes. My body is solid, my dick is hard, my health is excellent. Letters with photos get first reply, but I promise to answer all. PO Box 5454, Louisville, KY 40205

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY

40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy build, 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please, Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

LIFE IS PAIN SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal, violent act of hatred. Your cock is an angry weapon, charged with a boiling load of viciousness and contempt.

You: a powerful man for whom violence is as natural as breathing: choking, kicking, beating, punching and stomping are your idea of sexual foreplay. Gay, straight or bi: you are totally vicious, unrestrained, and don't give a damn for other people's notions of right and wrong. The more I scream, the more you enjoy venting your rage. Age, race and looks don't matter to me as long as you are strong enough to tear me apart with your bare hands.

Me: WM, 32, cocksucker, 5'10", 160 lbs., no stud, an unworthy subject, but an eager and discreet victim, seeking the ultimate sexual experience. Total screaming fear and excruciating, relentless torture wanted. Unbearable terror and agony are my only hard-on; orgasm is simultaneous with blinding pain. No limits, no mercy. I supply the body, you supply the pain, degradation and suffering for as long as you want. Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and brainwashing only. Not into master/slave games. Not into "safe and sane" scenes; if you're not dangerous don't bother to write. Seeking a permanent, lifelong scene. Deliver me. Box 5026

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Shackled, tied, bound, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a large, soft foam ball, as torturous titclamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Buttocks red-den, burn, & blister as an eternity of paddling swats them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one larger toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather on distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a constant erotic reminder, if you never serve another Master. Can pay my own travel expenses within 200-mile radius of New Orleans. Will occasionally combine pain and business trips to Virginia, D.C., MD, plus Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver and West Coast. Will begin each scene by giving you complete health checkover; you'll start—and stay—healthy. Bottoms *must* have dungeon or playroom lined up at their own expense. Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless, 6'4", 205 pounder at Box 5034LF. Save your pictures. You'll be interviewed before Jon Corager agrees to top you.

BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread/cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6', 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

TIRED OF THE CITY

Country "boy" wants to come back home to self-employed country man or country-based trucker who is hairy, big-dicked, bearded, naturally top, fun-lovin' Dad who needs a boy-minded young man as follower/boy/partner, not slave. You support us, I keep you happy or you whip me. Into smoke, beer. Photos answered first. Box 5043LF

BECOME THE FANTASY!

Two blond body builders—MASTER: top, WM, 40, 6'2", 200 lbs., smooth, well-defined, muscled body, patient but strict. SLAVE: top/bottom, 25, 5'9", 170 lbs., smooth, rock-hard, well-trained and mean. We are into whips, B/D, S/M, bodyworship, sweat, pain, endurance, piercing, servitude. We're real, physically superior, good-looking and seeking same. Age is unimportant, but young novices will get my boy's personal attention. Tops responding must KNOW what they're doing or you'll find your ass hung up and raw! Bottoms can expect same as a matter of course. You don't have to be a body builder (if you are write immediately) but you must be trim and firm. We travel and entertain. Your photo (nude preferred) is a must with letter. Write with full details of what you're into. Box 5485

THE CONTINUING QUEST

Looking for man under 38 (plus or minus) who will appreciate Master/daddy, suburban, West Coast, Florida lifestyle, some of life's finer things. Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to leather bars. Willing to work and contribute to good home life. Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the level 12 years experience has given me. No fats, alcoholics or drugs. Serious, respectful reply includes name, address, phone and returnable photo. Box 4930LF

STRAIGHT/BLUE COLLAR TYPES

Especially big, burly, bearded bears. Little guy, 30, boyish, into boots, cigars, leather, rubber, longjohns, titwork, JO, condoms, smelly/sweaty jocks/socks, gloves, ace bandages, gas masks, Daddies, trucks. SAFE SEX only! Like straight looking/acting guys. Husky, verbal, cigar smokers, beerguts, beards/mustaches A+ Photo. Box 5348LF

GERMAN RUBBER/LEATHER

Hot, sexy, masculine and sportive WM, 40, 5'9", 170, blond, blue, in rubber or leather, submissive to equally attractive top any age, for imaginative get-together. Into fantasies, can adapt to yours. This special German man appreciates detailed letter, phone and photo. A catch you won't regret. Live now in New York, but travel. Box 5329

EUNUCH MASOCHIST 38

wishes to correspond and meet other eunuchs and sadistic doctors interested in torture and medical experiments. Box 5369

SEEKING LONG-HAIRED DAD

Hot, slim, hairless 'boy' desires to serve, obey and belong to dominant, hirsute Dad with long hair and beard. I will groom and care for body, beard, boots, etc. Not looking for yuppie or clone. Seeking aggressive man who wants care and respect. When I don't meet requirements, bondage and discipline or verbal abuse remind me of my place. I am honest, discreet, loyal and ready to obey the man that understands this ad and my desire to serve and please. Will help with relocation or travel. Photo and phone replies answered promptly. I am 5'9", 32 and 145 pounds and in Texas.

CORRECTIONAL LIFESTYLE NEEDED

Spoiled, undisciplined, long hair seeks strict Master to introduce me to a correctional lifestyle, turn me into an obedient, uniformed, convict-cropped inmate. Am 35, 6'1", 180 lbs., with an affection for motorcycles and leather and a need for steel restraint, and above all discipline. Box 5332

QUIET—MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easy going but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father/master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad likes, be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonfem. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested, send photo and letter to Box 4711LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top. Prefer L/L type, wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom. Hopefully, in time, top would love bottom. Slave has tried all scenes; heavy into assplay, all types, bondage, hoods, light discipline, W/S, safe sex. Prefer East U.S. but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186LF

LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive, but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10", am into Fr, Gr, FF, spanking, light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

CHAIN-GANG SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s-40s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient; ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversaries in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's: drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

HOUSEBOY WANTED

GWM wanted for houseboy. Room, board and small allowance provided. I am 45, 6' Master into TT, C&BT, B&D, etc. I cycle, wilderness backpack, whitewater canoe, ski, etc. I have a new townhouse, well-equipped, including a blackroom. You would be expected to run the house, assist in my business, enjoy outings with me and meet my exacting demands. You are 18-29, capable of learning and desiring a demanding Master/dad. Write to: Boxholder, PO Box 1564, Cambridge, MA 02238, with experience, background, desires, description and phone no.

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy, raunchy Scotsmen everywhere. Let's see what you've got under your kilt. Write B.J., Box 4973.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BD, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sir! Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo. Sir! Box 4849LF

HELLWEEK LIVES

27, 6'2", 195, blond plegmaster seeking recruits in excellent shape. Reply with nude photo/phone experience to Tightropes, PO Box 1283, San Rafael, CA 94901.

A REAL CHALLENGE!

Attractive, late 40s Master seeks sons over 25. Weekend adventurous B/D. Equipped playroom. Masculine safe sex. Boxholder, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

LOOKING FOR BIG BROTHER

Small brother looking for big-dicked jock/sleaze brother (under 30) who is into caring, dildoes, bondage, also S&M, and your help financially. I will relocate. Am 5'4", brn., hazl, independent and want to go to college. Send phone # and photo. Bondage a plus! Box 5354LF

READY

Yes, I'm ready...to want a man, one who wants me to want him. I am 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., moustached, balding, considered handsome and hunky and very hairy (basic Italian looks). I'm also safe, sane, healthy (but not paranoid), responsible and a professional. The man for me is (probably) at least my age, at least moustached, at the very least responsible, has good physical presence, has no need for alcohol, tobacco or drugs, is aggressive (dominant, too), is assertive and communicative, seeks and offers commitment and devotion, and is a man who possesses a passion for intense and varied sexual gratification ("kink" included at times) which is no less strong than is his desire for intimacy and affection. (Indeed, I want it all!) If you are such a man, then I encourage you to write to me and include a recent photo. Thanks. Send to: PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102.

CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted: an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor; a tough man, especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons; a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF

MIDWEST HOLES WANTED

to fuck, fist, stuff, whip. ME: Leather top, 38, 150, 5'7", bearded, good health, looks, body & stamina. You: needing it, new or experienced, open or closeted. Forward photo, experience, specs & #. Box 5413LF

USE AND ABUSE MY COCKSUCKER

I want a long line of studs to use their throbbing tools to turn my cock slave into a permanent, human sackhole... whose reason for existing is to suck men's meat. The requirements to abuse my cocksucker includes your spit to turn it into a human spittoon; your piss to turn it into a stinking urinal; your cum to turn it into a slurping, human scumbag. After fucking the Hole... it's submission will be complete. It's whore-mouth will always be hungry... dropping to its knees and opening its dick-eating mouth... anytime-anyplace-anywhere. Write to me—The Stud—to discuss further training techniques. Your imagination in mind-control trips are of particular interest, plus your ideas on using Suck Hole's nuts as our toys for fun and games. Stipulate approximate dates you'll be in Northern California to coordinate training session times when we'll remove the big dildo from my cocksucker's mouth and replace it with the real thing. Box 4805LF

TITS AND ASS DAD

Seattle area GWM, 39, slender, smooth body needs virile, aggressive, dominant, endowed, Gr/A Dad for permanent involvement. My large, pierced nipples and hungry hole need frequent attention and punishment. Not into attitude, games, tricks or bars. Leather, latex, bondage preferred. I'm professional, sincere, discreet and affectionate boy. Travel possible. Box 4249LF

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

TRUCKERS

My names is Brett. I was born Canadian, grew up in Marin/San Francisco. I am rugged, adventurous, masculine and homosexual. A competitive body builder, 6' tall/220 lbs., I make my living by interior/exterior construction. I am seeking a gay or bi trucker who will share the experience of the road, man to man, with an eager companion. I can offer my services as navigator and rig worker. Long cross-country hauls of up to two weeks are my idea of adventure. I am straight in action and in appearance, intelligent, conversational and of high integrity. I seek these same qualities in others. If you think we should connect, call me. (415) 282-8834.

TOP UNCUT BLACKS, LATINOS

wanted, who are macho, not fat and are into heavy raunch: sweat, headcheese, scat, piss. Sacramento and San Francisco areas. By WM bottom, 45, 6'1", 150 lbs.

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

19-35 years old, who wants to share leather sex with 36-year-old Daddy. Must be turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather or police uniforms. Need safe sex with right boy. Call me at home and ask for Rick at (415) 863-7384.

JO MASTER NEEDED!

WM, 6'2", 184, 36 y.o., tattooed and hung, seeks man heavily into JO. Train me to tie, pump, hold off and stroke in prolonged sessions! Goal is a permanent, safe relationship! Bailwork, leather also! Prefer older, exhibitionistic! 41 Sutter St., Box 1498, San Francisco, CA 94104.

GWM, 45

6'4", slim, novice slave, looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slim, 25-55, any race. In time, anything goes that's safe. I like collars, chains, menial labor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF

UNIFORM POLICE OFFICER WANTED

WM, 34, 5'9", 165, moustached, in very good health and shape. Looking for motorcycle and mounted officer in his tall boots—Dehners—breeches, leather or uniform. Full gun leather, black leather, gloved hands and cap or helmet. I'm into the taste, smell, feel, sound and the look of black leather. Bondage, motorcycles, camping, JO and safe sex a must. Sir, I'll take care of all your needs and in return all I ask for is to be your leather bondage prisoner. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, CA 94115 Can travel (LF5292)

DRUMMER DADDY

WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leather-master in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT, C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together. We're both believers that Drummer Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

SLAVE/DOG

29 years, 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS, and more, looking for hot, handsome, masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

BODY BUILDER SON WANTED

Muscular daddy seeks son for training and service. Long-term one-to-one relationship is desired. Son will pursue body-building career along with dad and under his direction. Should have strong desire to train and the body type necessary to excel. Disciplined workouts, body worship, leather sex; all part of the package. Ideal chance to build a masculine relationship and mould a body. Photo. Box 4944LF

MASSIVE MUSCLES

Don't go to the gym, use my body for a workout! Get off on pumping up in front of the mirror using my nipples for dumbbells, my balls for cable pulls and punching bag, my face for squats and lunges! The only thing that interests you is watching yourself work out on my hapless body. The fact that I am handsome but out of shape and no comparison to you drives you to beat the shit out of me, pose before me, make me worship you. I disgust you as you overcome me with sheer strength until you verbally humiliate me. The sight of your own vein-studded body sends you into uncontrolled tit ripping, nut crushing, face slapping action until you can't do another rep. Now its time to relive all that swollen glory. Go for the burn! Sick-minded muscle jocks write, with photo. SF Bay Area only. Box 4943LF

BIG GUY—LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy, do you ache to: pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), win his trust over time, and then initiate him into light bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D/S? Objective: monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, affection, growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs; a relationship that won't be equal in the bedroom, but will be outside of it because you want this little guy as your partner, and not just as a sex buddy. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes: beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youthful 40s, masculine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional: bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (LF4952).

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., muscular, hairy, moustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7 1/2 inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virtue of his mental attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include: BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather. Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

SF LEATHER DATE

6'2", 31 yrs., discriminating, English (SF resident) leatherman wants to meet similar, fun-loving locals and visitors. Box 5251

HOT MUSCULAR STUD

into rough sex of all kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts, heavy B&D, wrestling matches, ropes and chains, tit torture, wax, floggings. Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518, Sacramento, CA 95816. (LF5222)

SCORPIO MASTER

Show me you're worth my time and I'll make you my property. NO FANTASY. S&M, B&D, Torture—Limits Expanded. My scene, My way. Strict Discipline. Domestic duties: slave requirements: obedient, silent, dedicated, very passive, employed, moustache, tight butt, trim, clean. PO Box 5233, S.F., CA 94101. No FFA/drugs. (LF5406)

BLACK BOY

English raised, versatile, seeks older, well-built, white Master. Boy is submissive but not cowed, health conscious, 31, 6", 165 lbs., uncut, hairy, good body. Moderate BD and SM. Greek, TT, CBT. No scat, WS, FF, drugs. Hoping for long-term relationship. Please write with photo, phone, and orders to Box 5391LF

MARIN COUNTY DADDY

Looking for masculine boy, age 21 to 30, for training and service in safer sex in sling, at poolside, on motorcycle, etc. Am busy professional looking for lasting relationship, into B&D, light physical and intellectual S&M. Write describing yourself and your mindset to Bill, PO Box 9072, San Rafael, CA 94912. Picture helpful

AT YOUR SERVICE

Seeking one or two dominant San Francisco men who require service on a regular basis. Handsome, healthy WM, 34, 5'10", turns on to command and control, BD, VA, TT, boot-licking, WS, etc. Tie me up, get me down on my knees, and use me for your pleasure. If you are attractive, intelligent and sane, please, Sir, send your orders. Box 5383

DOMINANT BLACK WANTED

Your in charge of this Sacramento GWM, 26, 5'10", 155. Box 5385

SEEKING ASS MASTERS, TOPS, HUNG STUDS

Hot S.F. asshole needs good-looking fuckmasters, topmen, well-hung studs into total, safe, extended assplay trips. Tie me down, paddle my buns red hot, fuck me with rubbers, stretch my hole hungry with dildoes, FF, CBT, TT, VA. Make me your asshole slave in a prolonged action fantasy. I'm 35, GWM, 5'10", 165 lbs., dark hair/beard, BB, hairy, tan line, exceptional ass, capable of hard fucks. Preference to Masters with dungeon play room where space/time cease and only high ass fucking fantasies exist. Latinos, 3-ways or more, facial hair. Letter with photo (a must). Qualifications/photo sent upon your order, sir. FUCK MY ASS!! Box 200, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114. (LF5390)

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, body shaving, ass beating, piss, tit-torture, all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you rope me you can hump me; if you cage me you can keep me. Age, looks, cock size unimportant, however headspace is. (Hairy preferred, but...) Hot, dirty phone calls can be arranged. Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (209) 435-3378. Do get to the coast often. Box 5439LF

FUCK BUDDIES?

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 6'1", 33, 180, 8½", GWM. Into A/P/F, FFA, WS, spanking, belts and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy. Write with photo, get same. Box 5400LF

GWM COUPLE AVAILABLE

Couple new to San Francisco seeks couples and singles for safe sex; one 34, one 37; both 6'1" and attractive; 34 yr. old needs deep plowing by well-hung leatherman or whomever. Box 5479

CASTRO COUNTRY BOY!

Hairy-chested, horny, versatile, hot, has field that needs plowin'. Call: (415) 431-4293.

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM, 6'2", 170, cut, 7½", needs experienced Master or top for nipple, ball, cock work, munching, electrotorture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage. Increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, anytime... SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

HOT PROF DAD

Total but versatile pussy wanted by hot prof Dad. S.F. Pen. (415) 345-3584

BAREBACK SLAVE/SON

Your needs: to please Master/dad, 38 yr. GWM. Medium bareback whippings, shirtless—proud of welts, serve hand and foot, total military discipline once a week, your place, military physical training. No sex, no drugs. Photo/phone required. Your goals: disciplined mind/body, new friend. Box 5262LF

BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34, wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to: Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

REALLY INTO LEATHER?

If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy j/o, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM, 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St., #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8½", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy, kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself, what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF

BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean! Box 5001LF

SLAVE

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., brwn/grn, smooth, clean-shaven, 7" uncut, into WS, shaving, enemas, plugs, clamps, dildoes, FF, wax, bondage, TT/BT, needs heavy training. Looking for a Master who can do the above and more. Please call (415) 750-9015. (LF4820)

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather, bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object: long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, or Box 4136LF.

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE

Two men, 30s, private home with pool, seek permanent live-in nude slave/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage, discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

KINK

Kink is the name of the game. If interested, write. Letters containing photos will be answered first. Box 5307

HUGE DICK TOPMAN WANTED

Masculine, handsome, WM, 37, dark hair, moustache, with hot butt seeks discrete, extremely handsome WM to 40 with mega big 9"+ thick/cut for frequent, prolonged & penetrating sessions. FF, dildoes. Have high sex drive, am private, healthy & safe. Relationship possible! Write to Box 5481

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

JOCK BOY

Athletic, 25-year-old top seeks to become P/T slave to a professional Master. I'm 6', 175, work out, clean-shaven, hairy chest with a beautiful 8" thick cock. Dig dog collars, B/D, CBT and would get off being shaved. What do you want to do to me? Box 5211

YOUR SHIT IN MY SHORTS

Tall, slim Englishman (50, presentable), passionate, complex, bright, into books, films, food, most music, seeking rough, tough, smelly bear (stocky, uncut preferred; age, race, disablement don't matter, imagination, tenderness does) who can show me who's boss: (neat trick because I'm Aries). Burp, fart, barf, piss in bed or wherever and never say sorry again. Crave TT, BD, discipline, affection; above all, sensation of your shit in my shorts. PO Box 5174, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.

RUBBER SLAVE

Lanky WM, mid-30s, digs total enclosure, immobilization, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing. Seek experienced San Diego area Master in full rubber for radical J/O scenes. Box 5473

TOP ME OR BOTTOM OUT

Obedient, young bottoms or demanding tops wanted to fulfill both sides of my licentious libido. I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, hot, handsome, intelligent. Masculine mentors or select slaves in leather and Levis, "into" SM, TT, CBT, WS, FF, send recent photo and phone to Matt. Box 5129LF

OBEDIENT BLOND BODY BUILDER

needs contact with dominant, aggressive man. Safe sex. Verbal abuse and humiliation. Enjoys calling the shots over 6'2", 185 (solid) lbs, jock, late 20s, blue eyes, masculine. If you're 30-50, have a mean streak and aren't afraid to show who's boss, I need badly to try to satisfy your needs. Need arrogant type who's just not happy until he's called "Sir." Photo gets mine, but attitude and temper most important. Serious. Discrete. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

MASTER WANTED

With THE COMPOUND gone, where is a boy to go, Sir? Are You willing to take control of this 33-year-old, blond/blue, cut, hairless, 6 ft., 160 lb., boy-slave, Sir? I am in reasonable shape (the gym would help), healthy (very), professional, whose life has all the appearances of being straight, but... Master needs to be creative and desiring to train this boy into His ideal. Letters OK too. All answered on same day received, Sir. Our lives can be more than the fantasy, Sir, and include all that our lives can create—passion, romance, pain, encouragement... Think about it, please, Sir! Box 4699LF

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 4888

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/T, WS, SM, BD, FF, VA, tatooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mumification, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 656-4324 or write: Occupant, 1265 North Harper, #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

NIPPLES & J/O

GWM, 39, 5'5", muscular, tattooed, with pro-size nipples, seeks smooth, muscular man into hands-on titwork and prolonged J/O sessions. Photo please. PO Box 480651, L.A. CA 90048

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jock-boy, 6'1", 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

LEATHER BIKER

Booted, breeched, crewcut biker, 42, 160 lb., 5'11", lean, muscular body into uniforms, police, military and full leather, want to meet compatible buddies. S.F. Valley area. Boxholder, Box 896, Arl, CA 91331.

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 & 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

WANTED: BEST SLAVE IN L.A.

Slave/houseboy wanted by two hot, professional GWM, 27 and 33, with playroom; into B&D, S/M, C&T, hoods, gags, stocks, shackles, shaving, leather, rubber and more. Will be dressed in leather; receive allowance; healthy nonsmoker; inexperienced OK, if eager to learn in safe and caring environment. Detailed application with photo to Box 211, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

DEPRIVED Fucker

Fucking hot action, only bottom men needed: be experienced; turn onto heavy pain, torture, SM and give damn good service. No fantasy or j/o. Be short, slim, hairy. NO limits, ALL scenes. Be ready to have ass and brains fucked over and tortured. The Stud that'll be working ass is 6', 160 lbs., hairy, 42, 7 1/2". When ready to put your balls in the hands of this stud, send pix & phone no. Possible permanent position; safe sex. Box 4827LF

BOTTOM READY

Young, 45, into B&D, S/M, have toys and playroom. Prefer younger, experienced top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428.

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

SAFE—LEATHER—S/M

WM, 39, 72", 180#, br/bl, H. chest, above avg looks, masc. botm-vers, fit, myotherapist. Into: SAFEsex, leather trvl, BB, chains, home, pits, reading, bondage, sailing, skiing, T&C&BT, music, jocks-2-tux, hiking, piercing, theaters, shaving, affirmations, toys, success, Gr/Fr, spirit, exAF Off, friends; NO smoke/drugs...holics. Want: honest, successful, hairy, fit, leather top-man with humor, intelligence, goals + adventurousness, & comtd to soc. justice. Who wants & will: communicate, touch, support friendship and more; mutually satisfying and multifaceted sexual/mental/emotional/spiritual balanced relating. Important you have positive & dominant nature with fantasies to be realized like: C&B-butt-tit Master; pain-pleasure Mentor, and... You now are capable, aware, sensual, teachable, a valued friend; & honor the ritual, bonding, pleasures and success dynamics of leather & S/M in a fulfilling and happy life. L.A. area preferred. Reply w/goals; Graham Dunlap, 175 Monroe St., Pomona, CA 91767.

BONDAGE MAN WANTED

All types of bondage, the tighter the better. Call Paul (805) 966-0189. Santa Barbara. 6:30-10:30 P.M.

WHITE MASTER (TOP) NEEDED

White slave bottom, 34, 5'11", 195 lbs., husky, hairy, wants to serve white/Latino top Master. Am into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, G/p, Fa/p (front/rear), S/M, B/D, toys, W/S & more. Please, sir—sincere only—send orders & info to slave at: PO Box 67E06, L.A., CA 90067. (LF5349)

GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candyass stacking cans or whatever; Sweet face; Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts... Ain't nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve... Man! Oh Man! Hey Gangbanger, does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 5342LF

ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140, Cauc., smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT, at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069.

LOVES DEHNERS

Call (213) 666-1191.

MASCULINE FF BOTTOM

is 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., muscular, handsome, healthy, responsible, relatively sane and very hot! Is seeking one very special and serious FF topman. Photo a must! PO Box 26503, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

165 LB., SOLID, 6'

Masculine Leo. Self-confident, intelligent, experienced, into fantasy fulfillment. Seeking relationship based on mutual trust and honesty. Masculine attitude and versatility a plus. Experienced in S/M, B/D, uniforms, FF. No scat, penpals, or bullshitters. All replies answered. Rodger, 248 No. Sierra, Solana Beach, CA 92175. (LF5361)

LEVI SLEAZE

WM, 36, 6'2", 175, trim, bearded, looking for creative, raunchy, crotch action, in filthy, skin-tight Levis, boots, leather. Into sweat, piss, tits, underwear, nylon, uniforms, mutual verbal abuse and exhibitionism. Seek friendly, imaginative, jaded men 30-50 in bulging, dripping 501s for sensuous, sweaty, all-night raunch scenes. Live in S.B. Mountains, work in L.A. Safe sex only. Phone/photo. Box 5324

WANTED

Master into cigars, police, military, uniforms, bondage, discipline, C/B torture, verbal abuse and disciplining a slave. A Master who knows what he wants. Master: 5'8" and taller, 140-200, beard okay. A Master who knows what he wants. Box 5378

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

Ever want to manhandle a guy's big uncut cock and low-hanging globes? Use mine for tight bondage, weights, clamps, inserts, catheters, wax, hole stretching, etc.—you name it! Pic & phone to PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Dad, 45, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks completely-bottom son under 30. No SM abuse, beatings or test of wills. I want a thoroughly-submissive, trim, quiet, obedient, affectionate, home-type Daddy's Boy who's on a serious, heavy, Father-Son trip. Boy can expect bondage and to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy will be my houseboy and not expected to work full time if at all. Be aware, I'm not a sugar daddy. I'm a Topman, a Master, aiming to possess, dominate, love, take care of, play with, and fuck a docile, dependent boy who knows he can't make it on his own and needs a Daddy. Prefer short (5'6" and under) slim, even scrawny boy with smooth body and hairless butt. This size boy not mandatory. Attitude and submissiveness more important than height. Slightly handicapped or unemployable boy okay. I'm searching for a real special kind of boy. Where is he? Reply with phone number. Relocation taken care of. Asian or Latino welcome. Box 4551LF

NO EXCHANGE

Seeking bluecollar guy in Levis and lace-ups, over 35, beer gut okay, who would get turned on by forcing a good-looking mature exec. to tongue clean his sweaty boots, pits and low-hangers. Box 5437.

SERIOUS LEATHER MASTER NEEDED!

WM, 35, 6', 165, submissive leather slave, needs training. Into heavy SM, BD, shaving, CBT, tits enlarged, electricity. Please send photo and phone # along with a letter about your scene. Box 5446

PISS & SHIT

WM, 35, 6'4", 200 lbs., hairless ass with juicy pink hole, seeks slave, 18-40, for toilet service. Erect, thirst-quenching cock. Firm, tasty turds. Box 5460

COLORADO

ACTIVE ASS

W/M, 6'3", 165, 40's, wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D, TT, ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons, but no FF, W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area, but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF.

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations: No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

For lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 48, top, uncut, mountain climber. Tennis, run. (303) 781-9423.

HAIRY UNCUT DADDY

Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutuality with uncut, 6'1" stud, daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8" plough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472

DC—METRO

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB. Into body worship and leather service by hot, submissive tongue. You: under 35, into C&BT, TT, BD, shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ass a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883LF

BLACK MALE, 5'6", 150

Attractive/endowed! Seeks other men— blacks, whites, tops, bottoms, 25-50 for HOT, safe sex! Box 5449

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area. WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only; independent, loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, *The Brig*, "Beauty's Punishment," *9½ Weeks*, *Story of O*. J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud. A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP. LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road, seeking out a buddy for friendship, riding partner. Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered, photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies to Box 5099LF

LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy—private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35; straight looks; decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

SON LOOKING FOR DAD

WM, early 30s, in search of a Dad. Me, very Gr/pass, into dildoes, spanking, FF, jockstraps and mild S/M. I am looking for that one person to share my life with. No heavy pain and no J/O calls, please. Allen (202) 332-7017. Dad, your son is ready. (LF5025)

HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

MUSCLE SUBMITS TO MUSCLE

Muscular, attractive weightlifter—40, 6', 190—seeks dominant, very muscular body builders, athletes, for safe musclesex. Wrestling, leather, light S/M, B/D. Body builders hosted in D.C. (202) 462-8560.

FLORIDA**RAUNCHY MOUTH**

GWM, body builder, 28, needs to eat your shitty brown hole—no limits! Also W/S, titwork, Greek. You: 18-40, good build. Phone/photo: Boxholder, Box 3182, Orlando, FL 32802.

CENTRAL FL—SEEKING TRAINER

WM into body building needs supervision. No fluid exchange, FF, scat, fats or fems. Looking for workout partner to get our bodies into shape at gym. Reply Box 5219LF

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving, enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041.

OLDER MAN—NORTH FLORIDA

Professional, would like to meet or correspond with someone who is really into leather. I prefer bottom role; willing to fulfill Daddy role with person who is understanding, adaptable and interested in safe sex. Swimming and classical piano are two hobbies. Box 5253LF

NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Central East Coast novice seeks introduction and training in leathersex. Totally inexperienced. 39, WM, 6', 180 lbs., needs basic training in S/M. Would discuss limits. Am on fitness program. Eager to learn and expand. This is a sincere offer. Please help me! Safe sex also. Box 5358

NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or fems. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast, Fla. Want younger, under 35 preferred, smaller man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather. Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

GYM WORKOUT BUDDY

GWM, 34, seeks serious, experienced partner. Ft. Lauderdale. Box 5443

MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis, leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

SON SEEKS GROVELING DAD

You, G/P, F/A, muscular, trim and healthy to 50, need to be naked, collared and tied at the feet of a muscular, 5'10", 175 lb. Italian, 29 yrs., for service, training and punishment as I see fit. Obedience a must. Safe sex. Discretion assured and expected. Tampa Bay area. Send photo with letter of need. Box 5478

3-WAY POMPANO BEACH

We are two GWM, 35 yrs., 180 lbs., 6', clean and handsome, looking for a similar type MAN for very good times. Send serious letter with desires, phone or picture. BB a plus. Box 5454

GEORGIA**VERSATILE**

Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender, smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl, toys, enemas, WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy, wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to: Drummer Box 4857LF

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather, BD, whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", clean-shaven, muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write: 1096 Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

S&M COUPLE SEEKS OTHERS

Play and exchange ideas.
PO Box 56074, Atlanta, GA 30343.

ILLINOIS**SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN**

WM, 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance, F active, G passive, seeks well-built, heavy-hung B/W/Spanish man to use hungry, deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield, IL 62705.

NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly, w/ condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/ friends; pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF, damage. Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 109DH, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ. (LF5215)

FORMER MASTER

Has-been PRO-wrestler type (big, bearded, balding, 210 lbs., 6', 46) gang-banged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, buttplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

NEED REAL DOCTOR—CHICAGO AREA

Attractive, masculine, discreet, young man, 25, 6', 175 lbs., seeks doctor, proctologist, urologist, naprapath, chiropractor, etc. for regular visits. Doctor-related fantasies include: the embarrassment of an erect penis, being nude in front of Doc, penis & testicle exams, cleansing enemas, rectal probing, prostate & penis massage, pubic & anal shaving, semen samples, etc. . . . Must have exam table, rubber gloves, etc. . . . Prefer office setting and professional manner. Travel IL, WI, IN, MI often. Box 5457

HUGE NIPPLES, SOLID PECS

Tall jock wants them bigger, seeks others with big, hard tits, heavy titwork, shaving. Box 5441

CIGAR SMOKING LEATHERMASTER

awaiting leatherslave's care and lust of boots and leather. Varying degree of S/M available; including whipping and ashtray. No drugs. MASTER: 45, 195, 6'1". MCP, PO Box 233, Plainfield, IL 60544.

INDIANA**BOTTOM NEEDS TOP**

SW Indiana submissive WM, 5'8", 135 lbs., 39 years, cut, brown/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger Top to service and to please. Let me minister to your needs. Hot mouth, hungry ass eagerly await! Box 5214

REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male, 32, 6', 170 lbs., and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are: 21-45, sadistic and imaginative—Great. Photo & phone answered first. No fats, fems, scat or FF. Box 5367

S/M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM, 40, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain/pleasure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect, and worth. Box 5359

32-YEAR-OLD MASTER

wants slave. (812) 424-6550, or write PO Box 6211, Evansville, IN 47710.

IOWA**BONDAGE FANTASIES**

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS**MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE**

Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY**ADORES TRUCKERS**

35, 190 lbs., 5'10", gay, white, male, Louisville, seeks hairy, masculine truckers on layover to suck and adore. Can host. Will take good care of you. Send photo. Box 5414

LOUISIANA**PUSSYBOY BUTTSLAVE**

WM, 30, bl/bl, good-looking, inexperienced, needs training at regular encounters. PO Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172.

MUTUAL ACTION

Not into roles—interested in mutual action, especially serious titwork and wrestling matches. Want to explore many aspects of the leather life. Would also like to carry on active correspondence with hot, verbal guys. I am 30, 5'9", 225. Write to PO Box 2364, Slidell, LA 70459.

LEVI/LEATHER/RUBBER MASTER
Harley rider, write me. So. La. close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom. It's a plus. WM, 44, 6'1", 200, bald, beard & very hairy. Into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber, boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. Will train. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Sir, or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 P.M.

MARYLAND

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear, that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year, W/M, 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

MASSACHUSETTS

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-licking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

GWM LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Master wants 20 to 35-year-old slave, 6'+ tall, 160 lbs.+, with good build. No facial hair, into *heavy rubber*, leather, ready for S/M, bondage, WS, masks, hoods, restraints. You will be my houseboy-slave (not bottom). Your rewards, to have someone to love you and provide for your needs. You will relocate *immediately* to small New England town, live in large ranch house with extensive toy room. No drugs, FF or scat. Master, in my sixties, sexually 40s, retired with plenty of time for my slave. You may have to work part-time. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 PM eastern time for more information. No JO calls. (LF4247)

OH SHIT!

Slave, 34, 5'7", 135, hot, into tongue baths, toilet service, shit worship, forced feedings of *all* male body filth—no exceptions—bondage, enemas, dildoes, whips, paddles, tit-clamps, ballwork. Needs smelly, unwashed, hot Master(s)—younger the better—for training and punishment. PO Box 1736, Cambridge, MA 02238. Relocation possible. (LF5468)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

BOTTOM SEEKS HOT HUNG MEN

GW bottom, 26, 6'1", 190, seeks hot, hung men any age. Especially like hung black studs. Into SM, TT, WS, dildoes. PO Box 6087, Boston, MA 02114.

BONDAGE SLAVE

34, 5'11", 170, GWM, hung, nice chest, enjoys being tied down and displayed. Will take orders from health-conscious, muscular dude 25-45. Tease me with, then deny me/force feed me your dick, while you play with my body. Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. Box 5458

MICHIGAN

WM BOTTOM

WM, 36, 6'2", 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expand limits. Box 5138LF

DADDY SEEKS SON/DADDY

GWM bearded leatherman biker 6', 200, 39, seeks intelligent hard working son/daddy, 30+, looking for affection, tenderness, caring, direction, dominance, discipline and possible relationship. Size, shape, handicapped not important. Send photo and letter describing your needs, wants, hopes and expectations for yourself and your daddy. Box 5467

MINNESOTA

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master, 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

MISSISSIPPI

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic excretion. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas, harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., I'm a balding, bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free, but well-leathered life. Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or

attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for, please write Harold, PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 (LF4831).

MISSOURI

LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Need leatherman into full and complete leather clothing (boots, chaps, harnesses, gloves) and into having a bottom (companion) for scenes and mutual fantasies with submission, leather, rubber, uniforms, gags, plugs, boots, etc.. Want man to play, talk and be with. Please write your needs. Box 4555LF

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 5'10", 175, 37, two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break in my new sling. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033.

TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS

Both 5'10", 165/170 lbs., dark hair/blond hair, smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well-equipped black-light "playroom" (with sling)—SM, BD, CBT, TT, FF, WS—you name it or want it and we'll get into it (gentle to rough to ?). Limits discussed and respected prior to long extended session. Very verbal during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verbal. Have "pig slave" available which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters. Special interest in jocks/USN/USMC/Bi's. Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo will be answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to: Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

MORE THAN ACTION

I'm not interested in stereotypical leathermen preoccupied with radical "scenes" or fantasy role playing. I'm a GWM, 40, 160 lbs., 6', brown/brown, attractive, masculine (not macho) who's seeking a close friend and comrade to share, talk and think together with about ANYTHING and EVERYTHING. I value intelligence, heart, class and imagination. You're approximately 30-40, slender, maybe tall with a youthful, flexible, adventurous and unique perspective on life. Sexually, you're a natural topman, assertive, yet gentle, who sees bondage and firm spankings not as ends in themselves, but as erotic aspects of a bigger picture, a friendship shared by equals with different, yet similar, needs. Please, NO drugs, bars, religiosity or paranoid closet cases. Fellow smokers welcome. Let's explore the possibilities. Send detailed response with photo to PO Box 4138, Independence, MO 64051.

MONTANA

COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same. Mark Redford, Box 1462, Conrad, MT 59425.

LEATHER NOVICE

Northwest Montana, new to scene, wants to learn BD, CBT, shave, wax. No heavy SM, FF. Box 5338

NEBRASKA

OMAHA AREA

A sexual WM, bondage Master, 36, 5'10", 185, wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number to Gary, PO Box 733, Bellevue, NE 68005-0733. (LF5474)

NEVADA

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10", 160 lbs., enjoys being BOUND, CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented. Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man, 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER

Professional photographer needs models in Carson City/Reno, Nevada area. Send photo and your interests. Box 5183

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs., and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

KIRK—WHERE ARE YOU?

Miss you! Write Bill of Minnesota! Box 5436

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SOUTH NH SLAVE!

42 yrs. old, 5'9", 172 lbs., br. hair and moustache. This whip and piss slave needs you! T/T; torture my balls and uncut cock. I await your orders, Sir. Paul, PO Box 702, Manchester, NH 03105

NEW JERSEY

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

Union County slave is 26, 5'7", 156 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Very hairy, muscular, wild, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replies with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

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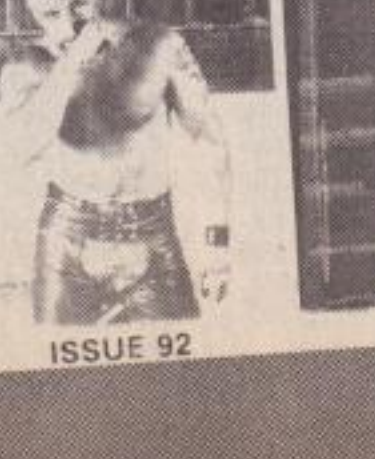
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84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97

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RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational drugies preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome, tan-black, virile, muscular, athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat sox, jockstraps, sweaty, lean, hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

NEW YORK

S/M BUDDY SOUGHT

by well-defined, good-looking GWM, 34, 5'11", 165, for sane, mutually enjoyed sessions of gradually increased intensity. Interests include titwork, CB/T, ass beltwork, harnesses, cuffs, blindfolds, gags, leather restraints, rope bondage, forced calisthenics, humiliation scenes. Prefer top, can switch for right person. Ongoing friendship a consideration. Safe sex only. No fluids exchanged. No drugs. Box 5455

BUST MY BUTT AND BALLS

Total bottom, 41, 5'8", 145 lbs., works out, solid, trim body, needs discipline, punishment, intense cock and ball abuse and torture. Marine-style verbal and corporal training, heavy and complete latrine duty! You: Total leather or military sadistic disciplinarian, 35 yrs. or older. Box 276, Port Jefferson Station, New York, NY 11776.

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

HARD MAN-TO-MAN ACTION

Macho musclebound studs needed. Goodlooking GWM (29, 6', 170 lbs., dark) seeks hot hung studs (30-45, smooth) for raunchy sessions. Especially Blacks/Latins. Like muscles, jockstraps, boots, leather, posing, stroking, sucking, light S/M and getting fucked by dominant top-studs. Letter/photo (nude). Wayne, PO Box 1068, NYC, NY 10009.

FF—FABULOUS SAFE SEX!

Let's oil wrestle—then power fistfuck each other's wild holes all night! Manhattan expert, 155 lbs. of horny, clean-cut, smooth suntanned muscles, 5'10", 37, seeks similar hot fist buddy, 21-40, or will train serious student. No fluids exchanged. PO Box 3035, NYC 10185.

TOP LEATHER BOY

25, 5'10", 165 lbs., seeks Daddies and slaves into leather and fantasies. Do you fantasize servicing a hot boyish looking leather boy, having hot leather sex and knowing that this leather boy is your MASTER!? Then send letter, photo, phone. Tom, Rockefeller Center Sta., PO Box 3566, NYC, NY 10185

BIG BULL MASTER TO SERVICE

Big healthy blk Master wants to service pussyboys, sons & slaves. Tease & taunt me, pull on my big blk nipples & 8" dick. Let me give you what your Master holds back. I am 5'11", 200 lbs., hard beer gut, 32 years old. Musc. guys pref. 21-45. Write PO Box 407, 70A Greenwich Ave., NY, NY 10011.

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT: vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651, Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM, 6', 210 lbs.

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

ARE YOU OVER 60?

White male needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience. I am 34, healthy, in good physical shape, an eager, willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things, maturely in this direction. I've been told (on several occasions) that my French abilities are the incredible ("the best ever"). And as this was always by someone with many years of experience, this may be particularly meaningful. In addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discipline. But your preferences are foremost and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures.

If it wouldn't be a turn-off to you, a recent picture or pictures of you would be much valued... either the regular type, revealing, in action, whatever. Grey or white hair is a definite plus. For the person who fits these images, I would very much want to bring pleasure, that is, to satisfy him in every way. I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. at present). Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you. Please write soon? Box 5105LF

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

MR. LEATHER NY 1986 CONTEST This is an AIDS benefit. Anyone interested in being a contestant, placing an ad or memorial, donating a prize, contributing entertainment, or being on our mailing list, write: Mr. Leather NY Contest, Box 410, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

STRIP SEARCH ME

Security guards, policemen. Subject me to the total humiliation of a legitimate plus strip search. Have witnesses if you like. Search my groin. Order me to bend over, grab my ankles, and spread my legs. Let's do it! I'm serious. (212) 874-1325 or write with true experiences only to Box 7, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019.

KINKY TOP WANTED

for pig slave into long, hot W/S action, VA, humiliation, toilet training. Photo from hot top gets response. Stormville, NY. Drummer Box 5314.

VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. You must be GWM, slender and muscular, 28 to 45, in need of domination and into all forms of S/M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally, as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be felt. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

LEATHER, BONDAGE

NYC WM, 34, 5'7", dark hair, attractive, seeks other leathermen up to 38. Am into bondage (hoods, collars, restraints, etc.) and some SM. Turned on especially by hot young studs in full leather. Am usually bottom, but sometimes switch. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008. (LF5356)

BRUTAL SLAVE TRAINING

If you are a real man, tall, muscular and hung (hairy chest a plus) and you aren't afraid to take this slave well past his limits in progressively more brutal sessions, then this slave needs you, Sir. Slave begs for heavy pain training and complete toilet training, Sir. All resistance should be punished, Sir. Reply only if you are tough enough to ignore slave's sniveling requests for mercy, Sir. Training fee will be paid. Slave visits New York often. Send photo and letter to Drummer Box 5374LF.

ARIES, NOVICE

40, WM, 5'5", 145 lbs., uncut, needs help learning joys of C&B, bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy collection, boot hoist, sling, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410

MASTER SHAVER SEEKS LOVER

Live-in, share expenses, lifetime. You'll be bound, beaten and balded—and loved. Box 5377

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you want your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 30, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352, between 9 P.M.-12 mid., to meet for real exciting locker room action.

TIT FARM

Big black Master/farmer wants big-titted men for milking and developing of nipples. I am 5'11", solid build, clean and health-conscious. Seek musc. to slightly chubby. Want you to get down on all fours so I can work on those knobs. Box 5480

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me: GWM, 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A, Fr/p. You: good body, smart. Goal: hot monogamous relationship. Ph/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

FOR LEAN LITTLE GUYS

Want a monogamous relationship with a bigger guy whose body drives you nuts, who subdues you for mutual pleasure and affection?? WM, early 40s, appears very much younger, 5'9", 145 lbs., really good body, solid, muscular, hairy, romantic, loves outdoors. You: 5'5" or less, 125 lbs. or less, likes body worship, light B/D, to expand mutual appreciation. Box 5435

L.I. SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 23, 6', 160 lbs., 8½", Italian, br/br, hairy, wants dominant GWM, 20-35, U/C a + to take control. No fats or fems. Phone & photo please. Box 5450

HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT

GWM, 31, good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do: Will receive harsh use, Fr, heavy bondage, humiliation, paddling, WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips: boot/sneaker worship, deep rimming upon command, raunch holes, motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/mental role, uniforms, enforced chastity, confinement, public humiliation, long-term bondage and frat hazing. Want to try frequent Scat: Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship: Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ, c/o Suite 325, 80 E. 11 St., New York, NY 10003. (LF5201)

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

HOT & BUTCH NYC BOTTOM

White stud, 39, 6', 185 lbs., thick 8" cut dick; handsome with thick, dark-brown hair, moustache and eyes needs to be pussy to a hot, hung, butch, dominant TOPMAN. Pussy is horny, very masculine construction worker type who wants to service hot and wild and butch TOPS with BIG dicks. Besides sucking cockmeat and getting plowed, I can get turned on by leather, fantasies, submission, verbal abuse, wrestling, body worship, ass toys, bondage, discipline, and other SAFE SEX turn-ons. Not into pain, but enjoy a good fight and spanking. Also dig hotscene jerkoffs and porn and "parties." Dominant and masculine TOPMEN, send photo (if possible), phone and letter to: Box 4776LF

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural, masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude, and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot, masculine, barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB, who is W, 5'10", 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring, the few. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768. (LF4872)

SINCERE EAGER BOTTOM

35, blond, 5'8", slim, uncut, submissive, badly wants to please in-shape dominant but thoughtful top into verbal abuse for regular sessions and progressively expanding limits for potential slave training. Only with rubbers please write to: Box 5463

FUNKY BUTT-HOLE SNIFFER

Masculine, hairy, humpy, kinky pig into sniffing ripe butt hole, funky crotch and rank armpits. Me: 5'8", 150 lbs., blond, blue, 28, Fr/A, Gr/P, into domination and humiliation. You: Bigger, meaner, inventive, intense and passionate with a hunger for complete and total body service. Looks unimportant compared to attitude and body funk. Should enjoy giving verbal abuse while having your funky ass sniffed by this submissive pig. Relationship considered. Bluecollar worker a plus. Hung extra big with foreskin and cheese a double plus. N. Koloff, PO Box 676, Northport, NY 11768. (516) 582-8864.

I CAN REDUCE YOU TO AN INHUMAN THING. I get a photo. Box 5204

SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I., NY, grounds. You will live in your own cottage and have a pleasant and stimulating life, surrounded by natural beauty and erotic days and nights. Only for the man who truly wants the reality of the society we live in, with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slave/bottom. Reply to Box 4255LF.

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, titwork, Greek, ? Safe. Important: for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF

OFFER MY SLAVE

49, complete service, mature Masters our pleasure. Phone and details please. Box 5456

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

SHIT PIG WANTS LOVER

Shit-eating pig seeks lover for heavy shit scenes plus affection and permanency. Ideally, desire top guy, to be his total shit slave. As alternative, would consider lover relationship involving mutual shit. I'm 40, decent build. Health conscious; expect same. Box 5143

MOWHAWKS RULE

Hardcore punks can use this scumbag/asswipe/urinal on Avenue A or anywhere—in front of anybody for anything you want. Anything. Call (212) 226-6090.

PISS BUDDY

Western NY (Buffalo-Erie, PA area) rural, nature-oriented GWM, 34, 5'8", 170, uncut, brown moustache, seeks piss buddy (25-40) for safesex redneck raunch scenes. Into pissing in and on raunchy Levis, leather, boots, cigars, pits, uniforms, some SM. Top, bottom or mutual. I get horny in the backwoods and need a dirty, sweaty, masculine man for piss and abuse. Passing through or friend or relationship possible. Box 5284LF

LEGIT PHYSICIAN NEEDED

who believes that regular, extensive examinations of the rectum, penis and testicles is essential to the maintenance of good health. I am serious, professional. You are also. (212) 874-1325.

MEDICAL SCENE ENEMAS GIVEN

Complete physical including thorough rectal/genital exam leading to repeated enemas if you are young, clean, hot. Very clinical approach used. Enemas until clear! Other "therapies" included!!! Box 7, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019.

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

PRIME MEET

WM, 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36, 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1-1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat, manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather, love, workouts, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

LEATHER DISCIPLINING

wanted by experienced masochist, 5'10", 170, muscular and hot. Restrain my power, clamp on my firm protruding nips, stimulate my endurance with whips, wax, weights, etc. If you are sane and sadistic—and can convert a bottom to slave—send description of yourself and scene. Phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5110

I WANT TO BE TIED UP AND GAGGED BY YOU

Also manhandled, abused, tits tortured, spanked by you. Safe sex only. ME: GWM, 5'9", 145 lbs., brown/blue, beard. YOU: Trim, ok looking, race unimportant. Phone and photo to PO Box 1091, New York, NY 10113.

I KNOW MY PLACE!

On my knees in front of a BLACK MASTER! PO Box 897, M.H.S., New York, NY 10156.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

BODYBUILDER SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 200 lb., WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man, looking for live-in, possibly competition bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs., large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter, photo/phone to Box 4717LF

MAKE ME STRUGGLE AND MOAN

I'm looking for a bondage top man who doesn't fit usual mold. I'm hot for over 35, out of shape, tattooed, cigarette smoking Master who likes to overpower, tie, gag, toy with and fuck this captive. I'm 46, 5'5", 155 and health conscious. No drugs, FF or scat. Please, Sir. Box 5379

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

PUNISHED BY YOUR PARENTS

Which one? Both? How? Why? If you have true experiences, tell me. No wayout fantasies! If I believe you, you can punish me as they punished you, or I will punish you. (212) 874-1325, or Box 7, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019.

HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS

Phimosed, and leather-encased cuts, and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins, PO Box 6969, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022. (LF5347)

BIG SOFT NIPS ON

BIG HARD PECS

Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Butt. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area 'hand'-y man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, hunky, healthy, horny, hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1", 175, 16" arms, 45" chest, 38" butt, 22½" thighs, 16½" calves, 7½" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

Hung, good-looking, 33, smooth ass, looking for hung, well-built Dad for discipline. Like toys, assplay, light bondage and forced workouts. Spank my bound ass red and then shave my dick and crotch. Safe only. Box 5334

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

Hardcore, roMAnTic seeks bondage top for monogamous pairing, safe sex in anal pleasures and painless kink. "TB" is GJM, 34, 5'8", stocky, bearded, good-looking, seeking romantic/rough, tender/tough, but winsome/wise non-smoking grizzly bear who can hang me up, use my hole, control in bed, share out of bed, who will own keys to my cage, hands, heart. Photo. PO Box 533, Old Bridge, NJ 08857.

NORTH CAROLINA

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU: Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10"+, mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave/son/bottom, WM, 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF, Sir.

NORTH DAKOTA

EASTERN NORTH DAKOTA

Masculine, straight-appearing, health-conscious GWM, 30, 6'2", 200, hairy-chested, wants to meet/respond with similar men. I enjoy Gr a/p, toys and would like to learn mutual F/F in a sensual and sane atmosphere. Photo, phone if possible. Box 5466

OHIO

CIN. CITY PIG SLOP

Into: Mud holes, grease pits, slime and stinkin' filthy raunch. Send letter and photo: PO Box 128719, Cincinnati, OH 45212.

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!!

Boy, bottom, 28, WM, 170 lbs., stocky, moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to 55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncut, beer belly, but all mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, CB/TT, WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. S.E. Florida; and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

THIRSTY PISS-DRINKING DUDE

White, 35, 6'4", 200 lb. dude seeks hot-looking men who oink over piss scenes involving jockey shorts, urinals, toilets, sewers, mouths and tongues and eating piss-drenched ass. Piss pigs only, no scat. PO Box 530, Toledo, OH 43693.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

effectively applied to colonial butts by former Prep School Dorm Prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and cane applied in no-nonsense fashion on American ass. P.O. Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

PLASTIC TOP

White male, 32, 150, 5'10", blond/blue, seeks young guys into Saran Wrap, breath control. D.C., PO Box 261001, Columbus, OH 43226.

OHIO MICH INDY BOTTOM

New to NW Ohio. Nice-looking, sincere, sane, friendly bottom, 28, 5'11", 190 and clean, seeks inventive B/D, C/B and domination administered by older, husky, cut Coaches and Masters. Will travel to service your balls, boots and imagination. Box 5341

HANDSOME MAN

Men: This is my first ad in *Drummer*, so here goes! I'm a prof. GWM, 34, 155 lbs., 5'9", br/bl, healthy. I'd like to meet a L/L hung top/daddy for FF, toys, TT, assplay and see what develops. Cleveland area. Letter's enough. Box 5452

WM, 5'11", 150 LBS.

lean, masculine, intelligent, versatile, seeks lean or muscular non-flabby WM for friendship/fun. Enjoy light SM, WS, FF, Greek, French, titwork. I DO take precautions. Send letter/phone to Ron, 1151 Townsview Pl., Wooster, OH 44691.

YOUNG HOT HANDSOME BLACK

26 yr. old, coffee colored, all man, 5'10", 150 lbs., seeks dominant black tops into extensive bondage restraint, also has unexplored interests in uniforms and rape—forced sex scenes. Have an iron-pumped body that's smooth as silk. Come show me the ropes. (216) 283-5870.

OKLAHOMA

BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!

Hunky, ex-football player, 6'2", 200 lbs., endowed, bearded, 36-year-old Daddy looking for those low hangers. Will perform special Hellfire technique to balls that make this man take notice. PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154. (LF5319)

OREGON

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 6', 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM, including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5279LF

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

UNWILLING FUCK

Have you ever wanted to overpower an unwilling, good-looking man along a river, in a park, in a restroom, etc. and fuck him to prove your manhood? Good, because you'll never prove it to me any other way. 8 PM til 8 AM. (503) 654-4618.

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

PENNSYLVANIA

COCKSUCKER WANTED

Leatherman, 44 yrs old, 5'11", 160 lbs., looking for trim younger men to age 40. You must be able to take rough face-fucking, VA, raunchy talk, swearing and have a submissive attitude. I am versatile and can get into most any other kind of action. No scat or drugs, fats or fems. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

DUNGEON MASTER

6', 165 lbs., 48 year old master, Greek active, French passive, requires obedient slave for training, S&M, B/D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded. Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia, PA 19101. (LF4836)

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Goodlooking, masculine WM, 38 5'6", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108. (LF4897)

ASSMASTER

seeks dildofuckholes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT, toys, "smoke," aroma, J/O, safe-sex. Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus. Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112.

HARLEY BIKER

always booted high (Danner & Wesco) into layers of leather (Langlitz & Marquis) for fetishistic action in full gear on or off bikes. Prompt response with pic to guys sending pic in same gear. Tattooes and full beards big plus. PO Box 1743, Shavertown, PA 18708.

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill Instructor. Basic training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough preinduction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military jump boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with light SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledge, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master. Possible permanent life with right Master. Limits set by Master. No drugs. Box 5394LF

PITTSBURGH AREA

X-college football player, 31, 6'4", 225 lbs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, fats and fems need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (LF4484)

PITTSBURGH AREA

WM, 22, 6'4", 210, black, blond hair, bushy moustache, trimmed beard, uncut, college junior, seeks real man that can read between the lines. PO Box 681, Bethel Park, PA 15102.

BOUND TO BE HAPPY

If you are ready for total restraint, suspension, immobilization, hoods, blindfolds, gags, mummification, sensual deprivation and stimulation, C&BT, TT,

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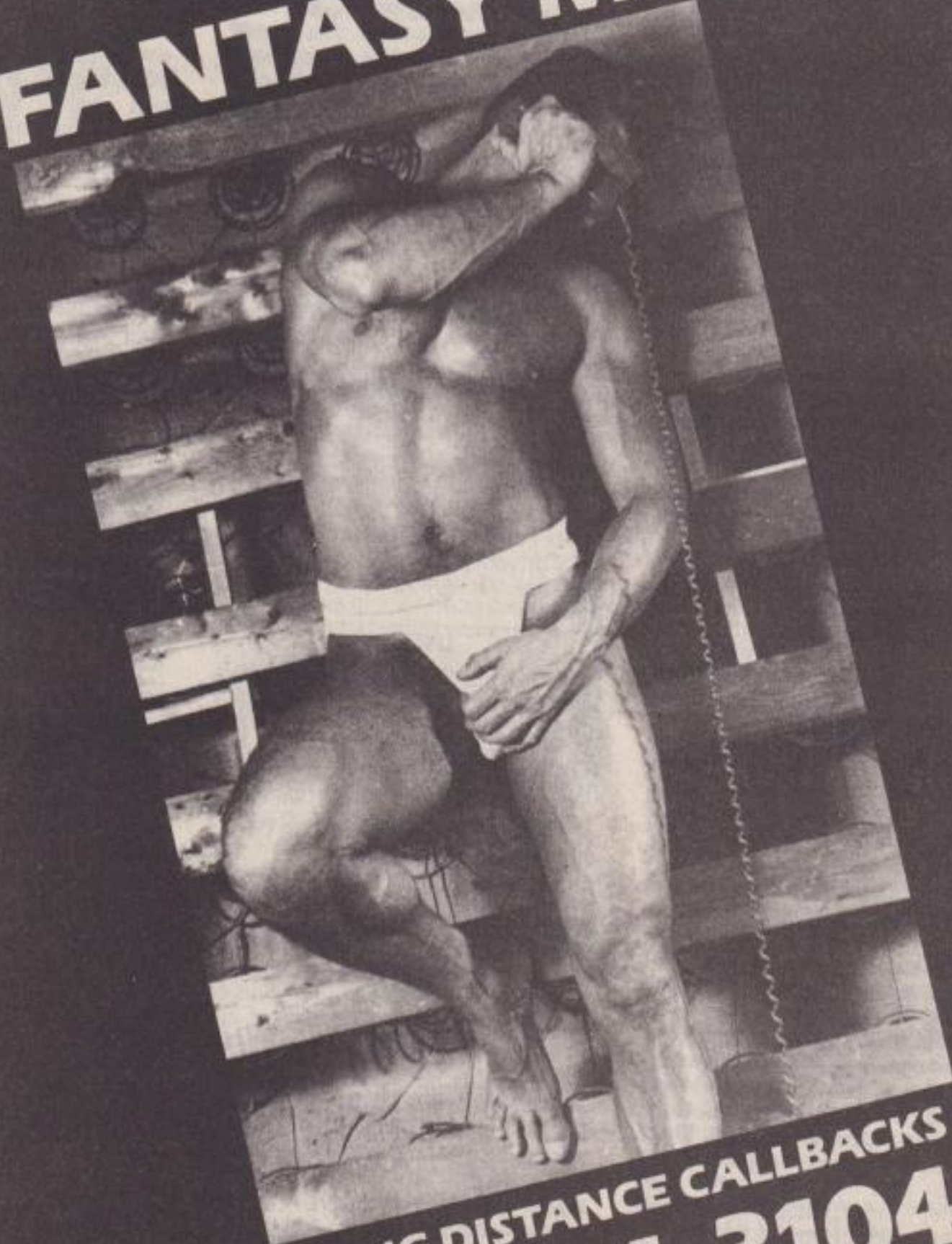
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light to moderate pain, and other forms of bondage/submission, read on. I am looking for a slave/son for training or enjoyment. NO DRUGS, WS, FF, permanent marking, scat, damage, fats, fems or one-night stands. Safe sex scenes only and discretion assured. New to Philadelphia and dislike bar scenes and cruising among persons not serious about their needs or expectations. You: 18-35, 5'-6" tall, moderate build, muscles a plus but not a deciding factor. Me: 36, 5'7", moderate build, dominate but sometimes enjoy bondage from the bottom role. The sincerity and style of your reply will tell whether you are worth seeing. Past experience not necessary; limits respected and expanded. Your photo and phone/address with your respectful reply ensures prompt reply. Box 5415

RHODE ISLAND

ASSPLAY PARTNERS NEEDED
by 35 year old, 6', 155, average looks, lightly hairy, swimmer's build. Photo must. Moustaches, hairy bodies plus. Experienced but respect limits. Dildoes, video +? Newport-Boston. Box 5337

COPS/MILITARY/CONSTRUCTION WORKERS
This bottom is: WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy, with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe water-sports, tit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into (fantasy) sex: A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF.

SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD
Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s, submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by. My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy. Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be. Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs, but into good times. Will travel New England area. Please consider, Sir. Box 5075LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY
I am white, 32, married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager-to-please masculine partner, contact: Boxholder, PO Box 16291, Greenville, SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured. (LF4829)

SLAVE/BOTTOM
White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master. Do anything within my

power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter and pic to Box 4862.

HUNKY WHITE MALE
White male, 30, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, W/S, long hot sessions of servitude with genuine leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter & pic to Box 4862LF.

GWM 33, 5'9"
6", 160 lbs. Haircuts to order. Specialize in military, flat tops, crew cuts or your fantasy. Into mutual JO, nudity, video and smoke. Box 5475

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL
Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF

GWM READY FOR ACTION
WM, 40, 5'11", 170, dark hair, attractive, bearded, 8½" uncut, into jockstraps, J/O, W/S, deep throat fucking, cock sucking, cock worship, 69, ass fucking, etc. If you have over 7½" and under 40 and like hot sex and a great guy man-to-man, then let's get together. Black or white, would like you to visit me here in Tenn. I'm very near Nashville, have large private place. Ray, Rt. 3, Box 730, Dickson, TN 37055. (615) 446-2613. (LF5287)

GWM 25
5'9", 160, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

MASCULINE AND HAIRY
Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

SMALL MASTER
5'6", 145 lbs., large cock, wants boot-licking, ass-eating, piss-drinking pet. Prefer larger and trained, but will teach. Attitude all important. Send proper letter and pic for some fun in east TN mountains. Box 5397

PRO BY DAY, SLAVE BY NITE
Thin, white, bl/bl, 35, seeks Master to abuse my asshole, body and mind. Degrade, shave, fuck, beat me. Piss in my mouth and ass, gang rape super as display you totally own this trash. Will support right Master. Age/color/looks unimportant. Most detailed, degrading letters get this slut for slave audition. Box 5389

TEXAS

SLAVE
Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tatoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ashtay, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

MASTER AVAILABLE
East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED
East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE
42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

HOUSTON AREA
White top, 43, 6'1", 190 lbs., Houston area. Porno, wrestling, dominance, Leather Fraternity member. Nothing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

"PRISON RAPE"
Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"! Box 3853

MASTER/DAD
WM, 50, 6'2", 210, 7" uncut, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship. Into leather, uniforms, Levis, boots, BD, SM, CB&TT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF.

INDUSTRIAL RAUNCH
Piss, spit, puke, bottom seeks beer-gutted men into mud, grease, oil. Photos and experiences get mine. Travel South and into outdoors and camping. Box 5388

CROTCH SNIFFER
Arrogant, heavy-hung, Houston stud, 6', 165 lbs., humiliates and abuses brown-nosing wimps. Box 5371

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

DALLAS
Hot, horny, hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. BB a plus. Nude photo gets response. Box 5459

WHIPPING BOY
Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6½", 175 lbs., well-built, raunchy stud, offers training/position to playful, slim, sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber/leather/uniform Master. Explicit application to Box 5453LF. Houston area.

TIE ME UP, TEACH ME
Rope bound, biceps flexed, dad (46, 5'11", 175) needs sane, muscular (photo?) son, 20s, to teach him who's boss. Tits, balls need discipline. Healthy action only, but need limits expanded. Also into forced fighting. Box 5464

SLAVE/BOY WANTED
Must be well-built, young (25-35), attractive, under 5'11". Must be submissive and willing to have limits expanded. Interests include: piercing, B/D, CBT, electrostimulation, catheterization, shaving. Send revealing photo, phone number and letter with qualifications and experience to: D/M Sir, PO Box 57311, Dallas, TX 75207-1311.

UTAH

NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION
Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat, fems or fats. Sir: Please reply with photo and phone no. to P.E.P., PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402.

VIRGINIA

READY TO SERVE
Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond, blue-eyed and pierced, willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater, VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF

SEEKING DADDY
I'm 25, 6', 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather, slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob, Rt. #1, Box 632, Wytheville, VA 24382 (LF4854)

CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED
You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter, we'll meet. I am in the forties, average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo, address (and phone if you care to: I'm discreet). It may lead somewhere! Box 5058LF

DADDY SEEKS SON
Good-looking GWM seeks younger, 18-35, submissive man who can take care of himself, but would love to meet the needs of a dominant, educated, successful, tender but firm, passionate, sexy daddy. Into TT, B/D, spanking, discipline, experimentation, safe sex, developing a relationship and serving as a great Master. All letters with photo and phone will be answered. Live in DC area. Box 5270LF

CENTRAL VIRGINIA
GWM, 5'9", 155 lbs., 38, 8", seeks others into B/D, light S/M, safe practices only. Top or bottom, no drugs. Photo appreciated. Box 5445

HOT FF BOTTOM
Looking for a man's man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or toilet, just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fella let's meet. N. Virginia area. Box 5477LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

EXCEPTIONAL SON SEEKS DAD
GWM, 27, 5'7", 145 lbs., blond hair/moustache, very attractive with boyish appearance, needs daddy for permanent relationship. Sexy, romantic, intelligent, versatile: as comfortable in three-piece suit at club dining table as in chains at slave dog dish. Write with photo Box 5451.

RICHMOND AREA

Versatile, white male, early 20s, looking for lover who is into more than fucking and sucking. Send photo and letter. PO Box 370, Colonial Heights, VA 23834.

WASHINGTON

DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your Drummer desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

NOVICE PIG SLAVE

SIR: GWM, 34, handsome, intelligent, needs Master to serve in groveling humiliation. I beg to worship your excrement and drink your urine. On my knees I humbly await your letter. Returnable photo preferred. Box 5465

VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM

Purpose: to find man who is independent, intelligent, and comfortable with all roles. Sexually hard driving, creative and dynamic.

Myself: 39, professional, 5'9", 150 lbs., moustache, good body and confident. Partner: Man in his 30s or 40s, cares for his body as much as his mind, extremely versatile (from vanilla to raunch), and as comfortable with the city as the country. Please respond with letter and photograph; open for mutual exchange. John/Seattle. Box 5081

BACKPACK, XC-SKI,

FULL LEATHER IN SEATTLE

Japanese-American, 32, compact/tight build, bearded & butch, into malesex in full leather: cycle caps & jackets, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ball stretcher, kiss, suck, fuck, CBT play, rough contact, wrestling, 70% top, 30% bottom. Safe, no smoke/dope, raunch. Spend most weekends hiking/backpacking, bridge player, MBA, Catholic, witty & energetic (Interchain #509). You: white, relationship-oriented leatherstud, strong outdoorsman, 27-40, physically in-shape, mentally sharp, no smoke/dope. SF & VanBC replies welcome. Photo, phone, letter to Box 4544LF.

NIPPLE SUSPENS/PUNISHMNT

Masc. G/p Seattle GWM, 37, 145 lbs., 5'10", nice-looking, seeks Dad I've never had! Desiring sincere, handsome, honest, affectionate WM to 47, 6'+, 170+, cut/thick/hung, exclusive top who regularly will punish my pierced nipples and fuck my clean, safe pussy! Seeing you wear an executioners hood, leather/latex will melt me into complete submission, for B/D, W/S, shavings, mummification, and nipple piercings/suspension. I'm seeking a permanent 1-1 relationship with nonalcoholic/bar type, caring, financially secure Dad. No scat, FF, CBT or permanent damage. I'm a "slow lane," passive, hard worker who enjoys music, travel, sports and outdoors. A note, photo and phone gets immediate response with same. Will relocate and travel for you, Sir! Box 4249LF.

PRIVATE STABLE SEEKS STOCK

Slim, attractive, passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (36, 5'9", 140, brown/blue, beard, thick 7", cut, fair-skinned, smooth; health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free livestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. PREFERENCES: over 35 years; tall, big build; foreskin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles; earning power. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 52771 F

WHIDBEY ISLAND— NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger, 6'1", slender build, 165 lbs. with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT, C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927LF

WISCONSIN

SCAT

Totally uninhibited scat scenes wanted by this bottom-mutual raunch pig. Am 32, 6', 200 lbs. GWM—medium hung. Seeks same to 45—hairier the better. Also into WS, FF, Satanism, drink, smoke, aroma. Send revealing photo and phone to Boxholder, PO Box 07461, Milwaukee, WI 53207, for immediate reply. (LF5286)

MATURE BOTTOM

30 y.o. GWM, 5'11", 175, 6", bl/bl, looking for mentally strong Topman who is bigger and older than me. New to NW Wisconsin and am looking to settle down into a discreet, monogamous relationship. Not a boy, but an intelligent and strong man who needs to be topped and understood. Your size and mental strength matter more to me than looks. Can travel to Minn. also. PO Box 420, Eau Claire, WI 54702.

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER WANTED IN U.S.A.

By bootlicking English WM, 28, uncut 8", 175 lbs. into W/S, SM, BB, Gr/P, dildoes. Want to try FF. Master should be under 45, WM, muscular, hung, into leather, rubber & toys. Playroom a plus. My experience is limited so you will enjoy expanding it. I'm open to most suggestions. Travel Europe, U.S.A. often. Also interested in hearing from leather rubber masters in Europe. Photo and detailed letter please, Sir. You won't be sorry! London. Box 4908

AMERICAN IN GERMANY!

Near Kaiserslautern. 35, 5'11", 160 lbs. biker with full leathers looking for military in Europe. Officers, NCOs into uniforms, leather, bikes, bondage, etc. Must be discreet and AIDS-conscious. Top or bottom. What I dish out I can also take. It's tough to make contact and we never will, if you don't move ass. (If you aren't dedicated to leather and/or uniforms, don't waste your time. If you're one of the few who are, don't lose time—write!) Box 5023

TEXAN SEEKS HOT EUROPEANS

Leather Fraternity member, 34, 6', 195, seeks young, stable men to show me around in Europe. Objective is friendship, and will return the favor should you visit me in Dallas, Texas. I plan to visit in October. Itinerary not yet set. Write soon. Box 4987LF

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning it. Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Slaves can

also beg sample from master. All, but those with photo/sample answered first. Box 4726LF

CANADA

A "BOOTS" IN HOTELS

or Leather Bars. Want work as a Bootblack, Boot cleaner, Bootjack, Bootstool in busy hotels or leather bars. Will service boots on male feet for customers and staff alike without pay. Am fascinated by spurred cowboy boots and English riding boots. Will lick-shine boot leather with my tongue. Will clean boots first, then lick them all over and shine them. Could also work as "Boots" in the bunkhouse of cattle ranch servicing the boots of several cowboys who wear spurred cowboy boots all day. Roger, PO Box 383, Lachine, Que., Canada H8S 4C2.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

DANGLING BOTTOM

Bottom needs uniformed, full leather, booted top who is entertained by having a guy dangling at the end of a rope. Box 5327, Stn. "A," Toronto M5W 1N6, Canada.

GUATEMALA

LEATHER CONTACTS

Interested in contacting people with the same leather interests, to increase our group in this country. I'm Guatemalan. Please contact tel. 061-8844 or Box 5396LF.

JAPAN

DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular bearded top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, who is in good shape and perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him for his regular workout at the gym and/or enjoy his well-equipped playroom, if you are approx. 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, tit-work, optional FF, dirty talk and mainly lots of mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements most welcome. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland. (LF5048)

WEST GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, shit, puke, enemas, mud, grease, oil, rubber and leather gear, catheters, piercing, hot wax, S/M, TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

MASTER WITH SLAVE

Experienced German Master, 37, (Interchain 445), with slave, 39, wishes to meet other Masters and/or slaves from all over. Into leather, uniforms, S/M, BD, CBT, dog-training. Has well-equipped playroom. Safe sex only! Write: Postfach 7421, D-4400 Munster, West Germany.

MODELS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

EXPLORATORIUM

Demanding Master, 6'2", 220 lbs., 35 yrs. old, competitive muscle man, seeks those into S/M reality, not just fantasy. Trainer is ruggedly handsome, tattooed and esoteric with fully-equipped soundproof dungeon. Raunch, spit, sweat, electrotorture, needles, knives, pits, beatings, verbal abuse, brutal prison rape, hanging, branding and interrogation are a part of what you will endure when confined in my dungeon. The Master desires those with a firm commitment to please. Call me, but no bullshit. This is the real thing, so don't waste my time if you can't cut it. You will be taken to the limits of physical/mental failure and then the training begins. (415) 282-8834.

CUM TO DADDY

Daddy's tall, muscular, handsome, in his 30s, with short hair and a moustache—a Father figure/Leatherman worthy of your respect and affection who will take care of your needs while you take care of his. \$100.

Frank (415) 621-1066

SAFE EAST BAY MASSAGE

Oakland-SF masseur. Fr-a/p, Gr-a. Phallic lovers, J/O. \$60 in. Photos, phone sex. Marc (415) 444-3204

LEATHERMASTER

The look, feel, sound, taste and smell of black leather on a man. Short or prolonged scenes in immobilized bondage. Newcomer, gentle to jaded exquisite pain. Travel arrangements possible. Healthy and staying that way. Jack (415) 680-8959.

MODELS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HAIRY GUYS 18-25 ONLY!

Very good-looking young bottoms only for shaving videos/photos. Good pay. Joey, (213) 657-1551. (Also need tops.)

PORTABLE TOILET

Self-cleaning, free-standing, bottomless pit, available for parties, weekend trips and private audiences. Never leave home without your own private convenience. Reservations required. Ask for Wayne (213) 402-4735; guaranteed no spills/mess or your money back.

MODELS NEW YORK

FILTHY MODEL WANTED

Canadian pig, 35, 5'9", 155 lbs., in good shape, will pay good-looking, unwashed model. I will lick your toe- jam, chew on your rotten socks, suck your cheesy cock, drink your piss, smell your farts, chew on your stained underwear (yellow-brown), tonguefuck your shitty asshole (I'm an expert), then you can shit on me and spread it all over my body. I go to New York every month. If you want a regular customer and you're into pig scenes, don't wait. Box 5325

MAIL ORDER

The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. **To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy.** To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

PADDLES, WHIPS, COCKRINGS, LEATHER
Stainless handcuffs \$25. Pricelist \$1.50+SASE. O'Leather, Ste. 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610. (415) 444-3204

FULLY LEATHER-LINED JEANS
Smooth Black Leather inside and out! Custom made. Send \$2 for information/Photos. BARRY'S, Box 06706, Portland, OR 97206.

HAVE LEATHER WILL TRAVEL
LARSEN LEATHERS—buy/sell new/used gear (from hats to boots). \$1 catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, VA 24073)

RUBBER BONDAGE
Inflatable helmet and gag shown in *Drummer* 64, page 12, and special helmet in *Drummer* 86, pages 20 & 112. 172 items, list \$3. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England.

DUNGEON EQUIPMENT
Complete line of authentic and not so authentic "devices." Each piece is "Boy tested, and Daddy approved." Catalog \$5. The Dungeon, 1426 W. 29th St., Cleveland, OH 44113.

BIG XXX JACKOFF PACKAGE
Includes free gift, hot cut/uncut studs adlists info. \$5.00: AA, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

HOT PHOTOS
Studs spread 'em: uncut, cut, cum shots, butt scenes & jockstraps. \$3.00 each (specify) or all for only \$10.00. Send cash, M.O., check to XANAX, Box 757, Glenwood Landing, NY 11547-0757. (36 5th Ave.)

HOT 5x7 PHOTOS
4/\$11, 6/\$16. Stationary-\$4. Videos, magazines, phone sex. List-\$2, leather list-\$1.50 plus SASE. Marc Sanders, Box 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610 (415)444-3204

DRAWINGS BY REX
Hot, horny, unrelenting front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$5.00 for ten 8 1/2"x11" black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX to Post Office Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material.

THE HUN
For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211.

DRAWINGS BY ETIENNE
Your private fantasies drawn to specification. Describe what you want: Etienne will draw it for you! Send stamped self-addressed envelope for prices and information. Etienne, PO Box 229, El Dorado Springs, CO 80025.

JOXSTRAPS
Briefs, cum in by hot, beefy STUDS. \$7.00 each or both for only \$12.00. Send cash, M.O., check to XANAX, Box 757, Glenwood Landing, NY 11547-0757. (36 5th Ave.)

WET & SHITTY PANTS!
Featured in VIDEO Action and Color Photo sets. 48 young studs into pissing & dumping! Pissed Jockey Shorts, Soaked Beds, Drenched and Dripping Diapers, Dumped-in Levis, Fountains of Youth, Monster Dumps, Hot Enemas! Send \$5 (refundable) for 24-page photo-illustrated Catalog and Samples. Michael Steven Holden, PO Box 1168-5005, Studio City CA 91604

BEST IN AUDIO TAPES
Fantasy tapes like (Whip Fire) (Porn Calls) (Marine Brig) and information tapes like (Master) (slave) (Interview with Teen-Aged Prostitute). Each tape \$9.95. Send for list. Hatfield House, PO Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114.

FILTH!
Two slimy biker dudes shoot up, then pig out in the filthiest home video ever. These guys stop at nothing to degrade themselves: PISS, BOOTS, NEEDLES, GREASE, TOILETS, RUBBERS... an actual all-nighter, disturbingly real. 60 minutes, VHS only. 45.00 plus 4.00 postage to B.W. Niman, 132 West 24th Street #55, New York, NY 10011.

ENEMAS?
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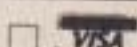
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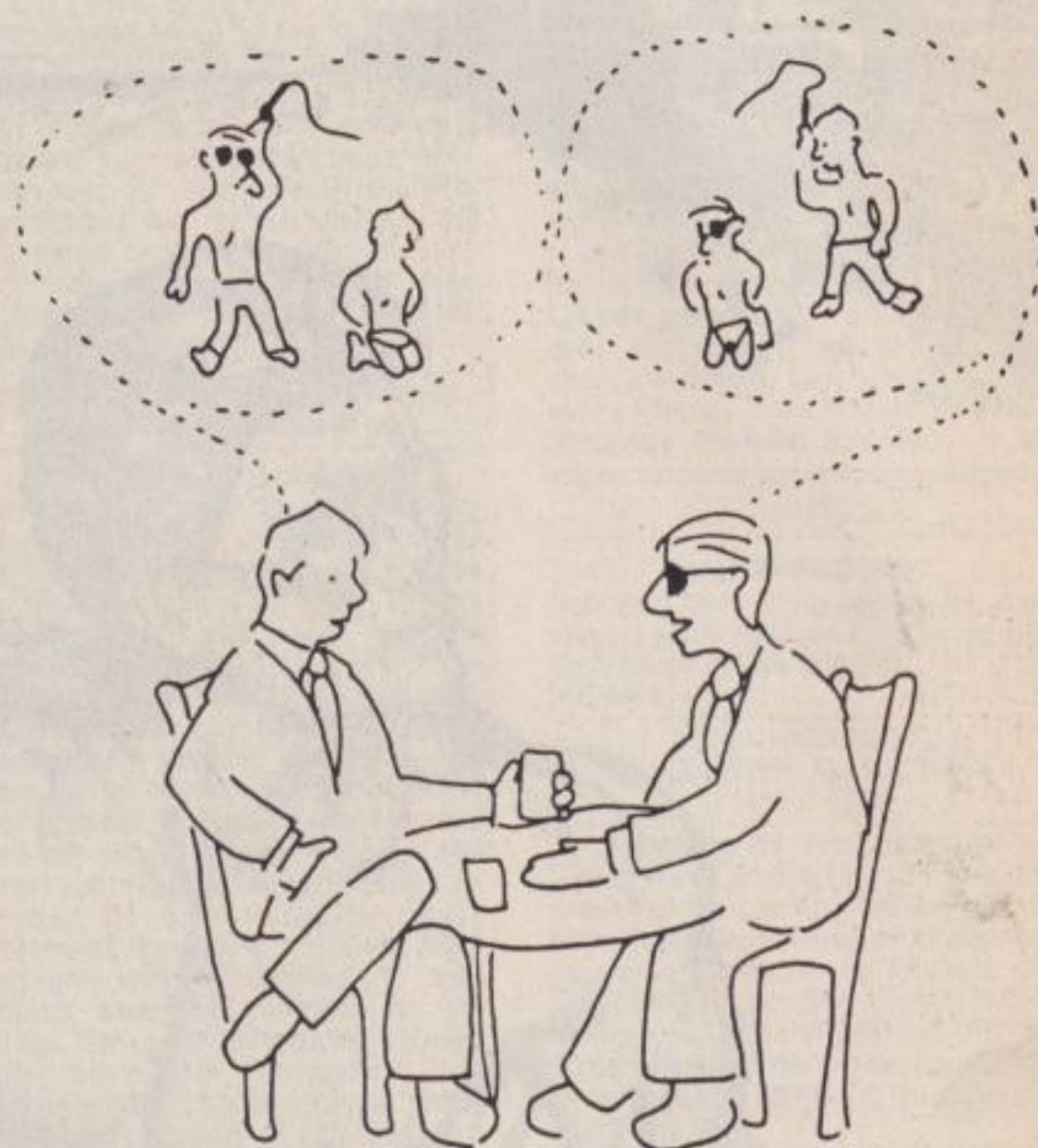
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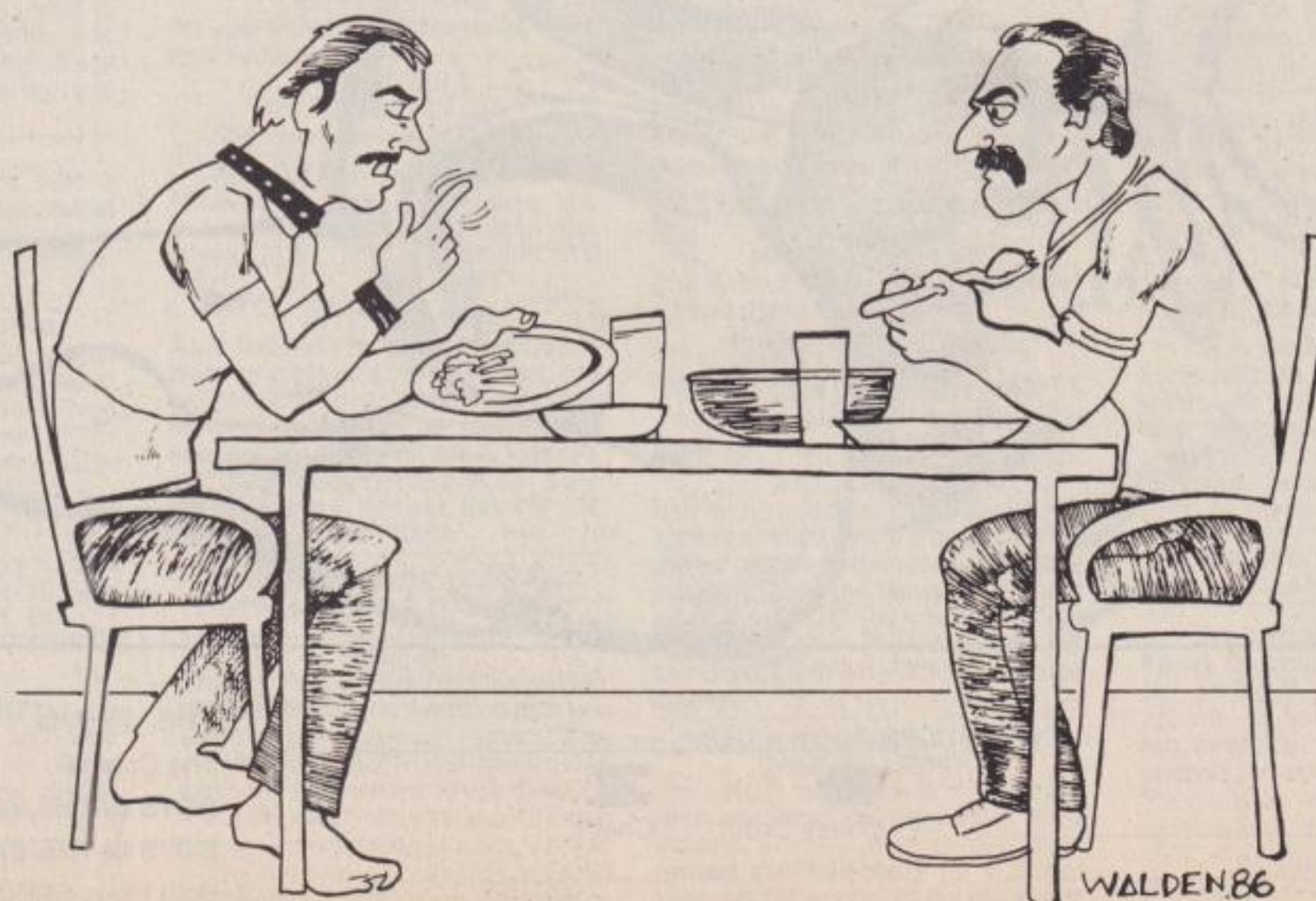


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DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

FETISH FOLLIES

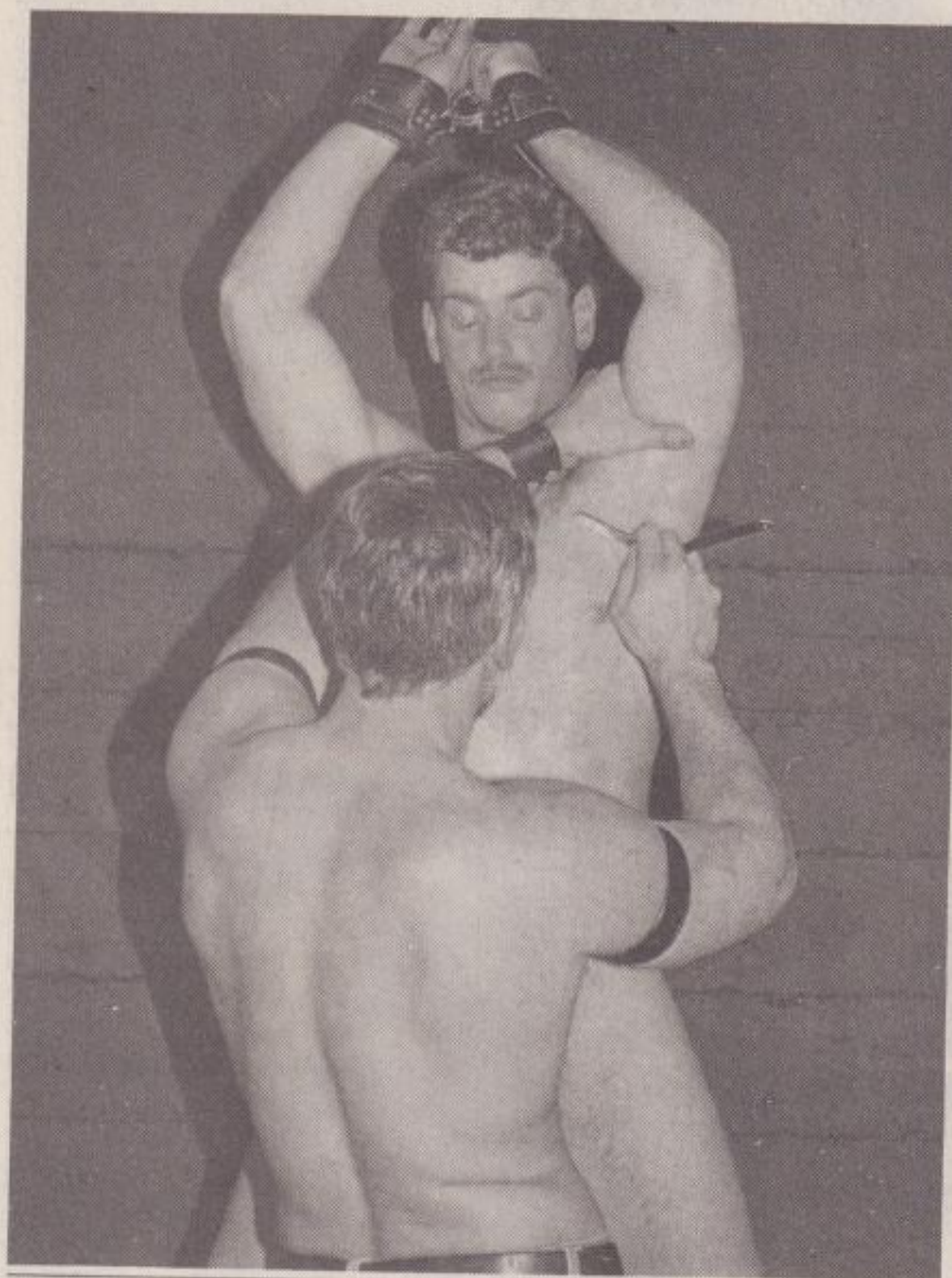
How do you take it? With or without? Your fetish, I mean—with or without sex?

I've long been identified as a cockman. All those extra filips of fetishism, whether tightly-choking cockrings or elaborate Master/slave scenarios or leather/cowboy/lace undie costumes, must be accompanied by cock—a stiff one that shoots, at that—to get me off. You could say my fetish was cock. But a fetish is more a psychosexual orientation than a physical one, and most fetishists aren't as genitally fixated as I. They get off simply by experiencing their fetish, either enacted or worn. A glimpse of cock or a visible orgasm aren't necessary for their arousal, proving, I'm sure, that sex and sexuality are as much in the mind as in the crotch.

The truer fetishist of this latter variety may be pleased by a couple of new videos in which genital sex is mostly subjugated to the fetish at hand. These include body shaving in *Master Barber* and foot worship in *Foot Ball*. Yet, given the amateurish execution of these more tightly focused videos, it isn't surprising that several subsequent tapes, which dilute a strict fetish with substantial doses of straightforward sex, make for more involving and satisfying viewing. These include *Daddies*, an anthology for those who idolize Dad, and *Fucked Up*, an incendiary tape from Christopher Rage, whose asshole partiality for dildoes and fists is merely a prelude to a malevolent possession.

Master Barber is a 60-minute presentation of Wings Video, currently available at a "prerelease" sale price that is a bargain only if you can appreciate the video's rather dry, uneventful depiction of three shaving scenes.

The three men involved are attractive and willing, although they each momentarily resist the rough and



frequently careless handling of scissors and electric shears wielded by Master Barber Ken Savage. The lack of individual identification on the video precludes my naming the participants. Number one is a dark-haired, hard-bodied young man with a thick, uncut cock. The stock body, broad face and blond hair of victim number two marks him most likely as Hanz Facht. Unlike the sullen brunette, he enjoys the process, sharing some unheard jests with his tormentor, and laughing (in between winces) while having his golden locks reduced to a scraggly Mohawk. Best of the three, though, is the last, an appreciably chunky redhead with meaty pecs and biceps. He pays attention to Savage's ministrations, following and anticipating the "Master Barber's" movements, and

setting up a relationship between them that enriches our empathy with his sensations. He licks and sucks his barber's fingers, urging him on, and is the only one of the three to produce a hard-on. When Savage firmly grasps the man's cock and balls so as to shave his groin, the model is left with a short but stout erection.

Also, the redhead's typically fair-skinned complexion, revealed to the camera as chest and buttocks are shaved yield richly to the camera; there's nothing quite so inviting as freshly shaved skin, and the flesh of this delicious redhead is invigorating in its fresh pink moistness, especially as the straightedge razor flirts with the creamy skin around his succulent nipples.

Model one reveals a warm and smooth tan beneath his dark covering of hair, and his

body appears harder when shaved, although this attraction is offset by his impassive expression.

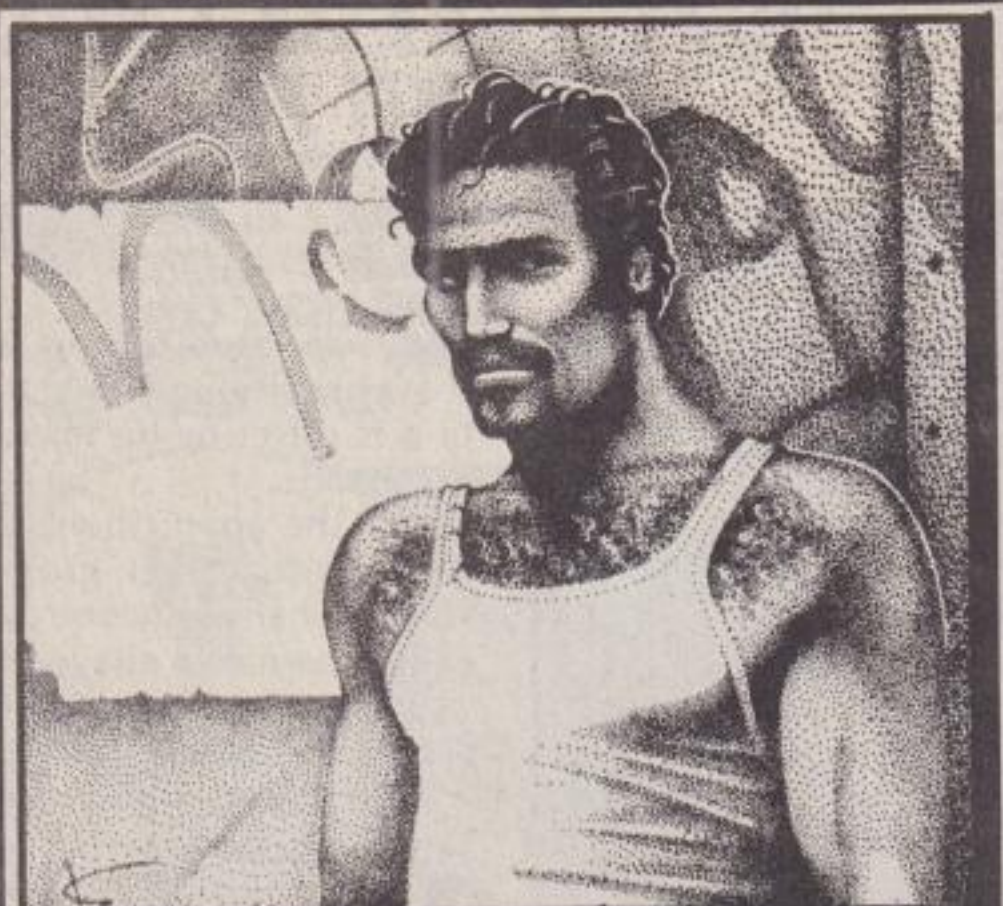
All the participants lose their chest, armpit, groin and scrotum hair; only one has his head (partially) shaved. The shavings take place on a rack-like construction to which arms and legs can be spread-eagled while standing. Facht is the only one who sits, and this seemingly upon a butt plug. When he stands up, it's gone, and no other vision of it is offered.

The fame of barber Savage can be understood in his sheer size and masculine appearance, as well as in his solidly fat cock (only seen momentarily). He's a dull performer, though, hardly saying a word, and completely inaudible even then (mercifully?), due to poor sound recording and the ever-present trendily butch cigar clenched in his lips. Savage's body frequently blocks our view, and his lack of style doesn't understand the possibilities of performance. But if the mere sight of his razor gliding over flesh does it for you, *Master Barber* offers 60 unadorned minutes of just that.

It also offers drawbacks of a substantial nature. Beyond the basic stolid dullness of *Big Daddy Savage*, there is an unvarying sameness to the treatment of the models. As if tacitly acquiescing this lack of variety, the video makers have intercut the three shavings in circular order, so there seems to be forward movement. This offsets the static act of shaving a bit, compensating for the lack of dramatic involvement from Savage, but cannot disguise the fact that nothing much is occurring.

There is also a horrendous, nonstop disco soundtrack. I find a basic incompatibility between the serious, dark overtones of a bondage/shaving scene and the relentless buoyancy of this

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disco-bunny barrage.

Despite some brief moments spent shaving the ass and underside of the red-head's scrotum, there was obviously little planning put into this video. Couldn't something have happened? What if a model was stretched over two sawhorses, cock and balls hanging down, butthole yawning up into an overhead camera as the razor swirled around the orifice? What if Savage was given a fluid rap to engage us, or created a feeling of ritual and submission? What if...? What if...? What if this was a good video?

While there's probably a market for such straightforward a shaving presentation, the random and rote shavings of *Master Barber* will probably not fill the bill for the most prospective viewers. For all the arousal of these perfunctory shavings, one might just as well press one's nose up against the windowpane of the local barbershop for a turn-on than watch *Master Barber*.

Foot Ball is a 66-minute video from a new company, Scorpion Productions. Released at a price of more than half the usual video cost, it may prove attractive to its intended audience of foot fanciers. But if suffers, like *Master Barber*, from unprofessional packaging, and most damaging in this case, doesn't really deliver the goods.

Scorpion has hired some well-known porn stars for this effort, but they aren't that heavily into feet, and the tape moves away from fetishism to JO, at least for its first section. In this part, star Pierce Daniels (with his aggressive attitude and handsomely stubbled face) tries to pump life into the scene, but his pair of costars don't respond. While one uses his hand to hide the fact that he's not really having any oral/foot contact, we don't much care, because his overly long cock, slicked-up and shiny with spit, offers a much better vision. This is a pleasing JO, but may not fulfill those who want and expect more foot action. The scene is also padded out and vitiated with fake dialogue ("smell those stinky feet") plus useless and lengthy exposition. Why this pretense at "friends" coming over to

take showers? Puh-leeze. Cut to the sex.

Scene two features *Drummer* favorite Brutus, who reclines in a chair while a masked man displays Brutus's feet to the camera. This appears to be the same disguised man who appeared in Falcon's *The Other Side of Aspen II*. I have little need for masks in porno, especially in a fellow who puts out so little. He caresses these feet, tickles them, counts each toe, exhibits the space between them, and sometimes even applies his mouth to them. But it's basically a static display scene; even he's content to watch Brutus's feet on an off-camera video monitor. Maybe I'm missing the excitement—the feet are there, but one just doesn't expect such placidity of presentation in a tape meant to arouse. It's a lengthy sequence as well, and would become dull, I assume, even for those content to stare at the soles of Brutus's feet.

The masked dullard is back for scene three, this time with the estimable Cole Carpenter, who induces a moment of oral frenzy from the masked one, but then it's more display.

While I liked Brutus's brief patches of stern talk ("These are a man's feet. Lick! Worship! Clean them!"), I was disconcerted by a dark patch on his sole. A callous? A lesion?

Although the absence of bad music is pleasing, shoddy production values mar the video. It's littered with unintentional sound dropouts and frames frozen not for dramatic effect but by mistake during the editing or duplication process. Also, despite several moments of obvious foot relish near the end, it seems this cast was chosen for their box-office appeal instead of their sexual proclivities. I'm not convinced any one of them had heard of their feet before taking part in this video.

This month's last video takes us away from the supposed hardcore fetishes of the earlier videos into what could be called "generic fetish." Volume seven of the HIS Video *Hotshots* anthologies of good clips from otherwise discarded movies is titled **Daddies**. It's mostly straightforward suck and fuck, but for those who like Daddy as one-

half of the team, this nonstop 90-minute video, at a regular half-price cost, is another great inch-by-inch sex value from HIS. It has ten scenes, all mercifully shorn of dialogue and exposition. Several of them are classics, several rousers and the rest are at least dependable.

Best among them is the appearance of J.D. Slater in an alarmingly forceful segment rescued from a turkey called *Caribbean Cruising*. Slater's been a star for a good many years, bringing his brooding force, brutefully glamorous good looks, and push-comes-to-shove sexuality to films from the heyday of Jack DeVaux through some of Chris Rage's raunchier epics and currently into the slicker product of southern California. Only Slater has remained unslick, with the same forceful no-nonsense slug-out couplings that he's offered in all his films.

Now in Los Angeles, he's branched out into directing—he's done *Bait* already, and will soon helm a Rambolike epic named *Muscle Commandos*. He's one of the few stars I can think of capable of undertaking such a commanding role, and this clip in *Daddies* is the perfect screen test for it. His pubes clipped and rudely tied off with tight thongs around his balls and cock, Slater treats and mistreats a thickly hung young man who is willingly subservient to J.D.'s rough and mean fucking and make-em-gag sucking.

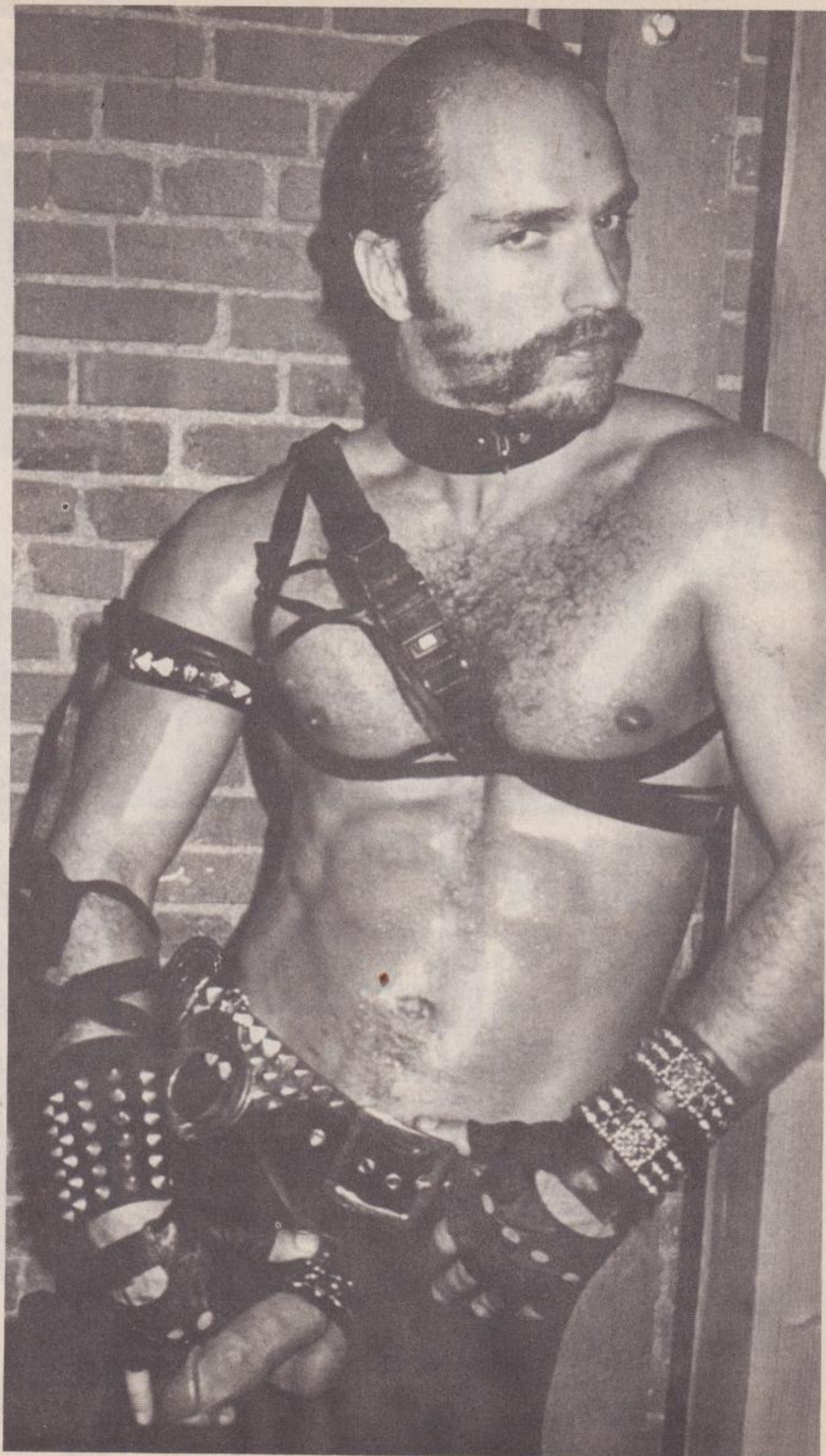
Other highlights of the anthology include the classic desert shack three-way from *Kansas City Trucking Co.*, Will Seagers and Richard Locke in scenes from *L.A. Tool and Die* and *Heatstroke*; uncut Steve Collins working on Jon King and Cole Taylor; and several scenes that play against our daddy expectations—my favorite being the one in which the tables are turned and massively hung daddy David Connors is topped by a sturdy young buck.

Wings Video, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, 94142-2009.

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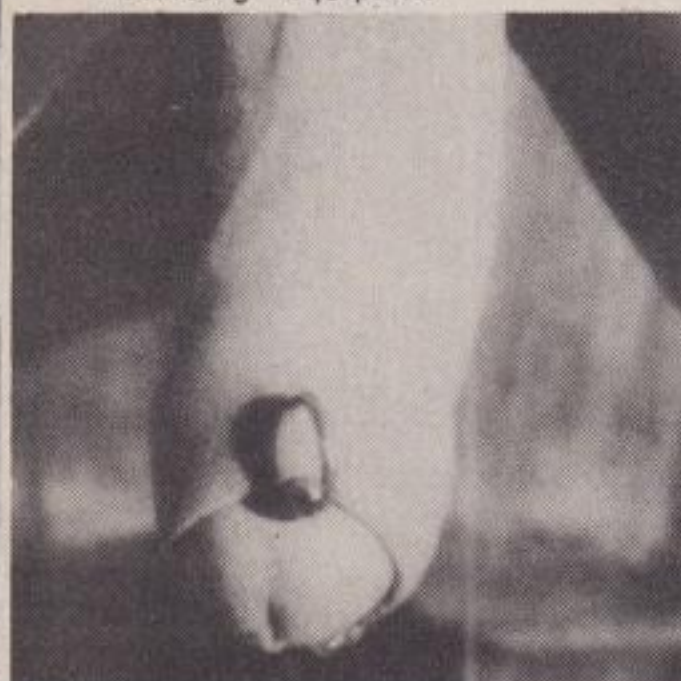
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After being attacked in Parliament as a pornographer for films like the gay *Sebastiane*, the punk *Jubilee* and the indescribable *The Tempest*, Derek Jarman was on his best behavior when he made *Caravaggio*.

He wrote 17 scripts, Jarman told *Drummer*, in the seven years he was planning this opus. The one he settled on must have been the mildest of the lot.

Caravaggio is this year's *Mishima*, another attempt to understand a gay artist through studying his work. Parliament's censorship debate apparently had the same inhibiting effect on Jarman that threats of litigation from Mishima's widow had on Paul Schrader, even though the Italian painter he was dealing with died in 1610.

The date of his death is one of the few things known for certain about Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, who is best remembered for the dramatic lighting effect, or *chiaroscuro*, he achieved in his paintings. Jarman weaves published fact and speculation with his own research-based conclusions into what might best be described as a fantasia on the life of Caravaggio.

The artist, well posed—there's a lot more modeling than acting going on here—by Nigel Terry, is introduced on his deathbed. In voiceover narration, he recalls the man who carried him there: "If arms as steady as these had embraced me in life..."

That narrative resumes each time we return to the Porto Ercole shack where Caravaggio lies, attended by Jerusaleme (Spencer Leigh), the apprentice he purchased as a child. ("The gentleman is bestowing a great honor upon our family," the boy's mother says as the painter pays her for "a companion in my loneliness.") Sometimes the thoughts seem to come from a classic novel—Jarman swears they're original, except for



HIGH-TECH DICK: The critics are divided on the movie but not the star. William Petersen is HOT in *Manhunter*.

some quotes from Heraclitus—often focusing on an imaginary perfect lover named Pasqualone. One episode related is a hot, gay sex scene, possibly carried over from one of the other 16 scripts.

Eventually the flashbacks relax into an order that's chrono, if not logical. Young Caravaggio (Dexter Fletcher) moves to Rome as a teenager and becomes a street artist, selling whatever he can. "Have you any more at home?" inquires a prospective customer. "It'll cost you," the lad replies, adding later, "I'm an art object, and very expensive."

The young man falls ill and in the hospital meets Cardinal del Monte, who becomes his first important patron. "What's that cardinal after?" asks a model, another street boy. "Him?" Caravaggio replies. "Fuck all, a few cheap thrills."

Jump forward a few years as Fletcher gives way to Terry (although visually Mick Jagger would have made a more appropriate segue). Caravaggio is suffering from painter's block on "The Martyrdom of

St. Matthew," until he spots Ranuccio Thomasoni (sexy, blond Sean Bean) in a bar and hires him to pose as the assassin.

Ranuccio has a mistress, Lena (Tilda Swinton), who is jealous of the artist. "He ain't fucked me yet," her boyfriend protests as they quarrel, but she taunts him: "Fuckin' rent boy!"

We presume that somebody fucks somebody—it's Jarman's contention that Ranuccio became Caravaggio's lover, but the painter also dallied with Lena—but the director coyly pointed out in our interview that we never see anyone in the act. When movies were simpler and more innocent we always knew what we weren't seeing; now we can't be so sure.

Lena is murdered. Ranuccio goes to prison for it, but Caravaggio's powerful friends get him out. The men fight and Caravaggio kills Ranuccio. It's 1606 and he spends most of the rest of his life on the run.

The plot reads simpler than it plays, with several characters not properly introduced. Jarman gives us too much credit

for sharing his knowledge of the subject, as if we can glance at models posing for painting and know instantly who commissioned it, for what church, and why it was controversial. We should know, for instance, that Dawn Archibald, an androgynous acrobat who poses for "Profane Love" with her clothes on, represents the 12-year-old boy who actually posed nude, and that the painting is patterned after—and critical of—a work by the more famous Michelangelo (Buonarroti).

Unless you've studied the late Italian Renaissance extensively you'll miss such subtleties in *Caravaggio*. You'll have to settle for enjoying the visual beauty, the largely implied gay relationships and the sense that the gay director may become one of the greats if he ever learns to communicate his visions to an audience.

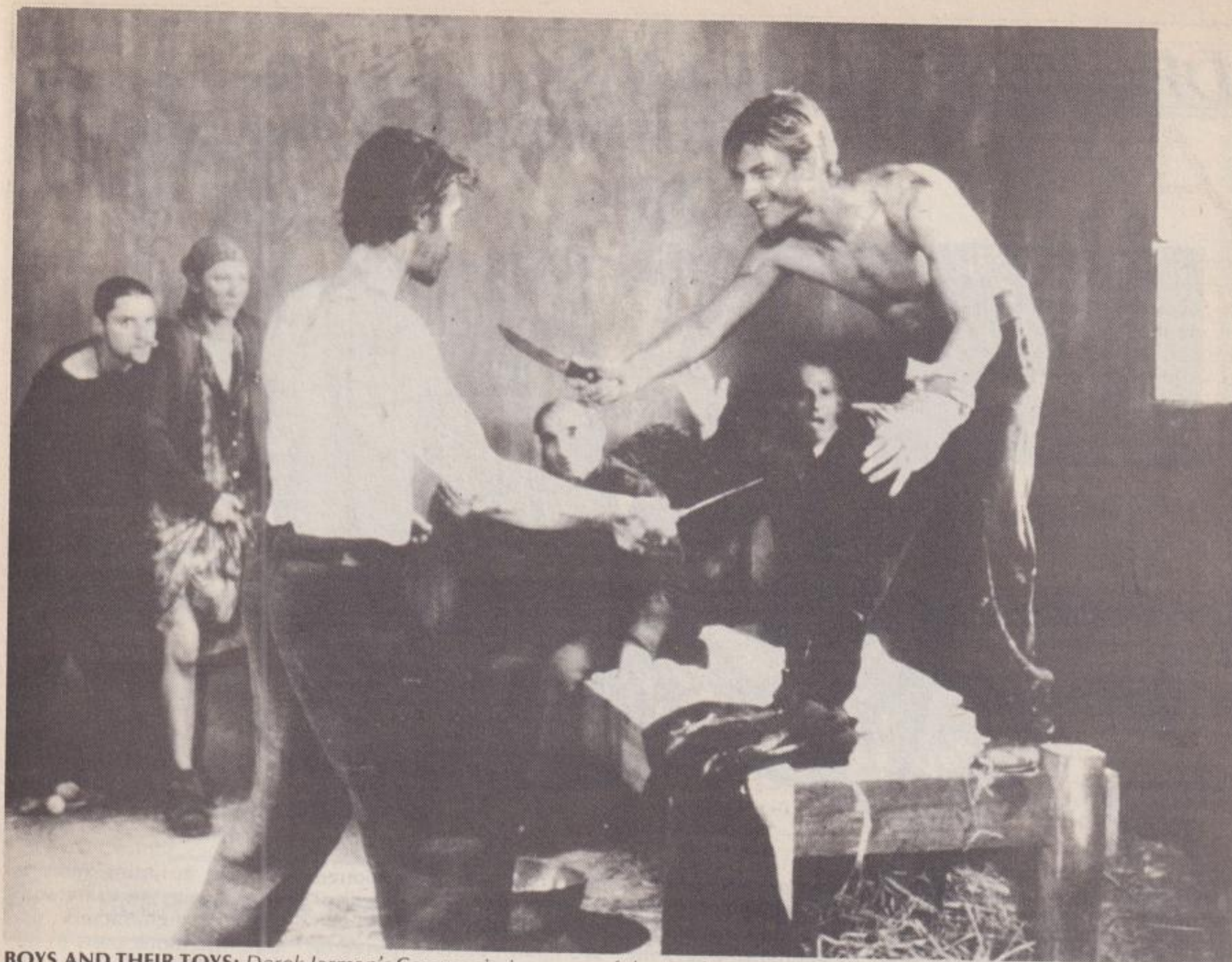
There are great films in Derek Jarman's head, but seating is extremely limited.

MANFINDER

This column is starting a William L. Petersen watch as a public service. Known as a stage actor in Chicago, he first came to prominence in *To Live and Die in L.A.*, where his jeans showed a more pronounced and consistent bulge than any actor's in any major studio release in history—at least without a codpiece.

In *Manhunter* Petersen wears baggier pants so we can concentrate on his face and acting ability. He scores high on both counts. As a psychic detective for the FBI, it's his job to pick up the mental scent of psychotic killers, whose irrational motives defy logic.

Burned out by the case that put mad genius Dr. Lektor (Brian Cox) behind padded bars, Will Graham (Petersen) is persuaded to come back to work after a serial killer the press dubs "the Tooth Fairy" (Tom Noonan) has wiped out two families and is planning to go for the triple crown at the



BOYS AND THEIR TOYS: Derek Jarman's *Caravaggio* is a successful quest for visual excellence. The sexuality may be tempered but not the sensuality.

next full moon. What he does with the bodies before and after killing them is only hinted at, leaving your imagination room to roam through kinky territory. Asked how to proceed Graham advises, "Someone should blow the sick fuck out of his socks!"

For a movie about passion and feelings in which the thought of murdered, tortured families drives Graham to crack the case if it means cracking up, *Manhunter* is strangely cold. Not so strangely, perhaps, when you consider the previous work of director Michael Mann, executive producer of *Miami Vice*, whose first feature, *Thief*, was as much about the technology of crime as *Manhunter* is about high-tech crime solving.

Critical opinion is sharply divided on *Manhunter*. Some of us were intrigued throughout, while others were totally

bored. Some were less impressed than others by Petersen's acting, while Noonan and especially Cox earned higher grades.

I think Mel Gibson fans will like Petersen, who is a similar type. By the time you read this, the picture should be gone from theaters, and you can add it to your list of videos to watch for.

TOBE OR NOT TOBE

Maybe Will Graham should have been called in to solve **The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.** Lefty (Dennis Hopper) has been on the case for 14 years, ever since his relatives were sawed to shit in the original film. By now the revenge-crazed Lefty is a wacko as Leatherface and company, the family of cannibals responsible for the bloodshed.

Having progressed from *Massacre 1* to the relatively sophisticated *Poltergeist*, direc-

tor and cowriter Tobe Hooper returns to his old stomping ground in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2*. The reunion shows a little more class and a lot more humor. For example, the only one of the killer clan fit to appear in public wins a chili cookoff and declares, "The secret is the meat." Later, a tough old bird who's had so much flesh removed he's about to die from the draft on his bones, apologizes to the woman he's been fighting for, "I reckon I'm falling apart on you, honey."

The movie starts with two high school party animals, a hunk and an idiot, driving a Mercedes with FAH Q plates. They phone their favorite D.J., Stretch (Caroline Williams), to let her hear them become victims of Leatherface's sawchosis. She's the one who will scream through the final reels, on a more expensive and elaborate set than in Part 1. There's

even a gratuitous Edsel for boomersploitation.

Lefty and Leatherface go on their respective rampages, chainsawing everything in sight like a demented David Letterman stunt. Stretch teases the killer to bring out his (relatively) human side, but of course his chainsaw is his only sexual organ, and she can't get Leatherface off. Even without that problem, the dude wasn't about to set a fashion trend in above-the-neck leatherwear.

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2 is as sick and disgusting as its predecessor, which means you won't see anything grosser this year. (Why would you want to?) If you liked the grittiness of the original and prefer to take your horror seriously, you won't appreciate the polish and humor that have "improved" this edition; but there's no question that it deserves a cult of its own.

—Steve Warren

PAGE 81 DRUMMER

DRUMMEDIA BOOKS

THE MISSIONS OF ALEX KANE



Being one of those people who can and does from time to time get lost in mystery/thriller-type novels I tend to be highly entertained by the genre. At this point I have read all of the gay hero thrillers, Brandstetter, Don Strachey and Valentine. I've also read all of the original James Bond novels. What all of this is leading to is that you must often suspend disbelief and you almost always must make some sort of allowances for the quantum leaps when the author has written himself into a corner. Preston has written, so far, four missions for Alex Kane. Each is capable of standing by itself. And yet there are peaks and valleys in the continuity of the series when they are read in sequence.

Number one, *Sweet Dreams*, introduces Alex Kane and his "boss"/control Mr. Farmdale, who also is the father of Alex's first lover who was killed by a homophobic NCO in Vietnam. Now Alex has a mission: to go after all of the homophobes who prey on gays. In *Sweet Dreams* the vil-

lains are a ring of murdering scumbags who blackmail high school and college-age guys into prostitution. Okay, the plot line in this, and all the others, is simplistic. However, Preston manages to flesh out the plot line and the characters and allows the reader to use his imagination too. We have all met some of these same "characters" in our lives. Alex rescues Danny from the prostitution ring, is smitten with him but resolutely refuses to get involved. It is not until the first third of Mission number two that Alex and Danny finally are brought together by the meddling Farmdale.

Mission number two, *Golden Years*, deals with a rip-off of gay seniors. It is a well-thought-out scam. Only the villains haven't taken into account Alex or a couple of enchanting gay seniors! Farmdale has a bank of computers that can spot trends in gay harassment and, when lawyers and money (Farmdale is fabulously wealthy) can't solve the problem, it's time for Alex to take over. In this one,

the computers have spotted an inordinate number of deaths of known gay men who are known to have moved to Cactus County, Arizona, from San Francisco, L.A., New York City, etc. There is a secondary romance story line in all of the remaining novels in the series, besides that of Alex/Danny. In this one there are three!

Mission number three, *Deadly Lies*, deals with a scandal mongering and murder campaign to elect the next governor of Minnesota. Having lived in Minneapolis, I know there is a "machine," but I never imagined it to be a Snow Belt Mafia! All sorts of lies and machinations are used to get an incompetent candidate elected to the statehouse. Some of the secondary characters here are also a real delight.

Mission number four, *Stolen Moments*, deals with a rabidly homophobic, racist, sexist newspaper publisher in Houston. He uses the worst sort of yellow journalism. Inflammatory headlines work on the threat of AIDS and urge quarantining the Montrose area

resulting in rioting and mayhem. Again there are some secondary characters who have interesting parts to play in all of the resolution of the problem. By now Alex and Danny have settled into a comfortable relationship.

The style is typical Preston—short descriptive sentences, realistic locales, fairly realistic dialogue. And although some may find the plots too simple, contrived or mindless, the series makes splendid escapist reading. Preston may not have created a truly believable hero, but there are a lot of secondary characters who are much more human and realistic. The scenarios almost always include all aspects of gay life from disco to leather.

Alex Kane is a little too smooth, too machinelike. Everything is in perfect order with him, "even his mittens have strings." However, Preston has created a central character with a mission (to paraphrase an old TV series) "to seek out injustice..." against gays. They are a good read, and make an interesting series.

—DragonMaster

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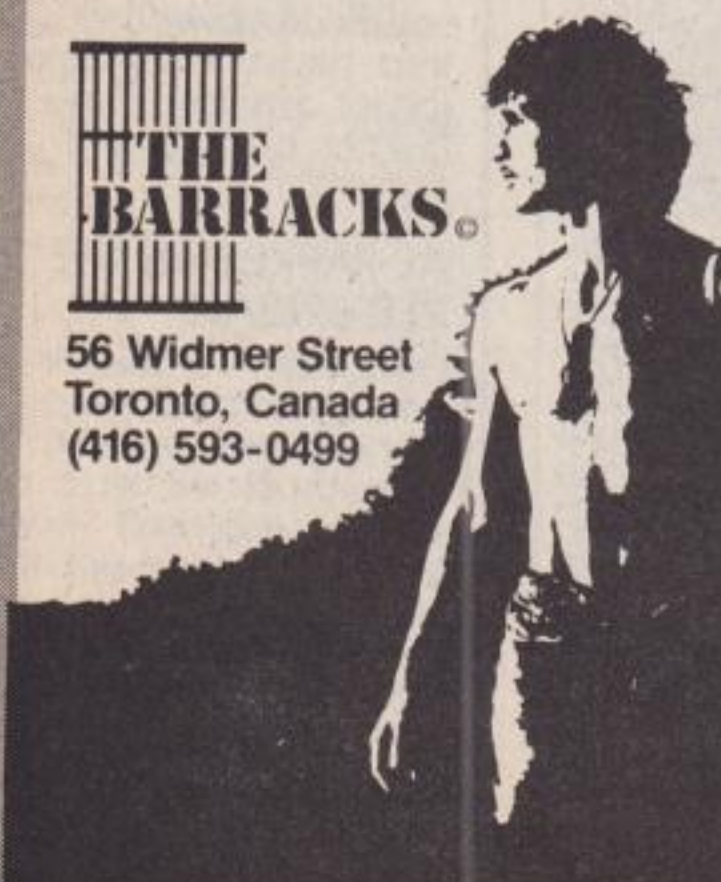
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THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

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THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

THE DADDY TAPES

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MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

KID VS DAD— WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig... if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in *Marines Overheard*.

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty, greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded.



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower...your mouth is going to be my toilet...you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world, just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation.



FATHER/SON—A father becomes his son's lover.

MARINE BRIG—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

PORN CALLS—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

SAILING TO HELL—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

THE CONFESSIONAL—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

THE HITCHHIKER—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

THE HUSTLER—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

THE WARDEN—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

TV REPAIRMAN—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

WHIP FIRE—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING—The hows and whys.

INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE—A young, male whore tells all.

MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION—Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

SM AND LOVE?—Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

THE ART OF FISTING—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE—Its values and what it is about.

THE MASTER—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

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TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS



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Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

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THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

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We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out: slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops, you'll listen to this tape again and again.

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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

Well, it's here—the first issue of *DRUMMER* which Desmodus Inc. is publishing. When I am writing this copy, the magazine is just being put together, so I don't know what it looks like. Well, how is it, guys? Now don't piss and gripe because it isn't all that you wanted. Believe me when I say that it will get better and better. Watch out for *Drummer 100*, the next issue, because Tony DeBlase promises me that it will be a super issue.

Have you guys found the *INFERNO XV* run book yet? You haven't? Jesus H. Christ, you missed my fucking story. Send \$9.95 to Desmodus Inc., plus California sales tax if you live in this state, and I'll get it off to you. Our address is PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

Now, I've done the commercial bit, let's get down to what this column's about.

If you live in the Northwest, you must not miss the first International Conference of the National Leather Association. The conference is entitled "Living in Leather" and it will be held on October 11, 12 and 13 at the Seattle Center. Unfortunately, I just got the scoop on it in today's mail. There's no doubt in my mind that this will be a very important conference. I hope that I get enough advance information for the second conference to let everyone know far enough in advance so they can attend if they have a mind to.

I had hoped to attend the Chicago Hellfire Club's Inferno this past weekend, but Andy and Tony, *DRUMMER*'s president and publisher, attended, so I missed out, since they had to have someone in the store. Both Andy and Tony said they froze their asses off. I guess this will teach them a fucking lesson—leaving me behind! On second thought, I should have called up a super heatwave, so everyone would have sweated their balls off in



that hot leather, but I went for the cold because there is nothing sweeter than seeing naked flesh covered with goose bumps. Everyone was having a good time—well, you can't have it all. I tried to fuck it up! Attendance was not as high as last year's, but that

happens occasionally. They didn't expect a big crowd last year and it ended up being overbooked. Do you think the word got out that I wasn't going to be there, so dudes figured why waste the money?!

Got a note from Al Santora.

I've got to meet this man someday. He tells me that the Centaur Motorcycle Club is holding their third Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman contest at Dick's Bar in Washington, D.C. on January 16, 17 and 18, 1987. Among the judges will be Scott Tucker and Patrick Toner. Besides the hot flesh on stage, the judges will make your crotch itch. Louis Bothwell, Steve Maidhof, and Chuck Smukler will also be judging. Now, don't give me any shit about not knowing far enough in advance. If all those hot men intimidate you, then I'd advise you wimps to stay away. If you are interested, write Al Santora at PO Box 912, Harrisburg, PA 17108-0912, and get the particulars.

OKAY, SHITHEADS! You are still sitting on your hands, or you are so fucking closeted that you're afraid to see your club's name in *DRUMMER*. I'm not hearing from you. Let me know in advance, like Centaur, and I'll let everyone know.

There are guys who figure that I am too damn raunchy in my column. Well, you get it like I write it. I can promise you that I can get shittier and probably will as time passes. For those of you who can't stand it, I suggest that you read what you want and skip over this column and read the *U.S. News & World Report*. As time goes by, I will speak my fucking mind and let the chips fall where they will. If I can't speak my mind, then what the fuck use is there to writing this?

Finally, is there anything of interest happening in your community, other than runs or parties, that you would like to share with the rest of the leather community? Send it on: I'll try to include it in the column.

Until next time! May you fulfill all of your fantasies and get your gun off as often as you are able! Keep the faith!

Yours in leather and fraternal brotherhood,





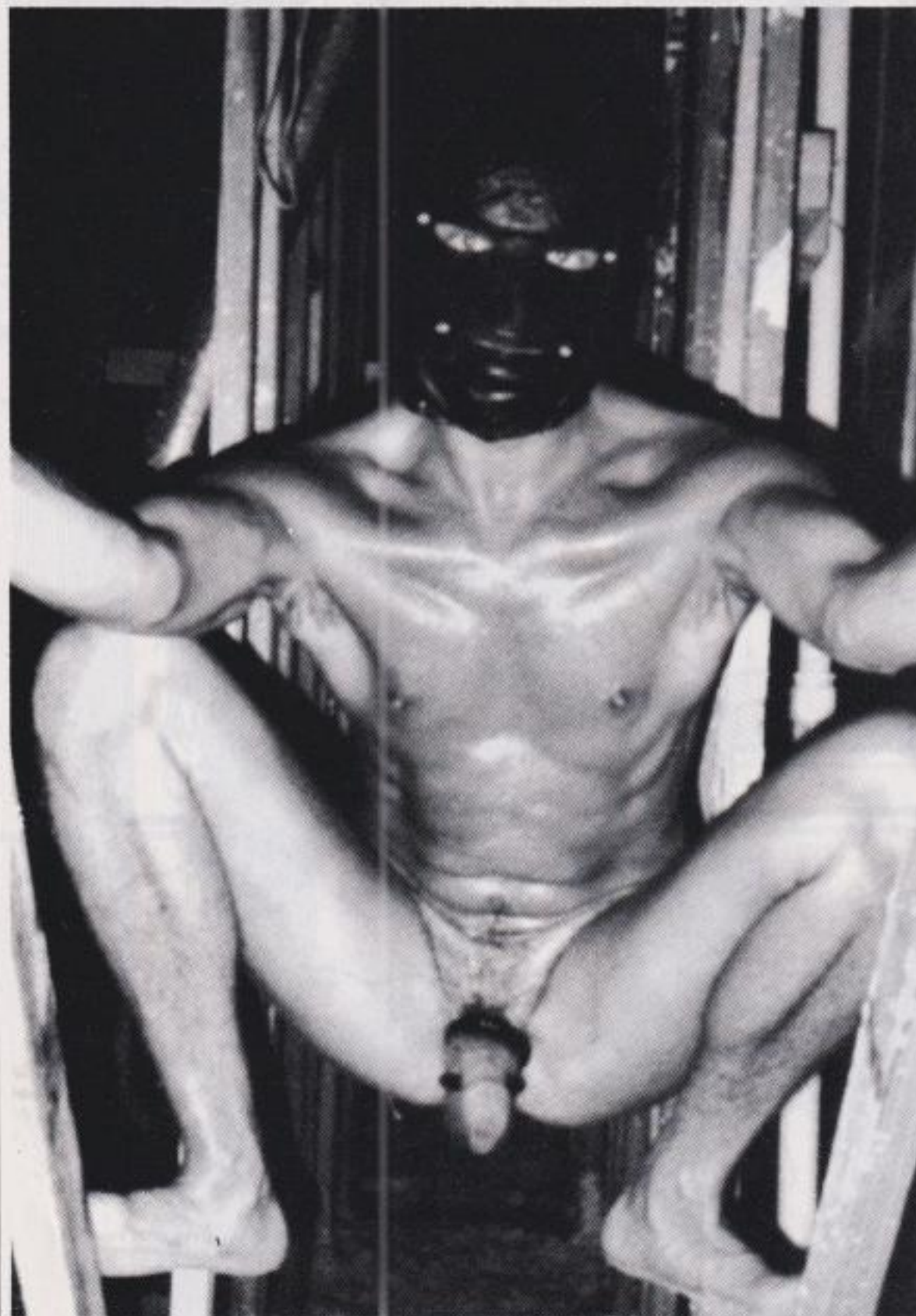


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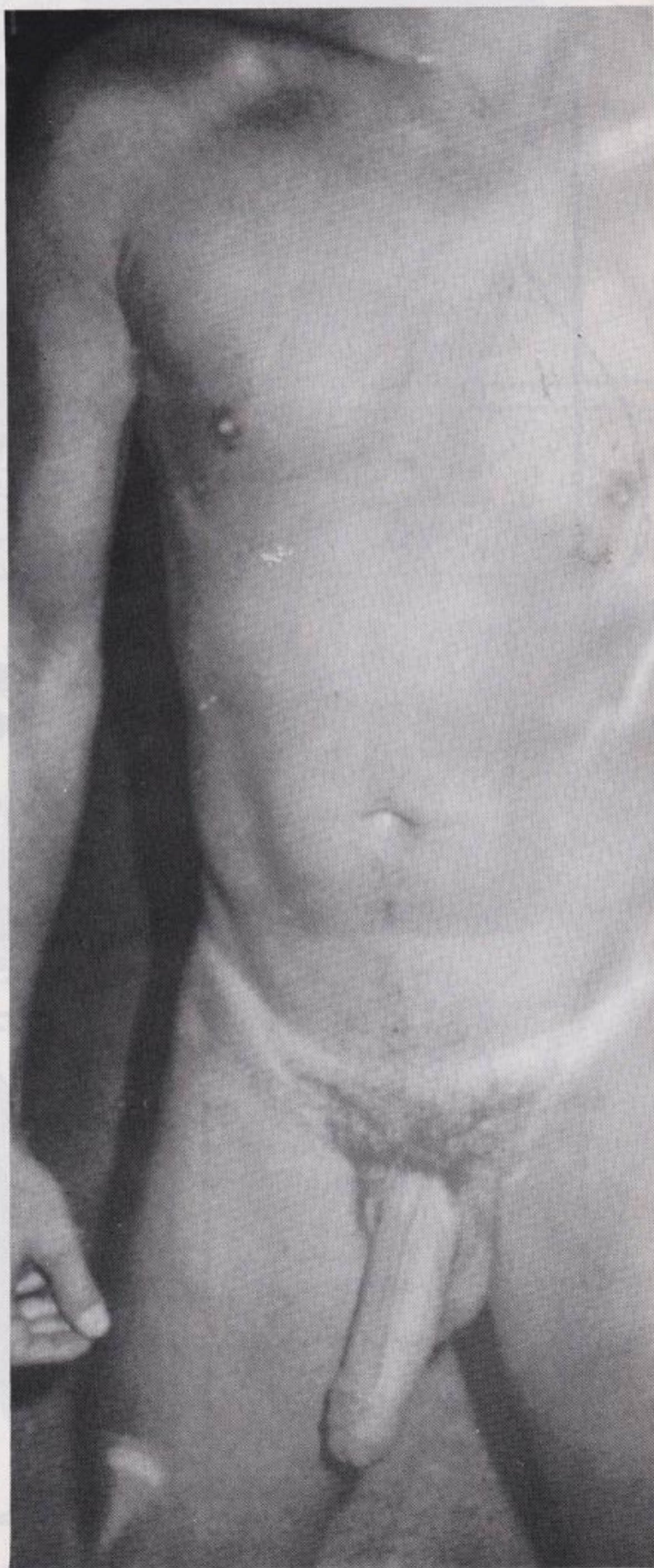
Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, California 94101-1314. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



BLOND BOTTOM: Only a portion of what this hot 6' Chicago TC has to offer can be seen in these photos (the portion you see is 7½"); the rest he leaves up to the imagination of safe-sex minded Leather Masters. Just to stimulate your fantasies, he wants us to let you know he's into bondage, TT, CBT, slings, collars, hoods/gags, dildoes, mirrors, weights and group scenes. If you're ready, he is! Write to TC 1165.





HOT AND HEAVY: If the photo doesn't shock you, then you may be what this slave is looking for. Into B/D, S/M, whips, shaving, C&B torture, nipple enlarging and electricity. He needs a hot Leather Master. TC 1162 would probably get a charge out of hearing from you.

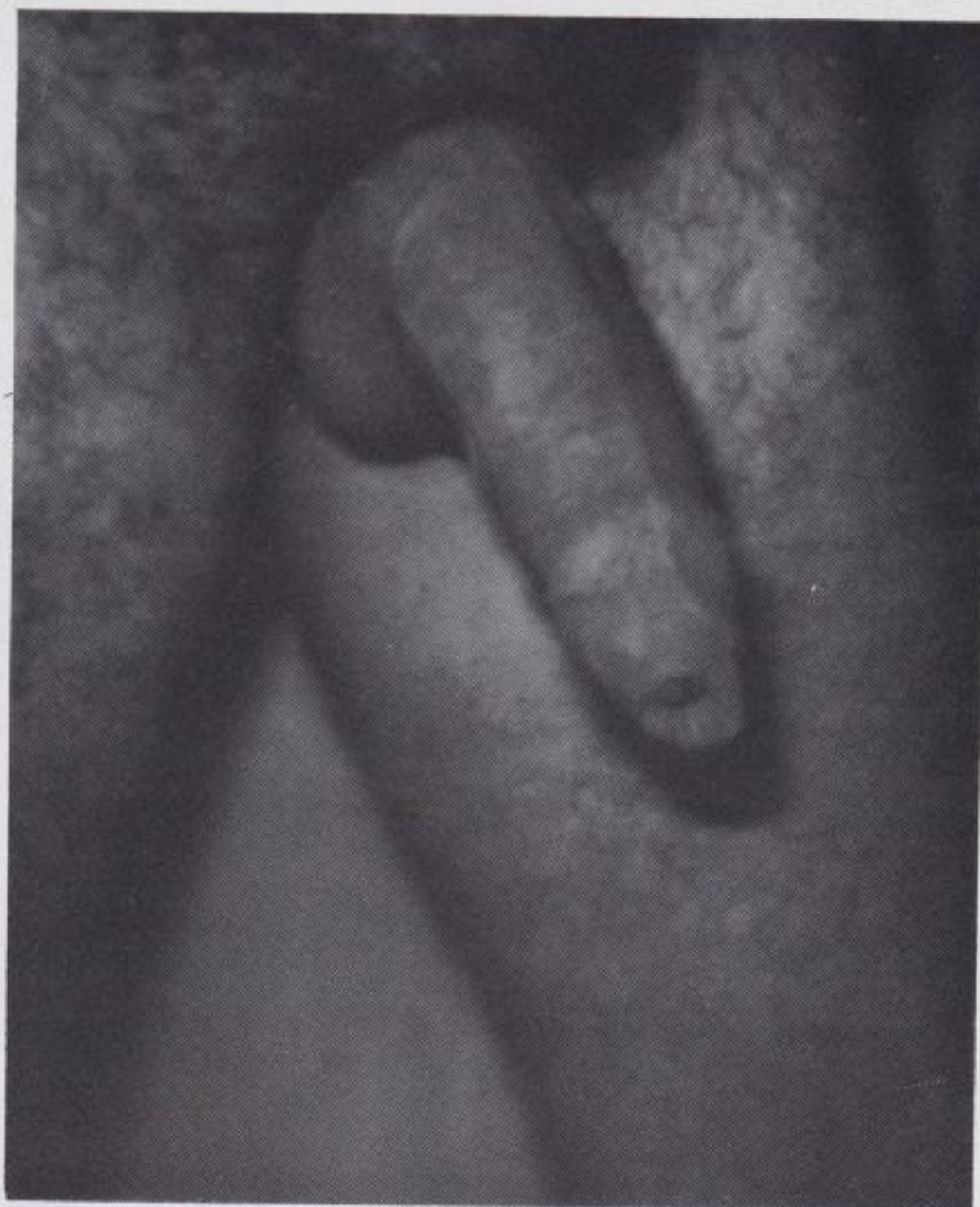


UP-FRONT EXHIBITIONIST: For those of you in or traveling to the D.C. area, this shaved and willing slave is awaiting your command. Just you or a party of men, he's ready to show all for your pleasure. So if you're looking for a party animal, contact TC 1163.



TWO GUYS FROM P.S.: Versatility brought these guys together and it's easy to see why (9" uncut and 8" cut) they have advanced each other's fantasies. Whether worshiping cock, sucking on

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smooth, shaved balls or chewing foreskin, these tough customers are into long-lasting, safe-sex sessions and are looking for more likeminded guys. Contact TC 1164.

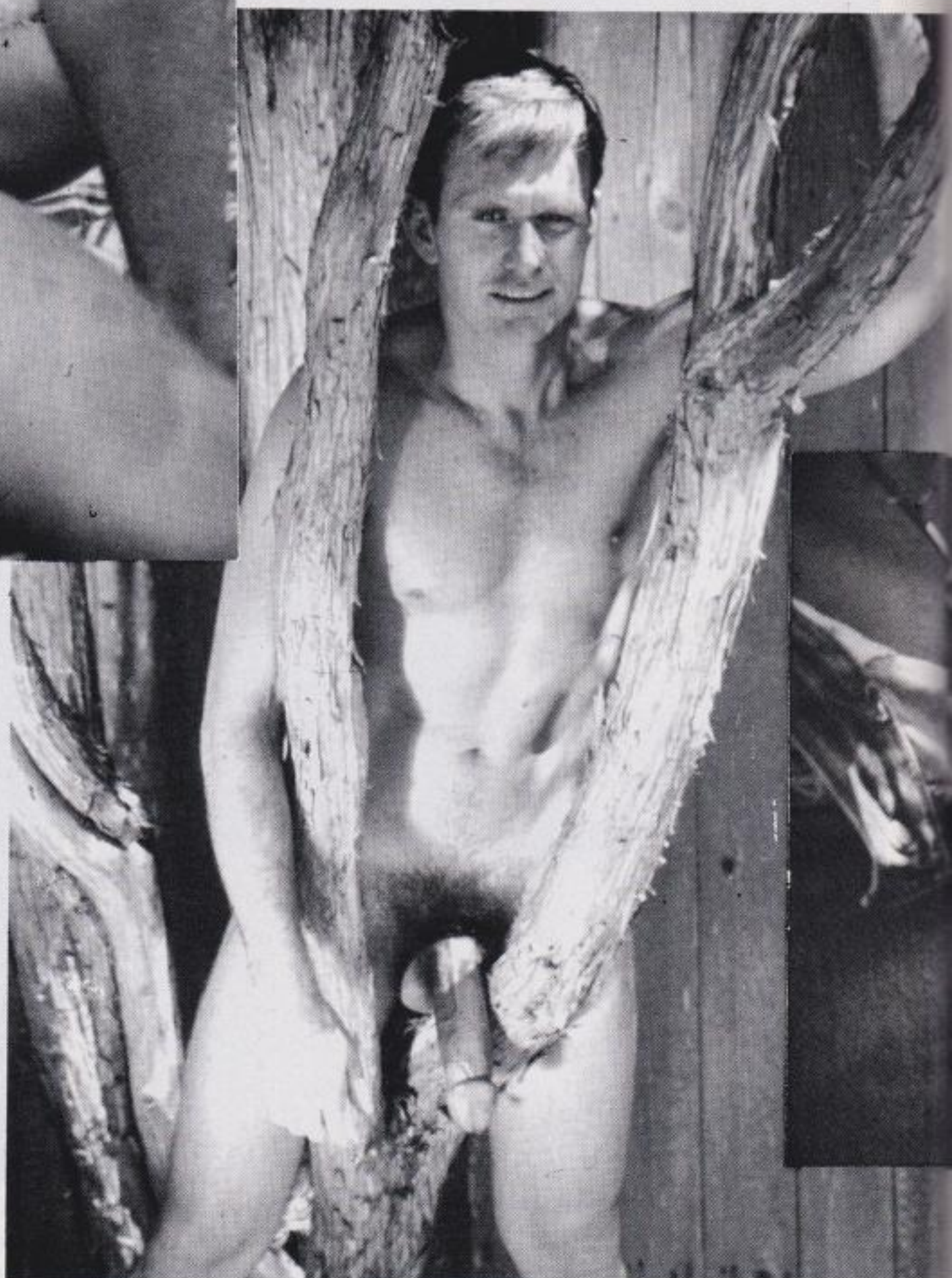
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PASSING FANTASY

Another sensuous, sunfilled summer passes into memory. Let us pause in reflection and ponder those moments of what was or might have been on some sandy beach or shaded forest path.

Photos, courtesy of Wakefield Poole, are from the new video *Boys in the Sand II*, which can be ordered from Video By Mail, 47 South 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211.



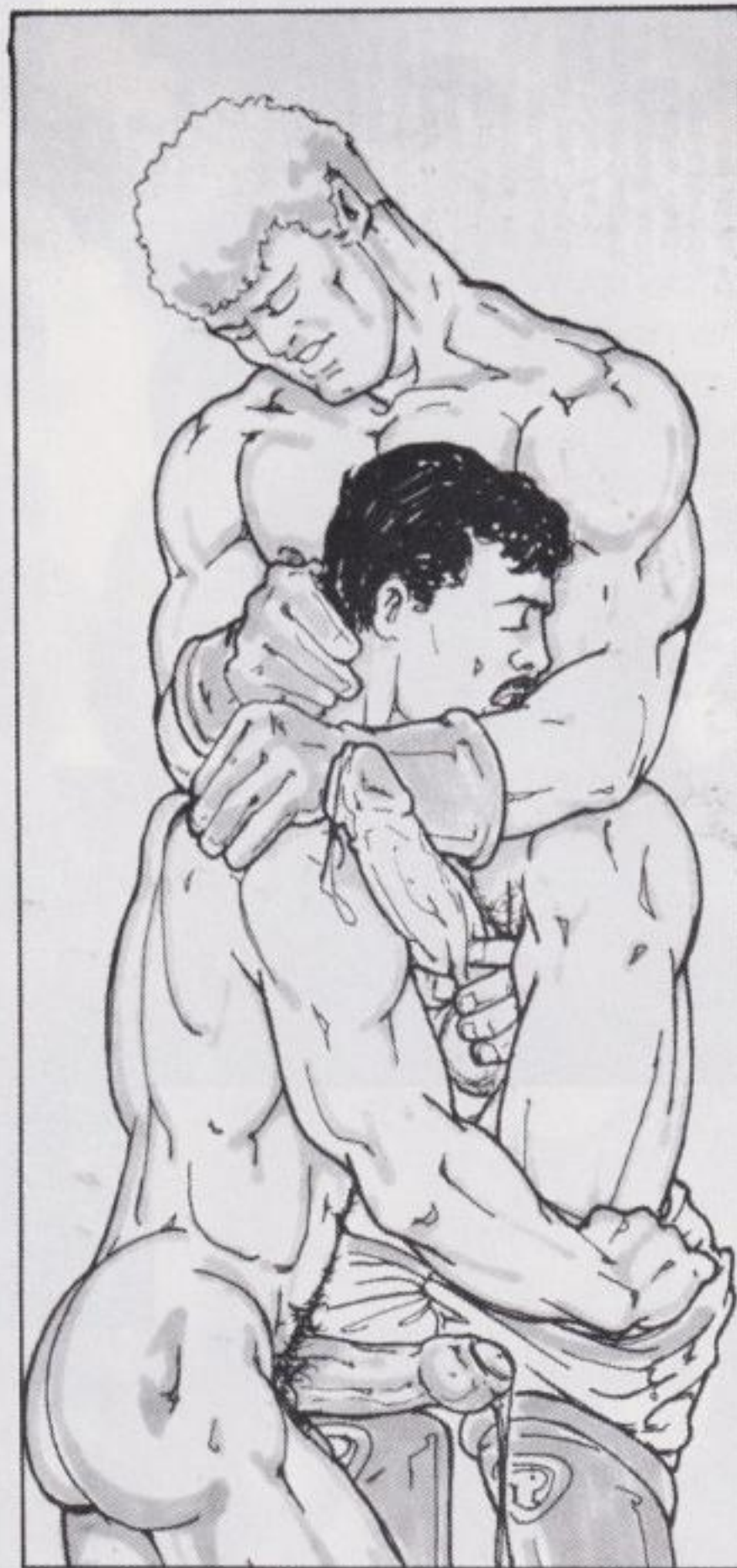


IT'S 2139 AND HELL ON EARTH IS A PLACE CALLED

SADO ISLAND

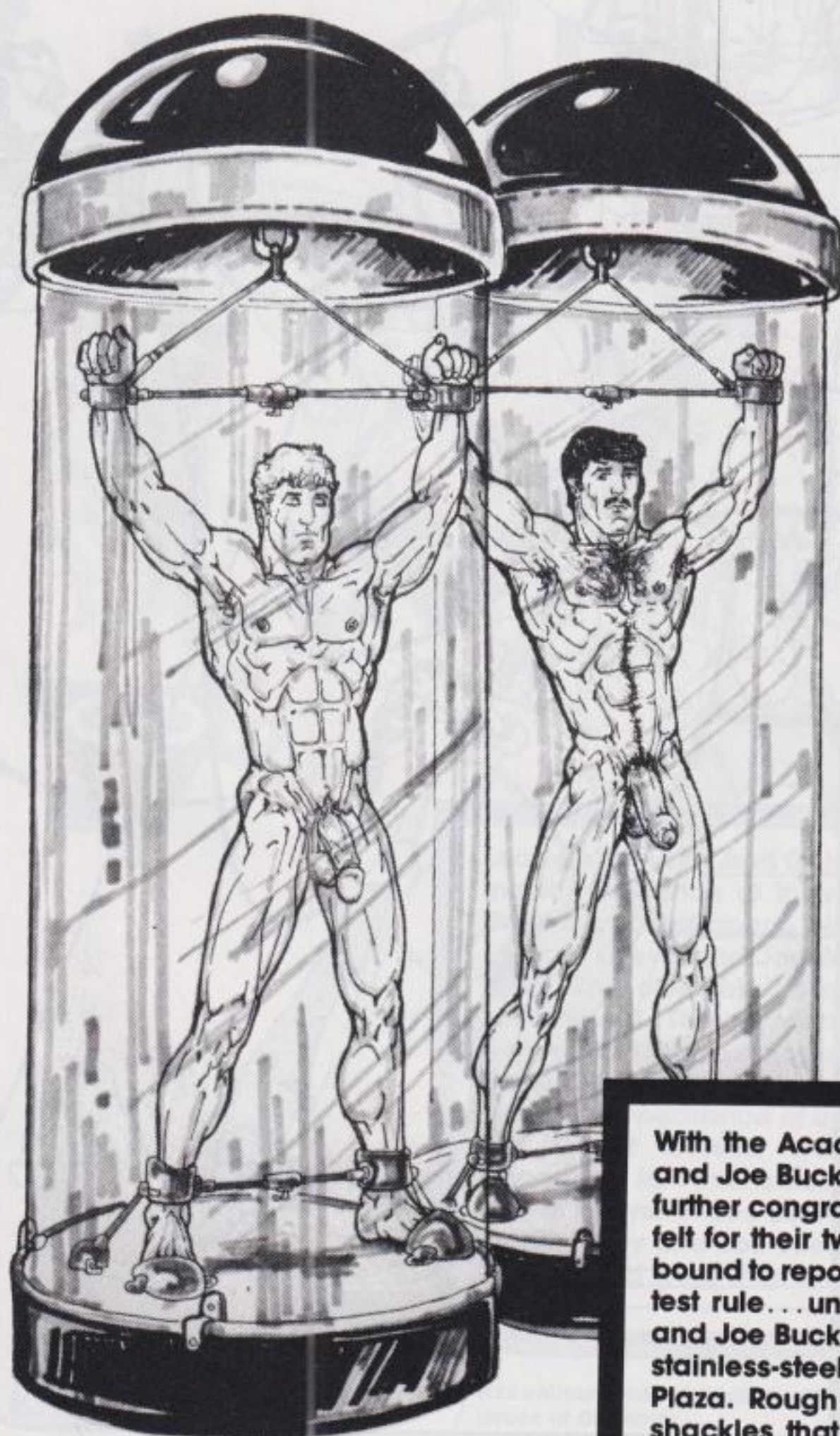
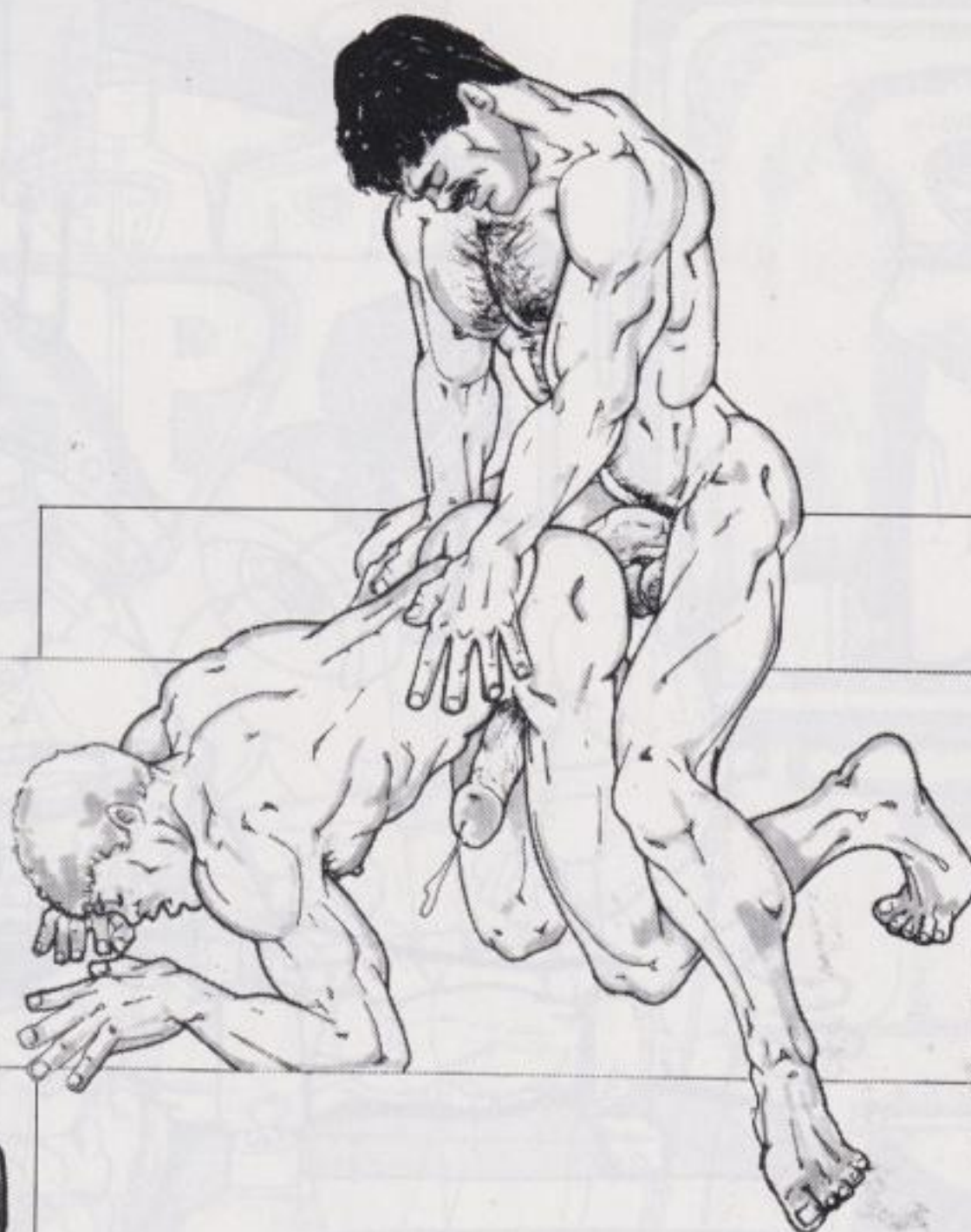
Part I

Story by Mikal Bales, Illustrations by Matt

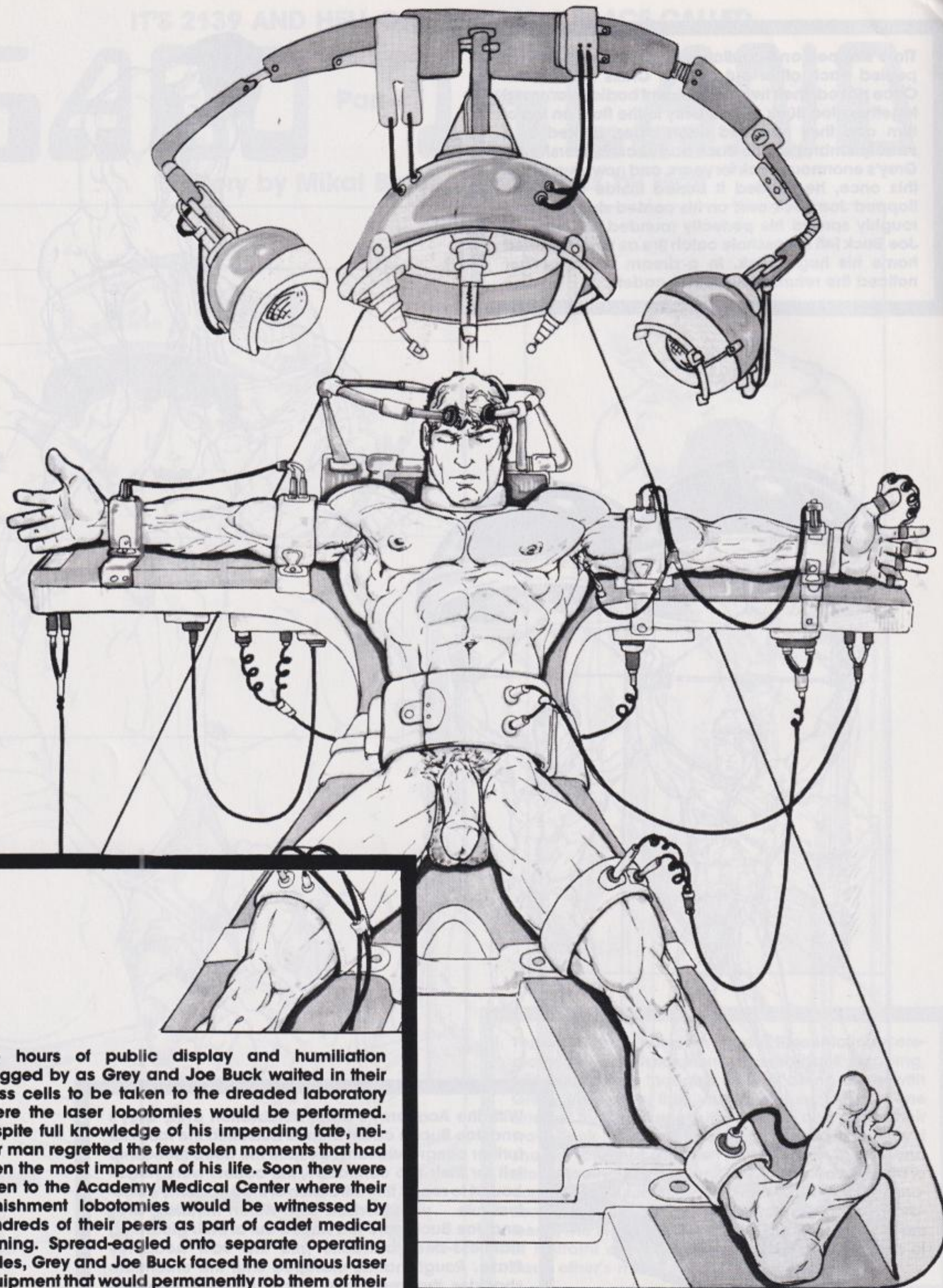


Throughout the Academy Order Presentation Ceremony, the congratulations and the back slapping, Joe Buck's only thoughts were of being alone with Grey. Afterwards, they fought their way toward one another through the excited cadets and made their way back to the barracks and quarters they'd shared together for four years. Once inside and alone, facing each other, Grey extended his hand to congratulate Joe Buck. But the overwhelming emotion welling in both of them was too great. Wordlessly, they fell into each other's arms and four years of restraint exploded into a hungry exploration of each other's mouths and bodies.

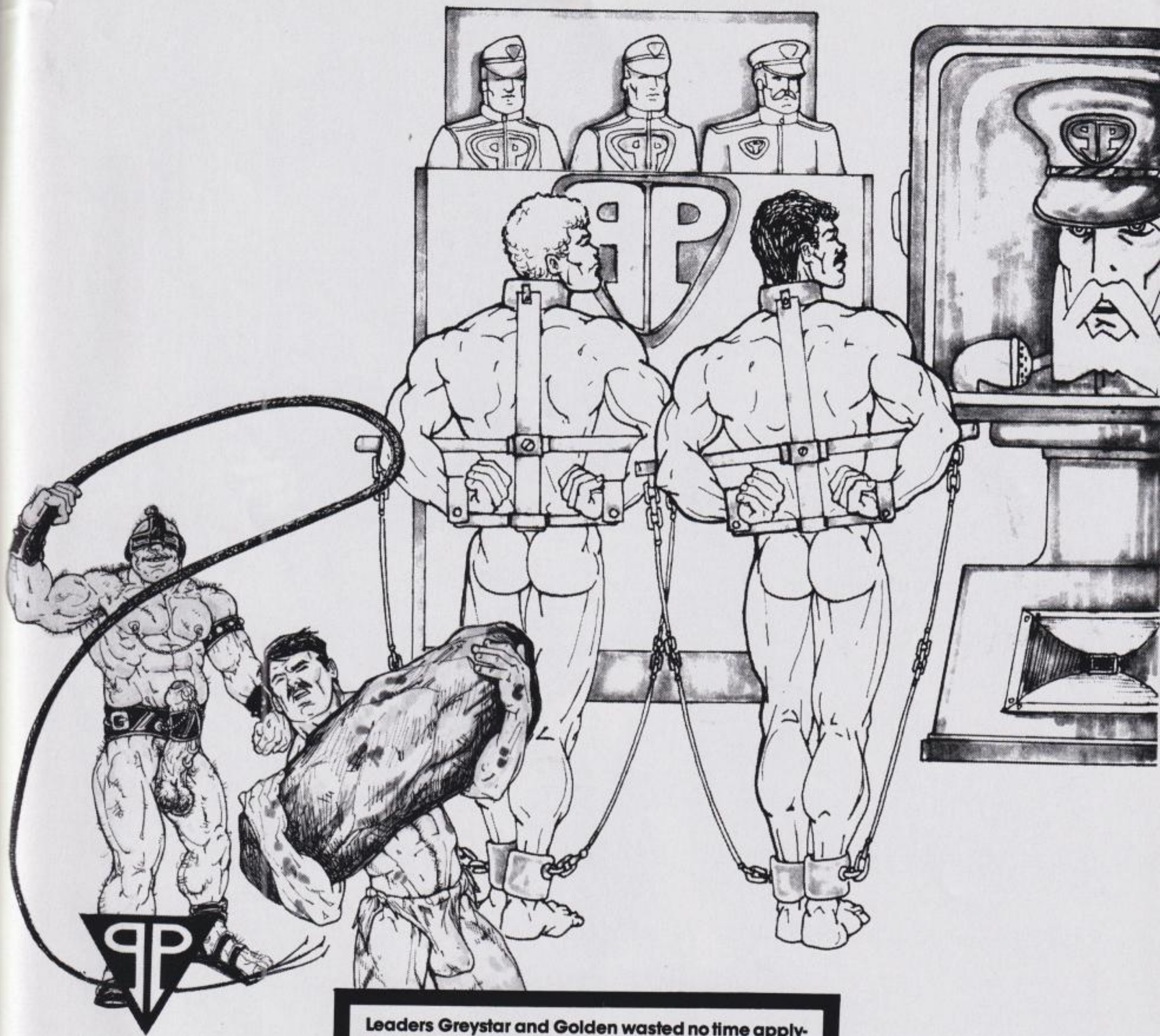
Time stopped and caution was abandoned as they peeled each other out of their Class A uniforms. Once naked, their two magnificent bodies slammed together. Joe Buck pulled Grey to the floor on top of him and they hunched each other, locked in a sweaty embrace. Joe Buck had secretly worshiped Grey's enormous cock for years, and now, even if just this once, he wanted it buried inside him. Grey flopped Joe Buck over on his corded stomach and roughly spread his perfectly rounded ass cheeks. Joe Buck felt his asshole catch fire as Grey rammed home his huge cock. In a dream world, neither noticed the return of his fellow cadets.



With the Academy's order celebration over, Grey's and Joe Buck's cadet friends burst into the room for further congratulations. Despite the deep friendship felt for their two comrades, the cadets were honor-bound to report this infraction of the Academy's strictest rule... unauthorized sex. Within minutes, Grey and Joe Buck were led naked out of their gleaming stainless-steel barracks into the vast Academy Plaza. Rough hands clamped shut the chromium shackles that restrained them. In individual glass punishment cells pedestaled in the Plaza's center, they awaited their fate... laser lobotomies.



The hours of public display and humiliation dragged by as Grey and Joe Buck waited in their glass cells to be taken to the dreaded laboratory where the laser lobotomies would be performed. Despite full knowledge of his impending fate, neither man regretted the few stolen moments that had been the most important of his life. Soon they were taken to the Academy Medical Center where their punishment lobotomies would be witnessed by hundreds of their peers as part of cadet medical training. Spread-eagled onto separate operating tables, Grey and Joe Buck faced the ominous laser equipment that would permanently rob them of their wills and love for one another.



Leaders Greystar and Golden wasted no time applying the influence of their offices to aid their sons. Behind cabinet doors, plea bargaining resulted in stays of Grey's and Joe Buck's sentences. Unknowingly, Grey owed his life to Joe Buck's assassination assignment. The Academy still considered Cadet Golden its brightest hope for the termination of Von Sado. Cadet Greystar's sentence was also stayed to give the appearance of uniform treatment of prisoners. Cadet Golden would be returned to the Academy for intensified assassination training. Cadet Greystar was sentenced to the penal mines for life. Grey and Joe Buck heard their sentences in silence and were then led apart from one another, forever.

to be continued...

This unique Zeus publication will be serialized over the next several issues of *Drummer*.

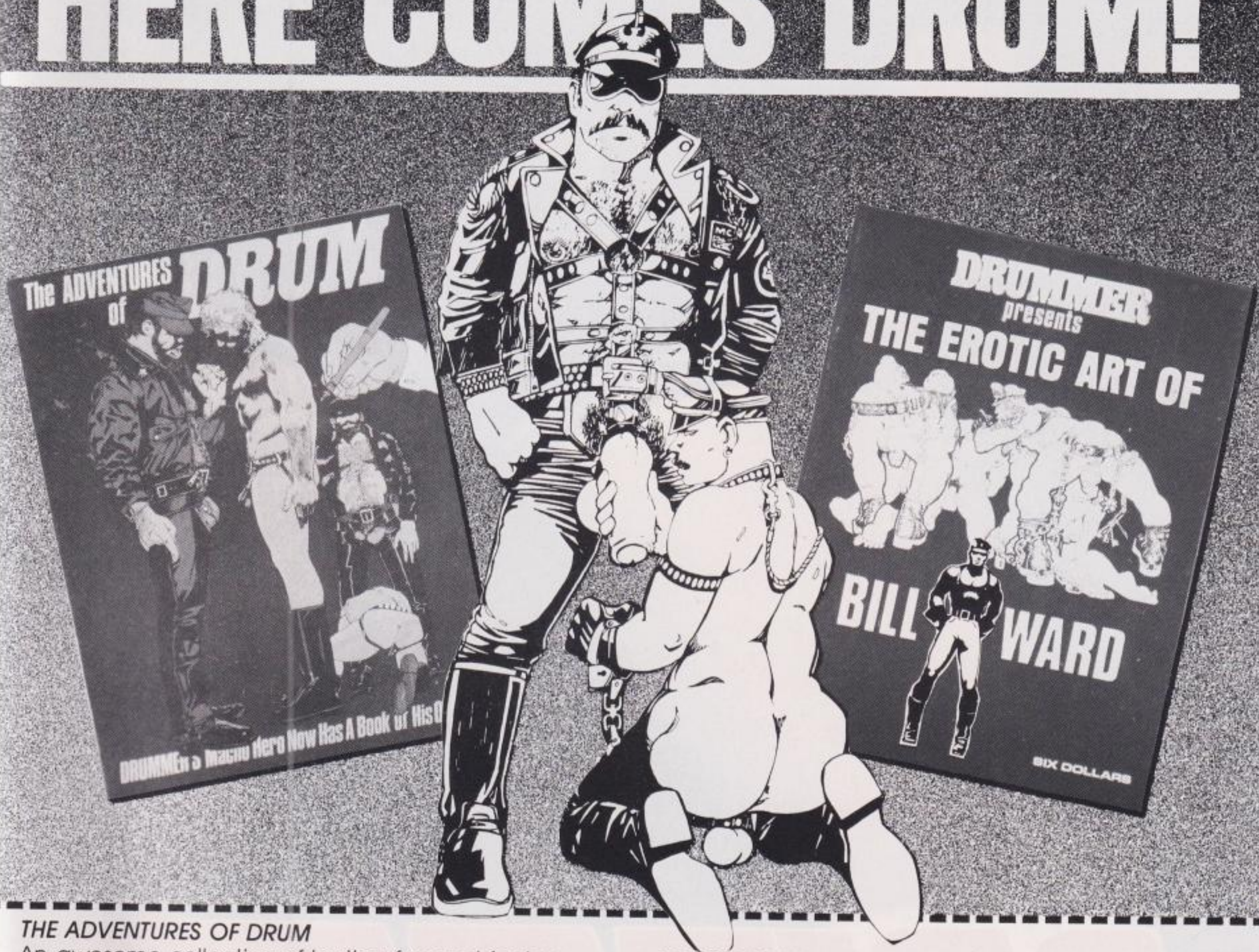
SADO ISLAND is available for \$12.50 plus \$2 postage and handling from Zeus, PO Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064; and from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



IN PASSING

I WEAR THIS COLLAR AROUND MY NECK.
IT IS A QUIET REMINDER THAT I AM YOUR BOY.
YOUR LITTLE MAN THAT YOU TREAT SO WELL.
YOU BRING SUCH A RESPONSE, SO INDESCRIBABLE.
NO WORDS CAN EXPRESS HOW PROUD I FEEL TO BE YOUR BOY.
SOMETIMES I GET ATTITUDE.
SOMETIMES I DON'T FEEL I DESERVE HOW WELL YOU TREAT ME,
HOW YOU SHOW YOU CARE.
YOUR BOY!

Sit on it, Superman! Cram it, Captain America! HERE COMES DRUM!



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4⁹⁵

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A person, likely a cheerleader, is shown from the back, wearing a blue short-sleeved top with white trim and white shorts. They are in a dynamic pose, possibly performing a dance move. The background is dark and out of focus.

DRUMMER